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VOL. XVI.—NO. 13. BOSTON, WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 28, 1888. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

NATIONAL LEGISLATORS.

Preferring Wounded Confederate Soldiers for Office.

The House Legislation on the Lines of Laboring People's Demands.

Respect to the Memory of the Late Chief Justice.

MONDAY.—In the Senate today a bill was introduced by Mr. Evarts to regulate the salaries and expenses of United States circuit and district judges in the State of New York.

Among the bills passed were the following: Authorizing the appointment of a superintendent of Indian schools and prescribing his duties; to authorize the construction of a highway bridge between the islands of North Hero and South Hero in Lake Champlain, Vt.; appropriating $100,000 for the erection in Washington of a monument to the negro soldiers and sailors who gave their lives for the preservation of the government.

Mr. Chace, from the committee on patents, reported an international copyright bill, which was placed on the calendar.

Mr. Blair, from the committee on civil service and retrenchment, reported a bill providing (in appointments to civil service in certain cases) for the preference of persons who were engaged in the military or naval service of the so-called Confederate States during the war of the rebellion, and who were disabled therein, and who were not dishonorably discharged therefrom.

The bill provides that whenever persons who were not loyal to the United States during the war shall be appointed to office in the civil service, those who were not dishonorably discharged from the military or naval service of the Confederate States, and who are suffering from wounds or disabilities resulting from such service, shall be preferred to the persons not shown to have been loyal to the United States during the war.

Mr. Platt, having asked that the title of the bill should be again read, remarked that it was a pretty unfortunate title, and objected to the second reading of the bill which, thereupon, went over till tomorrow.

Mr. Teller introduced a bill for the admission of the State of Wyoming into the Union. Referred.

The Senate then proceeded to executive business and later adjourned.

Inquiry into Civil Service Practices.

In the House, Mr. Taulbee of Kentucky introduced a resolution for the appointment of a special committee to examine into the condition of the civil service in all the departments and branches of the government; whether or not the provisions of the civil service act have been at all times observed and carried out, and what beneficial results, if any, have inured to the government by reason of that act.

Mr. Crouse of Ohio introduced a bill providing for a bounty on wheat, corn, flour and oatmeal exported from the United States.

Mr. O'Neill of Missouri introduced a bill to create boards of arbitration for settling controversies between officers and employes of railroad companies engaged in interstate commerce.

Mr. Dingley presented a memorial of lime manufacturers of Maine, asking that the duty on lime be increased to the Canadian rate.

A bill was passed authorizing the issue of fractional silver certificates, 25, 15 and 10 cents.

On motion of Mr. Bland of Missouri the rules were suspended and the bill was passed discontinuing the coinage of the three-dollar gold piece and the gold dollar.

Adjourned.

Ex-Confederates for Office.

TUESDAY.—In the Senate today, a letter from the secretary of the navy, in reply to a Senate resolution of the 21st of February, was presented, read and referred. It gives the naval forces employed under the fish commission at 15 officers and 124 men, and the annual expense thereof to the Navy Department at $92,004.

Mr. Blair, who yesterday introduced a bill giving preference for civil service appointments (among men who had been disloyal during the war) to those who had served in the Confederate army and who were suffering from wounds or disabilities, asked Mr. Platt (who had objected to the second reading of the bill) to withdraw his objection.

Mr. Platt said that his objection yesterday had been based upon what seemed to be an inference from the title of the bill.

Mr. Blair said he had introduced the bill in entire good faith. He understood that in the one State of North Carolina there were today 20,000 ex-soldiers of the Confederacy who had lost limbs in the service, and that a very large number of them were in poor circumstances. It seemed to him that if the government, under this administration or under any other administration, gave appointments to men who had been disloyal, preferences should be given to those who had served in the Confederate army and were now disabled, other things being equal.

Mr. Daniel of Virginia said that if he could with propriety decline to vote on the question, he would do so, because, in his judgment, it did not become a Confederate soldier to ask the United States government for any peculiar right or privilege. The Confederate soldier had boldly laid down the gauntlet of war, and when he came out of the war he had contempt for but two classes of men engaged in it—first, those who made apologies; and second, those who demanded them. All that the ex-Confederates asked was, not special privileges, but to be respected in their rights of American citizenship, which they had assumed knowingly and intentionally, and which they intended to abide by (God helping them) in such a manner that no man could justly lift against them the finger of scorn.

Mr. Hawley expressed himself as personally grateful to the senator from Virginia (Mr. Daniel) for his manly and statesmanlike speech. He thought that the bill was, fundamentally, a mistake. Did he object to the fellow-citizens of a confederate soldier loving him because of his gallantry? No. At the same time, he would not, by his vote, or without a vigorous protest, permit to be placed on the statute book anything which would in any degree reward a man for fighting on the Confederate side of the war.

The debate on the bill was continued up to 2 o'clock, when at Mr. Blair's suggestion it went over until tomorrow without action.

Speeches were made by Senators Platt, Hale, Berry, Blair, Hoar, Riddleberger, Hampden, George and Manderson. The Southern senators, while expressing the kindliest feelings for the generosity and philanthropy which had prompted the introduction of the bill, disclaimed all desire on the part of the ex-Confederates for the passage of any such exceptional measure, but thought that, as a matter of courtesy and uniformity of practice, the bill should be read the second time and referred. The Northern senators were of one accord in condemning the measure as unwise and ill-considered.

Labor Questions.

In the House Mr. Rockwell of Massachusetts called up the bill appropriating $75,000 for the erection of a fire-proof workshop at the national armory. Mr. Bland of Missouri objected to the measure, but it was finally passed.

Mr. O'Neill introduced a bill to confine the sale of goods manufactured by convict labor to the State in which they are produced. A penalty of fine and imprisonment and a forfeiture of the goods is imposed for any violation of the law. Referred.

The House resumed consideration of the resolution assigning days for the transaction of business reported by the committee on labor, and after considerable debate it was adopted. It sets aside March 20 and 21, April 18 and May 16. The floor was then accorded to the committee on labor, and bills providing for extending the eight-hour law to letter carriers, and referring to the Court of Claims for adjustment the accounts of government workmen and mechanics arising under the eight-hour law, were reported and discussed until adjournment.

Pensions to Female Nurses.

WEDNESDAY.—In the Senate today Mr. Hoar offered a resolution, which was adopted, to take from the files of the Senate and refer to the select committee on the present condition of the civil service the letter of the secretary of the treasury in regard to certain transactions in the Boston Custom House.

Mr. Vance denied the correctness of the statement made yesterday by Mr. Blair as to there being 20,000 ex-Confederate soldiers in the State of North Carolina alone who had lost limbs, and many of whom were destitute and in almshouses. There was no such number of disabled soldiers in that State.

Mr. Blair explained that he had meant to say wounded soldiers.

The bill providing for the inspection of meats for exportation, and prohibiting the importation of adulterated articles of food and drink, was taken up and passed. Mr. Evarts offered an amendment, which was adopted, allowing the inspection of meats at places of packing.

The other public bills passed were the following: To allow soldiers and sailors who have lost both hands, or the use of both hands, a pension of $100 per month; the House bill to amend the laws relating to navigation (as to fees of shipping commissioners, the expenses of discharged seamen, etc.); the bill to facilitate the prosecution of works projected for the improvement of rivers and harbors, with amendments, on which a conference committee was ordered, and Senators Dolph, Frye and Vest were appointed.

The bill allowing a pension of $25 a month to women enrolled during the war as army nurses, and who rendered six months' service, having been reached, the report was read, in which it was stated that the beneficiaries under it would not average more than six or eight to each State.

Mr. Beck objected to the further consideration of the bill, and hoped that the committee on pensions would at least do the Senate the justice to call on the secretary of war for the number of enrolled female nurses during the war, so that the Senate might know within at least $1,000,000 what the bill was to take out of the treasury. If the Senate was to give $25 a month to every woman, white or black, who had cooked for soldiers six months, the Senate should know at least how many of them there were.

The bill under objection went over.

Mr. Frye, from the committee on foreign relations, reported back the House bill authorizing the President to arrange a conference for the purpose of promoting arbitration and encouraging reciprocal commercial relations between the United States and Mexico, Central and South America and Brazil. Calendar

Against Free Trade.

In the House Mr. Randall of Pennsylvania presented a resolution of the Pennsylvania Board of Trade, declaring that while the revision of the tariff and the laws governing the tariff may have become necessary, no law should be passed which would tend to cripple, break up or destroy the home industries and home markets of the United States; that the extension of the free list should be only of such character as will aid in the further development of manufactures, and that no free importation of any article should be allowed that will militate against any of the industries of the country; that to destroy or even seriously impair the manufacturing interests of the United States means the deprivation of employment or reduction of the wages of millions now engaged in these industries to the low standard of the foreign wage-worker, and that the Mills tariff bill, if it should become a law, would prove injurious to many important and long-established industries of the country. Referred.

The House then went into committee of the whole on the bill referring to the Court of Claims for adjustment the accounts of laborers, workmen and mechanics arising under the eight-hour law.

Mr. Dingley of Maine advocated the measure on the ground that the government was bound to deal in good faith with its employes. The bill went over.

Bills were passed to prevent the product of convict labor from being furnished to or for the use of any department of the government, and from being used in public buildings or other public works, and to prevent the employment of alien labor on public buildings and other public works and in the various departments of the government.

The House then went into committee of the whole on the bill to establish a department of labor. A long, and at times exciting, debate followed.

Mr. Randall of Pennsylvania offered an amendment, which was adopted, extending the inquiry to be made by the commissioner of labor to the amount of wages paid in various industries.

Pending action upon amendments the committee rose and the House adjourned.

Senator Saulsbury to the President.

THURSDAY.—Mr. Saulsbury addressed the Senate on the subject of the President's annual message. The Democratic party, he said, had always maintained and still holds that the only proper motive of taxation was to provide the necessary revenue for the wants of the government, and that every man was bound to contribute his just share. Taxation for any other purpose was unjust and indefensible. The Democratic party was in favor of the revision and reduction of the tariff and would carry it out unless thwarted in its purpose by a combination of Democrats, actuated by local interests, with Republicans who favored high rates. The Republican party, judging by the statements of the leaders and of its press, would oppose any proposition of reduction, and if it could reduce the surplus by large and unnecessary appropriations it would do so. He thought he stated the views of the two parties throughout the country fairly when he said that the Democrats favored the tariff in the interest of the people, and that the Republicans favored it in the interest of protection. There might be a few Democrats who were protectionists. How anybody could assert that the President or the Democratic party was in favor of free trade was beyond his comprehension. Such statements, however, had been recklessly made in the Senate, with a full knowledge on the part of those who made them that there was nothing in the history of the Democratic party, past or present, that justified them. The Democratic party was not in favor of free trade, but it was earnestly in favor of reducing tariff rates so that no greater taxation would be imposed on the people than was necessary to meet the just demands of the government. He declared himself opposed to the repeal of the internal revenue system. He was in favor of retaining the tax on whiskey, beer and tobacco, in order to relieve from taxation everything essential to the comfort and happiness of the masses of the people, but he would vote for any measure that would obviate the objectionable methods of collecting those taxes.

A bill to provide for a commission on the subject of the alcoholic liquor traffic was passed.

[The bill provides for the appointment by the President and with the advice and consent of the Senate, of a commission of five persons, who shall be selected solely with reference to personal fitness and capacity for an honest, impartial and thorough investigation, and who shall hold office until their duties shall be accomplished, but not to exceed two years. It shall be their duty to investigate the alcoholic liquor traffic, its relations to revenue and taxation, and its general economic, criminal, moral and scientific aspects in connection with pauperism, crime, social vice, the public health and general welfare of the people, and also to inquire and take testimony as to the practical results of license and prohibitory legislation for the prevention of intemperance in the several States of the Union. Such commissioners, not all of whom shall be advocates of prohibitory legislation or of total abstinence, in relation to alcoholic liquors, shall receive compensation not exceeding $10 per day and necessary expenses.]

Relations with Sister Republics.

The House bill authorizing the President to arrange a conference between the United States and the republics of Mexico, Central and South America, Hayti, San Domingo and the empire of Brazil, as passed, authorizes the President to invite the several governments of the republics named to join the United States in a conference to be held at Washington in or near the month of April, 1889, for the purpose of discussing and recommending for adoption to their respective governments some plan of arbitration for the settlement of disagreements and disputes that may hereafter arise between them, and for considering questions relating to the improvement of business intercourse and means of direct communication between said countries, and to encourage such reciprocal commercial relations as will be beneficial to all and secure more extensive markets for the products of each of said countries.

A committee of conference on the amendments was ordered.

Mr. Sawyer, from the post office committee, reported a bill reducing the postage on seeds, cuttings, bulbs, roots, scions, etc., to one cent per four ounces. Passed.

The Senate then proceeded to executive business, and later adjourned.

A Grist of Legislation.

In the House the following bills were passed:

To give validity to certain patents for inventions which have been signed by assistant secretaries of the interior instead of by the secretary.

Amending the statutes so as to provide that the record of a State court may be certified by the presiding magistrate or any other judge of the court.

Extending the protection of the United States laws over United States officials executing processes in the Indian Territory.

A bill providing that on the trial of all civil and criminal cases in circuit and district courts the judge shall charge the jury in writing if so required by either party.

Amending section 988, Revised Statutes, so as to read as follows: "That where, by the laws of the State, defendants in the courts thereof are entitled to a stay of execution, defendants in the courts of the United States held therein shall be entitled to a like stay upon the same conditions, including the giving and enforcement of bond or other security for the performance of the judgment thus stayed." Providing that judgments and decrees of United States courts rendered within any State shall be liens on property in the same manner and to the same extent as judgments and decrees of the courts of that State.

Mr. Burns of Missouri submitted the conference report on the urgent deficiency bill and it was agreed to. As passed, the bill appropriates $6,876,500.

Adjourned.

Respect to the Late Chief Justice.

The president pro tem. of the Senate Friday announced the death of Chief Justice Waite. Mr. Edmunds moved the adjournment in the Senate. Mr. Edmunds said:

MR. PRESIDENT—On the 21st of January, 1874, Chief Justice Waite received his commission and took his seat as presiding officer of that great tribunal, and for now more than 14 years, partially in times of great excitement and difficulty and struggle, and through a career in that court and out of it, embracing questions of the widest importance to human rights, both of life, liberty and property, the chief justice has been the conspicuous figure in the jurisprudence of this nation, and perhaps not less conspicuous in respect of the jurisprudence of the whole world. His career is ended—for this life. It has been touched in these 14 years by no stain, by no reproach, by no fault or failing, either official or personal. Upright, brave, even-minded, impartial, patient, affectionate, kindly, as a citizen and in every walk of private life he has filled his career with honor, great honor to himself, and with infinite benefit to his country. I move, Mr. President, that the chair appoint a committee of five senators to take such action as may be expedient in respect to attending the funeral of the chief justice, and to other matters concerning it.

I now move that, as a further mark of respect, the Senate do now adjourn until Monday next.

The motion was agreed to, and the Senate adjourned till Monday.

The House in Sorrow.

In the House E. B. Taylor of Ohio asked the clerk to read and the House to adopt the following resolutions. The clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has heard of the death of Chief Justice Waite of the Supreme Court of the United States, which occurred this morning at 7 o'clock, with feelings of deep and sincere sorrow.

Resolved, That while the nation mourns the loss of one of its most useful and illustrious sons, it is fitting that the House, representing the people, express its deepest sympathy with the family of the deceased in their affliction.

Resolved, That the House will attend as a body the funeral of the late chief justice, and the speaker is requested to appoint a committee consisting of nine members to act with a committee of the Senate in any necessary action relating to the funeral.

Resolved, That as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the House, at 12.25 o'clock, adjourned.

TARIFF BILL PROSPECTS.

It May Not be Reported to the House Until Next Week.

WASHINGTON, March 25.—It is possible that the tariff bill may not go into the House this week. Some of the members of the ways and means committee say that the majority report may not be concluded until Tuesday night, and in that case the bill could not be presented to the House until Wednesday. But as Wednesday will be devoted to the funeral services of the late Chief Justice Waite, it is not likely that any more business will be transacted on that day. Furthermore, as Chairman Mills will probably not be able to leave his house this week the Democratic members of the committee may decide to postpone the presentation of the bill until Mr. Mills can take charge of it on the floor.

Custom House Retrenchments.

WASHINGTON, March 20.—Estimates made at the Treasury Department indicate that the present rate of expense of collecting the revenue from customs cannot be maintained to the close of the present fiscal year under the available balance of the general appropriation without creating a deficiency of $400,000. Secretary Fairchild has therefore determined upon a reduction of expenses to that amount during the remainder of the fiscal year, being $100,000 a month. The reduction has been apportioned among the different customs collection districts, and the collectors have been instructed to readjust their salary accounts and other expenses so as to bring the total expense within the limits fixed upon.

Notes from the Capital.

Thursday was the busiest day in Congress that the present session has afforded.

It is thought that the Senate will pass the "shin plaster" bill, which went through the lower House of Congress Monday.

Washington despatches indicate a smooth trip through Congress for the international copyright bill, which was reported to the Senate Monday.

The Senate committee on coast defences submitted a report, urging that the time is ripe for the construction of works of defence on our defenceless coast.

The fight on the adulterated lard question before a committee of the Senate, is still being carried on vigorously. The "refined lard" men are now having their inning.

It is understood in Washington that when Mr. Mills presents the new tariff bill to the House, Mr. Randall will be at his elbow with an appropriation bill—always a privileged matter.

If the bill authorizing fractional paper currency becomes a law, it is said that it will result in an increase in the revenue at one post office in Massachusetts of fully $5000 per annum.

The House has passed a bill providing that on the trial of all civil and criminal cases in Circuit and District Courts the judge shall charge the jury in writing, if so required by either party.

The House committee on the revision of the laws has decided, by an almost unanimous vote, to report a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution for the election of United States senators by the direct votes of the people.

The Senate finance committee has authorized Senator Sherman to report favorably a bill to wipe out the charges against the States for the loan of 1836. It amounts to between $20,000,000 and $30,000,000.

Washington political gossip is free with the name of Governor Rusk of Wisconsin, who was brought into prominence by his vigorous action towards the Socialists at Milwaukee, as a very probable dark horse at the Chicago convention.

The comptroller of the currency has declared a second dividend of 25 per cent. in favor of the creditors of the Stafford National Bank of Stafford Springs, Conn., making in all 75 per cent. on claims proved, amounting to $278,436.

The Donald McKay claim bill, which has been before Congress for 23 years, passed the Senate Tuesday. It had previously passed the House. It refers claims for hundreds of thousands of dollars for the Squando, Nauset and Ashuelot ironclads to the Court of Claims.

The Senate committee on military affairs has ordered a favorable report to be made on the Manderson bill, providing that each State which shall establish State homes for disabled soldiers and sailors, and their widows and orphans, shall receive $100 for each person who may be cared for in the home for one year.

It is possible that the exemption from punishment heretofore enjoyed by "green goods" men will not long continue. A favorable report has been ordered to the lower house of Congress on the bill to punish by a maximum fine of $1000 and imprisonment for three years persons who pretend to deal in counterfeit money.

A bill has been favorably reported to Congress reducing the postage on seeds, bulbs, etc., to 1 cent for every four ounces. This bill, if enacted, will put American seedsmen in the same relative position of Canadian seedsmen, who, under existing law (the Canadian postage being 4 cents a pound), now have an advantage of the trifling sum of $80 per ton.

The Democratic members of the ways and means committee were given a dinner at the Washington Delmonico's—Chamberlain's—Wednesday evening by a well-known advocate of free trade. Outside gossip had it that the dinner was in celebration of the successful manner in which the eight Democrats had kept the five Republicans on the committee from making hash of the bill.

A Washington despatch says that the naval appropriation bill is to be held back until the tariff bill has been acted on. The reason given for such action is that, if the bill should be reported before the tariff bill has been discussed, the Republicans would endeavor to load it up with amendments appropriating millions of dollars for new armaments, and, having thus reduced the surplus, would use the fact as an argument against tariff revision.

The Democratic majority and the Republican minority of the House ways and means committee continue to have sharply worded contests over the features of the Mills tariff bill. The minority take pleasure in pointing out the frequent startling omissions and discrepancies in the bill, but whenever a Republican has the boldness to move an amendment, it is promptly voted down. However, the blunders are generally remedied later upon the motion of a member of the majority. Altogether, the meetings of the committee are provocative of much ill feeling, and angry words are frequently indulged in by both sides.

The Fattest Man Gone.

PETERSBURG, Va., March 22.—S. M. Bishop, widely known as the "fattest man in the world," died here on Tuesday of intermittent fever. He was 25 years of age, and weighed 550 pounds. He has been on exhibition since infancy.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Mr. Parnells Arrears of Rent Bill Rejected.

William O'Brien Resists the Police at the Youghal Meeting.

Hope for the Emperor Frederick—Notes and Incidents.

In the British House of Commons, Wednesday, Mr. Parnell moved the second reading of his arrears of rents bill. He said that he and his followers still had an invincible objection to solving the rent question by a general bankruptcy of the tenants. If no legislation had taken place he should have preferred to deal with the Irish arrears in the same way that arrears had been treated in Scotland under the crofters' act. But it was desirable not to depart from the foundation laid by the land act of 1887, namely, that courts in which proceedings are taken because of non-payment of rent shall be empowered, within a limit of £50 valuation, to postpone the execution of a decree and shall also have authority to spread a debt over such period as they may think proper, the amount to be paid in instalments.

He asked the House to go a step farther and empower the court to reduce the amount of the debt and costs in cases of rent as it thought proper and to extend the limit of value to £100, in order to relieve the great body of leasers. He proposed to extend the act of 1887 to civil cases for the recovery of rent. Although he limited the bill to debts for rent, he was willing to extend its provisions so as to embrace all cases covered by section 30 of the act of 1887. He proposed to extend the time for redemption to three months after the passage of the present measure, provided the six months allowed by the act of 1887 had expired. Power would also be given to reduce rent and costs where a decree had been recovered prior to the passage of the act.

Mr. Parnell promised to consider any amendments offered that were consistent with the principles of the bill, and declared that he would consent to limit its operation to two years. If the bill was rejected it would be the best proof of the impossibility of legislating for Ireland from Westminster. It was said that the Irish question was a land question. If it was so, why did not the House take it in hand earnestly and deal with it? The truth was they were unable to settle it because they knew nothing about it. They went to Birmingham for guidance instead of Cork and Tyrone. If the bill did not endanger the Union why were they afraid of it? He said that he could not promise that the settlement of the land question on the most just and generous principles would diminish the demand for the restoration of the Irish Parliament. This statement was greeted with cheers.

Mr. J. P. Williams, member from South Birmingham, a Liberal Unionist, moved his amendment to Mr. Parnell's motion for the second reading of the bill. The amendment declares that no bill will be satisfactory unless it deals also with other than debts for rent.

Viscount Ebrington, a Liberal Unionist, seconded Mr. Williams' motion.

T. W. Russell, member for South Tyrone, a Liberal-Unionist, said that, actuated by a strong sense of duty, he intended to vote against the government and against his own party. He declared that the rejection of the bill would result in the repeal of the Union.

Mr. Chamberlain declared that the object of the bill was to illustrate the desirability of home rule rather than to secure a material advantage to the people. There was no reason to suppose that any large proportion of the 6000 notices mentioned by Mr. Parnell would result in evictions.

The House refused to order the bill to a second reading by a vote of 328 to 243.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN AGAIN.

He Defies the Police, is Assaulted, and Speaks in a Stable.

DUBLIN, March 25.—William O'Brien addressed the Ponsonby tenants at Youghal at an early hour this morning, and afterward attempted to hold the meeting which had been proclaimed by the government.

He mounted a car with the intention of addressing the people, but was seized by policemen and dragged to the ground.

The police then charged upon the crowd with drawn batons and a serious melee ensued, in which a number on both sides were wounded.

It is alleged that several of the police were stabbed.

Magistrate Plunkett was thrown down and beaten, and he received a cut on the head.

Mr. O'Brien escaped to a priest's house, and subsequently harangued the crowd in a stable.

Police and soldiers are parading the streets of the town.

Mr. O'Brien, addressing a meeting in the rear of Father Keller's residence, said they had won as great a victory for the cause of Irish freedom as had ever been inscribed upon their banners. Mr. Balfour's agents, he said, feared to arrest him, because they knew that they were in the wrong and that he was in the right.

FREDERICK IMPROVING.

His Medical Attendants to Receive Decorations.

BERLIN, March 25.—Emperor Frederick attended the service in the chapel at Charlottenburg today. He is in good spirits and continues to improve. It is reported that his majesty will spend April at Potsdam and afterward go to Hamburg.

He has written to Queen Victoria asking permission to bestow a decoration upon Dr. MacKenzie. It is expected that the star of Hohenzollern will be conferred upon Dr. MacKenzie. Dr. Henell also receives an order, and Dr. Kranz will be appointed a professor.

FLOODS IN THE VISTULA.

Eight Villages Submerged—People Flee from Their Homes.

BERLIN, March 26.—Further particulars have been received of damage done by floods in the Vistula river and its branches. The dike at Hurst, on the Nogat, has overflowed, and the inhabitants of the place have fled to the town of Elbing. The suburbs of the latter place, which is on the river Elbing, are flooded. The population on Marienburg, on the Nogat, have escaped from the town with difficulty. The prisoners in the jail were rescued by the fire brigade. The town is inundated. Eight villages at the mouth of the Vistula are submerged. Houses are falling and cattle are being drowned.

Cambridge Wins the Boat Race.

The annual race between boat crews representing Oxford and Cambridge universities took place Saturday morning over the usual course on the Thames, from Putney to Mortlake, a distance of four miles and two furlongs. The weather was dull. There was an average attendance of spectators. The Cambridge crew won the toss for position and took the Surrey side of the river. When Hammersmith bridge, one mile and three-quarters from the starting point was reached, Cambridge was leading by three lengths, and at Barnes bridge, one mile and three-quarters further on, they had put five lengths between themselves and their opponents. Cambridge crossed the winning line five lengths ahead of Oxford.

Cambridge's time was 20 minutes and 48 seconds.

Of the last 14 contests, including today's, Oxford has won seven and there has been one dead heat. Cambridge is now but one race behind her rival. The best previous time was 20 minutes 12 seconds, made by Oxford, April 1, 1882.

Notes from Abroad.

The inundations in Hungary continue to increase. Numerous houses have been wrecked and many persons and cattle drowned.

John Bright has accepted an invitation to be present at the banquet which is to be given at the Devonshire Club in honor of Mr. Chamberlain.

Ringgold Cooper, the American who was arrested in Paris for passing a forged check on the London and Westminster Bank, has been sentenced to 15 years' penal servitude.

W. Reed Lewis, United States consul, has refused to accept the conditions under which the sultan's secretary offered to settle the question arising from the imprisonment at Rabat of persons under the protection of the consul.

After Easter the government will introduce a bill on the lines of Mr. Williams' amendment, almost identical with the bankruptcy clauses of the land bill of 1887.

The earthquake shocks in Yunnan, China, continued three weeks, destroying several towns and causing much damage to shipping. At Kien-Shin 4000 persons were killed.

General Caffarel and Mme. Limouzin have been sentenced in Paris for complicity in the sale of decorations, the former to pay a fine of $600, and the latter to six months' imprisonment.

All the countries represented at the recent sugar bounties conference in London, with the exception of France, have sent replies to the British government favorable to the abolition of sugar bounties.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, speaking at Whitechapel, said it was useless to think of returning to a protective policy. "We must look," he said, "to an extension of our markets for the bettering of our business."

Hassan Pasha, son of Ismail Pasha, is dead. He was the third son of the ex-khedive of Egypt, and was born in 1853. In 1885 he was placed in charge of the Egyptian troops in the Soudan, with the title of governor general.

William O'Brien stands a good chance of getting in prison again. He will address the disgruntled of the Ponsonby estate tomorrow. He said before he left that he would persist in speaking whether the meeting was proclaimed or not.

Patrick O'Brien, member of Parliament for Ireland, in view of his imprisonment for the remainder of the session, has placed his resignation in the hands of the Parnellite whips, in order to enable them to secure the election of a member in his place.

Reports are being received of great suffering among the people in the rural districts of Spain owing to the recent severe weather. Many peasants perished in the snow and cattle and sheep were lost in drifts. Thaws have caused serious floods in the Ebro, Douro and Tagus valleys.

Two weddings were announced Saturday for next month of interest to Americans. One is that of Sir Richard Sutton, so popular in New York when he came over in the yacht Genesta. He is to marry Miss Constance Corbett. The other is that of Mabelle, daughter of Lord Brassy, who is to marry C. A. Edgerton.

Sir George O. Trevelyan, in a speech at Cirencester, last week, deprecated the virulent and furious attacks that were being made upon the Parnellites, whose opposition, he said, in conjunction with that of the Gladstonians, was carried on by fair and honorable means. In regard to Mr. Ritchie's local government bill, he said it was the duty of Liberals, without regard to party, to support the measure.

Mr. Smyth, an agent of the Equitable Insurance Company of New York, was arrested at Londonderry Saturday, when about to depart for America. He is charged with having issued policies for a man who is deceased. After Smyth had been arrested, Speers Orr, the superintendent of a Belfast insurance agency, was arrested on a charge of forging two medical certificates with intent to defraud the Equitable Insurance Company.

MORMONS GROWING BOLD.

Force Threatened in Case of Opposition to Their Work.

LYNCHBURG, Va., March 23.—The more intelligent people of Botetourt county are greatly agitated over the work of Mormon missionaries. The Mormons have become so bold that they have warned the people that any steps taken to force them from the county will be met by armed force and have sworn war on all opposition both by fire and sword. Persons living in the sections infested are greatly alarmed and an outbreak is expected.

WOMAN BURNED ALIVE,

While Her Husband, 50 Feet Away, Hears No Sound.

PROVIDENCE, R.I., March 23.—A shocking tragedy happened at 7 Binney street, in Elmwood, today at noon. In a secluded little one-tenement house John Gafney, a pedler, his wife Mary and five small children have lived for a long time. This morning Mrs. Gafney was engaged in making a clam-chowder for dinner and was trying out some slices of pork in a kettle. Her clothing in some way caught fire and she was burned to death. Her corpse was found upon the kitchen floor sometime after by her husband, who was all the time engaged in cutting firewood in the yard not 50 feet away. He saw the smoke coming from the windows, but heard no outcry from his wife, who was being roasted to death.

Mrs. Gafney had inhaled the flame from her burning garments almost at the moment they took fire. A trail of burned carpet from the stove to the window and the marks of her fingers on the curtain showed that she had tried to attract her husband's attention. But no sound could come from her scorched lungs and she fell to the floor in the agonies of death. Every piece of clothing was burned from the body, and only the double thickness of the collar of the wrapper remained. The shoes even were burned from the feet. The body looked as though a flame had swept over it and the external flesh was a crisp. The face bore the marks of the awful agony the woman had undergone.

ON FERTILIZERS.

Rev. Frederick N. Knapp Before the Horticultural Society.

Rev. Frederick N. Knapp of Plymouth last week read a paper before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society on the subject of "Fertilizers—Agricultural, Political, Intellectual and Moral." Mr. Knapp said that for the past 40 years there had not been a morning, from April to October of each year, when the sun shone, but what he could have been found at work in his garden. During this time he has tested nearly every fertilizer manufactured. A horticulturist of today, in order to come up to the standard, must have something more of a knowledge than is confined only to the garden. A horticulturist in these times is looked upon as having a learning outside his own especial field. In fertilizing the soil we must aim to raise latent powers into a productive state. We should inform ourselves in advance just what should be used to help nature. Air and water are the greatest of all fertilizers. Their effective work should be looked after more carefully than any foreign material. Too often does the horticulturist neglect to see that the products of his lands are properly treated with nature's nitrogen and hydrogen. Drainage is one of the things that affords nutrition and cannot be too carefully seen to.

Mr. Knapp spoke at length concerning the food that should be used to feed the plants of the garden, and said that this was the age of progress in horticulture.

TREASURER TATE'S DEFALCATION

Kentucky's State Treasury Plundered of From $150,000 to $400,000.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 20.—State Treasurer Tate is from $150,000 to $400,000 short in his accounts, and has fled. It is probable he has gone to Canada or Mexico. Governor Buckner sent a message to the Legislature this morning suspending him from office pending investigation. Both branches of the Legislature appointed committees to investigate, and the books are now being examined. The cash shortage at the bank was found to be $214,000.

Tate lived plainly, and it is believed the money has gone in loans to personal friends, mainly for political purposes.

Tate has been treasurer since 1867, and there has never been an investigation of his office, although several resolutions have passed the House providing for one. The Senate killed them all.

Auditor Hewitt's office shows no complete record of the State financial transactions, and Hewitt seems to have been satisfied with a superficial accounting. This year Tate put off even a formal comparison of the books with various excuses. Finally Hewitt began to be urgent.

Last Thursday, Tate came to Somerville and was expected back at night. He failed to come and Hewitt and Mrs. Tate both telegraphed him, and he answered Friday morning. He paid his bill at the hotel and left on the Cincinnati train. He has not since been heard from.

State Senator Bright says that before leaving Frankfort Tuesday, Tate talked at length with him about the extradition laws, both of Canada and Mexico, and thanked him for exact information as to the provisions.

The defalcation appears to have been principally in 1886 and 1887. Tate's bond is for $300,000, and if the shortage is distributed is supposed to protect the State.

ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

The South and West Share the Big Storms.

Floods, Snows, Lightnings and Tornadoes Have a Good Inning.

A Storm Around the Heads of the Nation's Legislators.

ATLANTA, Ga., March 21.—A terrible electric storm enveloped the State last night, beginning about 10 o'clock and lasting until after midnight. In Fairburn both the churches were demolished, the court house chimney torn off, shade trees uprooted and other damage done.

Near Austell a house was blown on a negro blacksmith, killing him. Newton Moss' barn was blown down and three horses and a cow killed. Reports of the storm in and around Gainesville show that while it was not so severe much damage was done. M. A. Loden's house was lifted from the foundation and moved away. The colored Baptist church was completely demolished. Mr. Cyphus, living near Gainesville, had his house and all outbuildings blown away; one of his children was seriously hurt.

Calhoun suffered most in North Georgia. It was visited by a terrible funnel-shaped cyclone, which cut a swath 75 yards wide through the middle of the town, taking in the court house and station. The cyclone bounded down on the little town suddenly, and after doing its work of destruction lifted from the earth to strike again, no one knows where. Every building in its path was either destroyed or damaged. The streets are full of shingles and debris of roofs. The storm played eccentric pranks, in one instance cutting a house in two and carrying away one-half. Then it tore down a house around some women and children without harming a hair of their heads.

The Baptist church was demolished and the colored Methodist church was razed. The railroad station was badly damaged and a small house near the station belonging to the State was totally destroyed. Jackson & Logan's lumber stable was badly damaged. C. T. Graves' business house, a frame building, was totally destroyed, and another wooden building occupied as an express office was totally demolished. The brick store of Mr. Harrell was badly damaged. The front end of Hughey's grocery store was pulled away from the building, and the roof of J. M. Neal's grocery store is off and his goods damaged.

The roof of N. J. Boaze's business house is off. The parapet wall of Rives & Malone's brick store was torn off and the whole outside leans to the street, making the building worthless. The chimneys were blown off Foster's brick building and the vacant residence of A. W. Reeves was blown to pieces. The wagon and buggy manufactory of M. E. Ellis is completely destroyed. Mrs. Foster's residence was destroyed, but no one was hurt. Mrs. Bailey with five children occupied a residence which was destroyed, and yet none of the family were injured.

The southern arm of the storm passed eastward through Telefair county, taking everything in its path, 400 yards wide. The turpentine works of Whiddon & Holland, two miles north of Lumber City, were completely demolished, the still, commissary and every house and shanty being blown away.

W. B. Whiddon was sleeping in the house with Holland, and they rushed out to save themselves, but had gone only a few steps when the house was blown over on them, crushing them to death. Two other men sleeping in another house were also crushed and killed by the house being blown upon them. Several others were wounded and injured. A flat car standing on the railroad was blown off and torn to pieces. General reports come in of houses blown away and fences destroyed. A negro brakeman of the Northeastern train was killed by a falling tree.

DAMAGE TO WHEAT.

Severe Storm Raging at Points in Northern Illinois.

CHICAGO, March 26.—Despatches from many points in northern Illinois and Iowa report the prevalence yesterday of a severe sleet storm. Great damage to wheat and fruit is feared. In this city and vicinity the sleet, which fell all of yesterday, changed this morning to a heavy rain. The signal service officer predicts a continuance of the storm for at least 24 hours longer.

ALL THE CONDITIONS

For a Repetition of the Flood of 1882 in the Missouri Valley.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., March 26.—The situation on the river here is practically unchanged. The weather again turned cold Saturday night, and three inches of snow has since fallen. The gorge opposite the city has been augmented. The gorges five miles above and opposite the Sioux river, as well as the one ten miles above, opposite Jackson, Neb., still hold. This makes the situation serious, because a flood is pouring down the river still farther up. The present conditions are almost identical with those preceding the great flood of 1882. The snow lies deep all along the Missouri valley, and on the prairies draining into it. There is a series of gorges in the river from here to 75 or 100 miles above here, while the upper Missouri and its confluents have broken up and are floating. If the weather turns warm, disastrous floods must ensue. A great amount of property is exposed here, and there is intense anxiety, not only at this point, but throughout the lowlands along the river.

BAD OUTLOOK FOR FRUIT.

The Trees in Nebraska Loaded Down With Ice and Sleet.

LINCOLN, Neb., March 23.—The storm that has been general over Nebraska the last 24 hours has been of unusual severity, the fruit trees and young timber all being heavily loaded with ice and sleet. Winter grains are undoubtedly injured, and the outlook for fruit in this State is poor.

In Tennessee.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., March 21.—Despatches tonight state that the hurricane which did such great damage at Calhoun, Ga., last night, passed over East Tennessee. At and near Lenoirs much damage was done, and several lives lost. The residence of J. H. Williams, three miles east of Lenoirs, was completely swept away, and his wife carried off in the wreck and killed. The body of Mrs. Williams was found today in the Tennessee river, where it had been blown. She was in bed when the house was blown away. The next residence struck by the storm was that of George W. Hardin. The building was totally demolished, but the family escaped.

The storm then crossed a timbered ridge, and tore up every tree by the roots in its track. The home of James Linginfalter was reduced to kindling wood. In it were John R. Smith, who was killed, and a little daughter of Linginfalter, who had a leg broken. The dwellings of William King and John Gideon were blown down. Seven members of the King family were badly injured, and two of the Gideons were so seriously hurt that they cannot recover. The house of Lafayette Prater was wrecked and Jackson Prater was blown over the garden fence, but escaped with slight injuries.

The cyclone travelled in a northeasterly direction, and a bureau from the Williams house was found this afternoon half a mile from where the residence stood. At Loudon, Tenn., the house of George Moses was completely destroyed and every member of his family badly hurt. Andrew Worley's house was also carried away, and the members of his family barely escaped with their lives. They are all seriously injured. The bacon from Worley's smoke house was blown two miles away.

Dakota Laughs Too Soon at New York.

The storm which raged Tuesday night, the 20th inst., and until Thursday morning throughout portions of Dakota, Minnesota and northern Wisconsin was one of the severest that has been experienced in the Northwest this winter. It consisted of a cold wave of unusual severity, accompanied by a heavy and cutting wind, and in many cases by blinding snowstorms. In Minnesota, north of Crookstone and in northeastern Dakota most of the roads were badly blockaded. The Duluth & Manitoba, the Little Falls & Dakota and the Jamestown branches of the Northern Pacific were most affected, while all the Manitoba lines in the Red river valley were more or less troubled. On the Jamestown & Northern there was a complete cessation of business. On the Hastings & Dakota, Omaha, Minneapolis & St. Louis, and St. Paul & Kansas City the worst storm of the season was experienced. Wherever there was any new snow it was badly drifted, and the railroad tracks in numerous instances were covered to a depth of nine feet. An Omaha train for Chicago, which left St. Paul Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, only managed to get as far as Elroy. Trains on the Hastings & Dakota are abandoned, as are also the Fergus Falls and Breckinridge trains. A very bad blockade is reported on the Elmo branch of the Chicago & Northwestern) and several trains are definitely snowbound. A special from Owatonna, Minn., says teams were sent out by the railroad Wednesday with provisions to the passengers snowbound between Havana and Claremont. They got to Havana that night and could not proceed farther on account of the storm. They reached the passengers Thursday morning.

The storm was very severe and accompanied by a very low temperature throughout upper Michigan. All railroads were completely blockaded.

Around the National Capitol.

During a thunder storm in Washington, Wednesday afternoon, lightning struck the dome of the Capitol, ran down the sides, and catching on the wires ran through both wings of the building, while the thunder reverberated through all the corridors and seemed to shake the very foundations of the noble edifice. A glowing sheet of flame flashed through the Supreme Court room, the Senate, the House and the galleries. In the press galleries balls of fire appeared on the telegraph instruments and ran along the wires, burning them out and rendering them useless. Leaving the Capitol, the lightning played among the men and horses on the cab stand, causing the greatest confusion and consternation. One horse was killed and men and horses were shocked.

Dangers of Railroad Travel.

North Adams, Mass., was cut off from all telegraphic communication Tuesday night, owing to the poles being washed down by high water, caused by the heavy showers during the day. Train No. 42 on the Fitchburg road was delayed by the poles falling over the track. One pole struck the engine and smashed the headlight, but doing no other damage. During the night it became colder, and a severe freshet was averted. It is said that snow in the woods on the mountains is fully six feet deep.

Train No. 924 on the New Haven & Northampton road, Conductor F. R. Smith, connecting at Shelburne Falls with Fitchburg train No. 34, ran into a landslide near Conway Junction. But for the coolness and prompt action of the engineer, who applied the air brakes, the terrible Bardwell accident would have been duplicated. Engineer Burke saw a small slide coming down the face of a high cut, and supposed it was water. He was on the landslide almost before he was aware of the situation. He stopped the train, when a large body of earth slid down, struck the train, and carried it from the track to the very edge of the embankment, which was 80 feet high. The accident occurred only a mile and a half from the scene of the Bardwell disaster, and to the very train that first brought the news of the wreck to the telegraph station. It was the same night in the week and the same month of the year.

The high waters and breaking ice of Concord river carried away the larger part of the famous old North bridge, near the battle monument, Concord, Mass., Thursday. Effort was made to save the structure, but the force of the water was such that the west pier fell about dark, and the entire span was precipitated into the river and carried away.

The storm of Wednesday caused a rise of water in the Contoocook river valley, N. H. There were apprehensions of a flood, but clearing weather relieved it. There is a great depth of snow everywhere.

A heavy storm raged at St. John, N. B., Wednesday night. On the New Brunswick railway there have been several washouts, and trains were delayed.

The Hudson river overflowed its banks at Albany, N. Y., Thursday, flooding a number of places and filling several cellars.

FRUIT CULTURE.

W. H. Hills Discusses It Before the Farmers.

The regular Saturday forenoon meeting of the farmers was addressed by Hon. W. H. Hills of New Hampshire, on the subject of "Causes of failure and success in fruit culture." O. B. Hadwen occupied the chair, and made brief remarks on the subject. Mr. Hills said that in growing fruit trees much care should be exercised in selecting seedlings. Taking seeds from the cider mill is a mistake, for in many cases the apples are decayed and the seeds, therefore, affected. Trees should not be transplanted to the orchard until the tops have grown out well. It requires one year for peach seedlings to form and two years for apples and plums. Great pains should be exercised in setting out trees. The roots should not be crowded; they should have all the earth that can be given them. Taking up and setting out trees should not be trusted to an unskilled hand. This is one of the most important things to be attended to in growing fruit, and it cannot be attended to too carefully. Mulching is essential, and when properly carried out the effect is very beneficial. One of the causes of failure is a too moist soil. Too much watering is as detrimental as a too dry soil. Surface drains do much good in carrying away superficial moisture, but they do not perform all that is necessary in this respect. Drains should be sunk three feet with a fall of one inch in every 100 feet on land that is too moist.

It is a frequent complaint that our fruit markets are overstocked. This, however, I deny. It is not the quantity but the quality that is the fault. We grow, many of us, too poor fruit. Make the grade better, and there will be no trouble in effecting a disposal.

BURIED VALUABLE PAPERS.

A Possible Clearing Up of the Tichborne Claimant's Mystery.

ST. LOUIS, March 20.—Some 18 months ago an Englishman who was widely known in this city died quite suddenly. Among his effects was found a package of papers bearing a label with the following inscription: "Be sure to burn this or bury it with me. May God paralyze the hand that opens it." The packet was placed in his coffin and buried with him.

It is now learned that the deceased man had been for a number of years a footman in the household of the Earl of Gosford, who was one of the witnesses to the will which played so important a part in the trial of the case of the Tichborne claimant. Facts have now been brought to light which lead to the belief that these buried papers have a bearing on that famous case, and, in view of the approaching termination of the claimant's ticket-of-leave and a possible reopening of the case, it is possible that the packet of papers may be resurrected.

UNLESS THE ROAD HAS EARNED IT

The Missouri Pacific Will Not Pay a Dividend—No Disagreement.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., March 23.—The News-Herald publishes an interview with George Gould concerning the Missouri Pacific. Mr. Gould says that he has not seen the annual report of the Missouri Pacific, and that there has been no disagreement concerning the declaration of a dividend. In reply as to whether he was opposed to a 7 per cent. dividend, Mr. Gould said: "Of one thing you may rest assured—the Missouri Pacific will not declare a dividend, no matter how small, unless the road has earned it. One thing more I can say. In view of the serious strike now in force on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Road, and on the Omaha lines, and the threatened extension to all the western and southern systems, the Missouri Pacific directors may consider it a sound business policy to withhold a dividend at present in order to provide against the great losses which a general strike would entail. At any rate this question would come up at the next meeting of the board."

His Right Eye Ruined by a Sparrow.

OMAHA, Neb., March 22.—As Henry Mills, a commercial traveller for a Lynn, Mass., house, stepped off a Burlington train yesterday, an English sparrow flew blindly into his right eye, and, the sharp bill penetrating the eyeball, ruined the optic.

CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE.

Sudden Death of the Eminent Justice at the Capital.

Sketch of His Career as Chief of the Highest Court of Appeal.

Secretary Bayard's Name Mentioned for the Succession.

WASHINGTON, March 23.—Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite, of the United States Supreme Court, died at 6.30 this morning at his residence, No. 1415 I street., N. W.

Last Saturday evening Justice Waite dined out, and on his return became so ill that his family physician, Dr. Caroline R. Winslow, was summoned in haste. Dr. Winslow has attended the chief justice's family for 13 years. Her statement concerning his disease and its fatal termination is as follows:

The immediate cause of his death was nervous failure of the action of the heart, and it came with such startling suddenness as to be absolutely appalling. There was not the vaguest symptom of heart complication throughout his sickness. Saturday night the chief justice attended the authors' reception given by Senator and Mrs. Hearst, but, feeling slightly indisposed, he left the house early. About half an hour

At this time he said to his physician, in a tone of inquiry, that he must attend court Monday; but he was cautioned to take no chances. He persisted that he felt quite well enough to ride to the Capitol and return and anticipated no unfavorable results from a little outing. Monday, after his return from the Capitol, the physician called and found him complaining of a soreness in his right lung; when asked to take a long breath, he said that the effort caused him pain. An examination showed that a part of his right lung, two or more inches in diameter, was hepatized. This was accompanied with a slight cough. He was very restless, as indeed he had been from the first, and his face was much flushed. He was very wakeful during Monday night, lying on his right side most of the time. He rested easier on that side, he said, than on the other or on his back.

While his illness was by no means regarded as critical, his physician on Tuesday suggested that his son, C. C. Waite, be telegraphed for, which was done. He arrived yesterday afternoon at 2.30.

The chief justice's condition remained much the same during Tuesday morning. He was very cheerful, and laughingly remarked to those present that he did not know how to be sick, but later in the day symptoms of acute bronchitis appeared, and on Wednesday symptoms of pneumonia made their appearance in his affected lung. He breathed hard and with a slight groan, and when asked if he was in pain smilingly replied that he was not in pain, but he really did "not know how to be sick." There was no material change during the day. He remained cheerful, talking pleasantly with his nurse and attendants.

During the night of Wednesday and on Thursday he was quite comfortable, no one feeling any alarm, though naturally anxious. He was getting along well, every one believed, and when at 10 o'clock last evening his physician left him, he responded to her "good night" as cheerfully and in as strong a voice as he did in health.

The nurse who remained during the night observed no change in his condition, not even in the expression of his face, until 6 o'clock this morning, when he turned over on his back and in 10 minutes was dead.

Monday, when he attended court, he was accompanied by his daughter, who took wraps and a bottle of hot beef extract, in case he should need them; but, aside from slight fatigue, he felt comparatively well. At the beginning of his illness the chief justice, fearing to needlessly alarm his wife, who was on her way to California in company with an invalid sister, cautioned those about him to keep his condition from the newspapers. He was not alarmed himself, and was unwilling that his wife's journey should be curtailed or interfered with by his indisposition. It is said by his physician that this was the only severe illness the chief justice ever had in his life, except that of two years ago, when he suffered some time from erysipelas in his face and hands.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE'S CAREER.

How He Rose to His Distinguished Position—His Untiring Industry.

Morrison Remick Waite was the seventh in the line of distinguished jurists who have held the chief justiceship of the United States. He was descended of English ancestry, and the family coat of arms bears the date of 1512. In the old state documents of England will be found the death warrant of Charles I., signed by Thomas Wayte, then a member of Parliament. The family removed to this country soon after the restoration. In the rural town of Lyme, Conn., the old house still stands in which the late chief justice was born on Nov. 29, 1816.

At the age of 17 he entered Yale College, from which he graduated in 1837, in the class which included William M. Evarts, Edward Pierrepont, Professor Benjamin Silliman and other distinguished men. He began the study of law with his father in Lyme, and concluded his preparation for the bar in the office of Samuel M. Young, then a prominent lawyer in Maumee City, O. He formed a partnership with Mr. Young shortly after being admitted in 1839, and the year after he took as his life partner a young lady of his native town. He was elected to the Ohio Legislature in 1849, and the following year the firm of Young & Waite removed to Toledo, O., where they built up a very large and remunerative practice. A younger brother of Mr. Waite was admitted to the firm soon afterwards, and the partnership continued up to his appointment to the position he now occupies.

The first position in which his ability attracted the attention of the whole country was that of counsel for the United States in the tribunal of arbitration which met at Geneva in 1871-72. He was associated in this delicate negotiation with Caleb Cushing and Wm. M. Evarts. Their tact and good judgment largely served to terminate the difficulty arising out of our civil war between the United States and the United Kingdom. The year after his return home, in 1873, he presided over the constitutional convention of Ohio.

He was appointed to the chief justiceship by President Grant on Jan. 21, 1874, as the successor of Chief Justice Chase. As chief justice he received a salary of $10,500 a year.

When he came on the bench he found the docket about two years and a half behind. It was his ambition to catch up with the work of the court so that an even balance sheet could be struck upon his retirement. But in spite of his push and drive he succeeded in advancing only a few steps in the direction of catching up. One of the justices, in speaking of him said: "Mr. Waite has worked each year as if his salvation depended upon his making a record of one or two more cases than were considered the preceding year. The result is that he has put too great a strain upon his capacity for endurance and he has broken down under the work."

MR. WAITE'S SUCCESSOR,

Prediction that Senator Bayard will Be Appointed.

WASHINGTON, March 25.—A gentleman who predicted Mr. Lamar's appointment as associate justice long before it was actually decided upon, is authority for the statement that Mr. Bayard could have had that appointment had he desired it. He says that Secretary Bayard will be offered the chief justiceship, and will accept. There is a rumor from another source of the same kind, coupled with the statement that Minister Phelps will succeed Mr. Bayard as secretary of state; and from still another source comes the report that Speaker Carlisle is likely to be appointed chief justice.

MRS. HANCOCK'S HOME.

House to be Presented Her by the Dead General's Friends.

WASHINGTON, March 20.—The friends of General Hancock, who have been active in their efforts to raise sufficient money to purchase a house in this city for Mrs. Hancock, have met with complete success. The house is a large three-story brown and white stone structure, located at the southeast corner of Twenty-first and R streets northwest. It will be formerly presented to Mrs. Hancock April 1. Among the members of the committee who have had charge of the matter are Stilson Hutchins, General H. G. Wright, General Albert Ordway and A. A. Wilson.

AROUND THE FARM.

COTTON-SEED MEAL AS FOOD AND FERTILIZER.

It Shows Profit in the Increased Value of Manure—The Richer the Manure the Greater the Crop—Several Instructive Tables Cited in Proof.

[Written for The Weekly Globe.]

One thing that strikingly illustrates the unusually high "estimated trade value" put upon fertilizers by the State chemists is the fact that one ton, or 2000 pounds of cotton-seed meal, reckoned by the usual standard, is worth $30.07 as a fertilizer. Yet it can be purchased for about $25 per ton, and, after the cattle have extracted the nutriment from it, nearly the whole of its manurial value can be recovered in the solid and liquid excrements.

The following table of Dr. Emil Wolff shows how much of the various elements contained in the food of animals is retained in their organisms, and how much is voided in their excrements. Of 100 pounds of dry substance in the food, there is found in the excrements:

	Cow.	Ox.	Sheep.	Horse.	Mean.
	DRY SUBSTANCE.				
	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.
In the dung....	38.0	45.6	46.9	42.0	43.1
In the urine...	9.1	5.8	6.6	3.6	6.3
Total dry substance in the manure.	47.1	51.4	53.5	45.6	49.4

Of 100 pounds of organic substance in the food, there is found in the excrements:

	Cow.	Ox.	Sheep.	Horse.	Mean.
	ORGANIC SUBSTANCE.				
	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.
In the dung....	36.5	43.9	45.6	38.02	41.0
In the urine...	6.0	3.2	3.9	2.05	3.9
Total organic substance in manure..	42.5	47.1	49.5	40.7	44.9

Of 100 pounds of mineral matter in the food, there is found in the excrements:

	Cow.	Ox.	Sheep.	Horse.	Mean.
	MINERAL MATTER.				
	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.
In the dung....	53.9	70.8	63.2	85.6	68.4
In the urine....	43.1	46.7	40.3	16.3	35.1
T'tal mineral matter in manure..	97.0	117.5	103.5	101.9	103.5

To the mineral matter in the water drank by the animals is due the excess of mineral matter over 100 pounds.

Of 100 pounds of nitrogen in the food, there is found in the excrements:

	Cow.	Ox.	Sheep.	Horse.	Mean.
	NITROGEN.				
	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.
In the dung....	45.5	51.0	43.7	56.1	49.1
In the urine....	18.3	38.6	51.8	27.3	34.0
Total nitrogen in manure..	63.8	89.6	95.5	83.4	83.1

The table shows at a glance what a small proportion of the most important ingredient, nitrogen, is retained by the different animals, and therefore how valuable the manure of domestic animals must be to the farmer generally, when fed on material so rich as cotton-seed meal. The percentages of nitrogen thus taken up by cow, ox, sheep and horse are respectively 36.2, 10.4, 4.5 and 16.6. Cotton-seed meal not only produces the most valuable animal manure, but it is itself one of the most excellent fertilizers in existence. The fertilizing value of a ton of cotton-seed meal, according to its analysis, is as follows: Nitrogen, 6.95 to 7.25; phosphoric acid, 2.51 to 3.07; potash, 1.24 to 1.91, averaging:

	Per cent. or lbs. per ton.		Cents.	
Nitrogen.......	7.20	144	17	$24 48
Phos. acid......	2.81	56.2	7	3 93
Potash..........	1.51	30.2	5½	1 66
Total..........				$30 07

Storer, in his work on "Agriculture," says: "Experience has shown that cotton-seed meal is usually as good a fertilizer, as regards its nitrogen, as either dried fish or flesh scrap, provided the land is not too dry. It is a product that should not be lost sight of by farmers who wish to buy fertilizers."

Since manures are the nourishing material of plants, and, other things being equal, the higher profit of the fields depends only and alone on the greater easily extracted quantity of the same found in the soil—therefore, the more accurate knowledge of this substance, its preparation, proportional use, and how it may be procured on a farm in sufficient quantity and with the least cost, is of the greatest importance to the farmer.

The nourishment of beasts and men depend on the cultivation of plants, and the culture of plants on the labor of beasts and the quantity and quality of manure produced. The production of beasts and plants is, therefore, reciprocal.

Stock farming must be the foundation of all long-continued successful farming. Any other system is one of slow exhaustion and ultimate sterility.

Ignore the sheep, the hog and the cow, and the land will grow poor inevitably.

The object of agriculture is the highest gain which is obtained from the sale of those vegetable and animal products that are not required for the management of the farm.

He who gives little to the soil can get but little from it; he who draws much from, should give much to it. Without manure no good farming is possible. A. H. W.

LIST OF VEGETABLES.

Jerusalem artichokes—White-skinned.
Globe artichokes—Green Globe.
Asparagus—Conover's Colossal.
Bush beans—Early Red Valentine, Golden Wax.
Lima beans—Dreer's Improved.
Beet—Egyptian Turnip.
Broccoli—White Cape.
Brussels sprouts—Common Dwarf.
Cabbage—Early Jersey Wakefield, All Seasons, Drumhead Savoy.
Cauliflower—Snowball, Erfurt.
Carrot—Half Long, Stump-Rooted.
Celery—White Plume, Golden Heart.
Corn—Early Marblehead, Squantum, Stowell's Evergreen.
Cucumber—Nichol's Medium Green.
Egg plant—New York Improved.
Endive—Green Curled.
Kale—Dwarf Curled Green Scotch, Siberian.
Kohl rabi—White Vienna.
Leek—Musselburgh.
Lettuce—Salamander, for summer; Boston Market, for winter.
Muskmelon—New Surprise, for early; Hackensack, for main crop.
Watermelon—Cuban Queen.
Okra—Dwarf.
Onions—Red Wethersfield, Yellow Danvers, Southport White Globe.
Parsley—Extra Double Curled.
Parsnip—Hollow Crown.
Pease—Alpha, Stratagem.
Pepper—Ruby King.
Potato—Early Rose.
Pumpkin—Cheese.
Radish—Early Scarlet Turnip, Wood's Early Frame.
Rhubarb—Monarch.
Salsify—Common.
Scorzonera—Common.
Sea Kale—Common.
Spinach—Round-leaved. For very hot summer weather, use New Zealand.
Squash—Bush, Summer Crookneck, Hubbard.
Tomato—Perfection, Acme.
Turnip—Purple-top, White Globe, Rutabaga, Improved American.

The above is a very condensed list of good, plain, serviceable sorts, every one of which I, myself, grow. The variety, probably, is greater than Rural readers will care to grow. For instance, very few will wish to grow Globe Artichokes; any one who grows cauliflower wont want broccoli, and few who grow lettuces will care for endive. I have laid no stress whatever upon earliness. Take pease, for example. I think it is better to wait four or five days and get delicious Alphas than to strive for earliness and eat the comparatively tasteless Daniel O'Rourke—the "earliest" and "extra early" of many seedsmen. And I have avoided new and "fancy" varieties as I am not convinced that they have been tested widely enough. A great variety of any kind—say of beans—is confusing; simplify matters and confine yourselves to one or two varieties: they are enough. And for private use I much prefer crops that last a long time in a usable condition to those that come in all at once. In the case of potatoes I have nothing better than Early and Late Rose, but with some of my neighbors Early Ohio, Rural Blush, Beauty of Hebron, White Elephant, and so on, are the favorites. And what is true of potatoes is also true of melons, cabbages, corn and other vegetables. Again, tastes differ; some folks like Black Mexican corn, but I wouldn't have it on my table. Some have a fondness for Speckled Cranberry beans and Scarlet Runner beans, but in the face of Valentines for snap and Limas for shelled I wouldn't eat them. No rigid list should be given, nor should any rule be laid down for the cultivation of vegetables, as soil, climate and other conditions differ materially in different cases; but we should experiment a little and find out for ourselves what sorts are best suited to our soil and circumstances and stick to these kinds. Take cauliflower, for example; large, late Algiers is a standard favorite on Long Island; but with me, on our land, it is much inferior to Lenormand's or Autumn Giant. —[William Falconer, in Rural New Yorker.

LETTUCE UNDER GLASS.

The discussion of the above subject at the meeting of the Market Gardeners' Association on Jan. 28 was opened by a paper from W. D. Philbrick of Newton Centre. He said that he felt far less sure of growing good lettuce now than 15 or 20 years ago, when it was a comparatively safe crop; the change was due to the prevalence of diseases to which this crop is subject, especially mildew. The consumption of lettuce, however, is constantly increasing, and has probably doubled twice in 20 years. The proper temperature for growing lettuce is 40° to 50° at night and 10° to 30° warmer by sunlight. Much depends upon keeping the temperature as even as possible, both with regard to heat and moisture.

Small plants can be grown where it is somewhat warmer than given above, but when the lettuce is heading a good deal of care is needed to keep an even temperature.

During the months of November, December and January we have comparatively little sunlight, and lettuce will only grow half as fast as it will in March and April. The skilful gardener must keep this in mind when preparing a stock of plants to follow a crop already growing, and by carefully working his glass will sometimes gain nearly a whole crop.

In general, it takes two or three weeks from sowing seed to get plants fit to pick out at three inches apart; three or four weeks more to grow them so that they need transplanting again at seven or eight inches apart, and four to eight weeks more to head the lettuce.

The cost of growing will range from 40 cents to 75 cents per dozen in different seasons.

About 16 years ago the essayist began, being among the first in this neighborhood to experiment with greenhouses in growing lettuce, and their use has now become general. At first the lettuce from the greenhouses was of inferior quality to that grown in hotbeds; but lately some of the very best lettuce ever offered in our market has been grown in greenhouses by Stephen Coolidge and others. The experiments of Messrs. Budlong & Son of Providence in heating hotbeds by steam have not proved altogether satisfactory.

There are three enemies which the lettuce grower must fight or they will spoil the crop, and at best they make it uncertain; they are lice, blight or burn, and mildew. Lice can be easily subdued in a greenhouse by frequently smoking with tobacco when the plants are small; in the hotbed it is not easy to avoid them. The blight or burn is usually first seen when a bright day follows several cloudy ones at the time the lettuce begins to head; the remedy is to grow slowly in dark weather and at night, and whenever the sun shines air and water freely; for mildew there is no remedy known that amounts to much. It is less likely to be troublesome in new houses or beds in new locations than in old ones; it is less troublesome in sunny weather than in dark or cloudy weather, but it is a serious obstacle to growing good lettuce. The waste leaves and stumps from diseased plants should be destroyed lest they cause the mildew to spread by the spawn they contain, and the earth should be changed once in two years at least. When lettuce is mildewed it will sometimes outgrow it and make a fine crop if the weather is sunny. The application of sulphur in its many forms seems to have no effect. Some gardeners sprinkle a little sand over the surface of the beds before setting plants to make the surface dry quickly. Mildew on lettuce is described by W. G. Smith of London in his book on "Diseases of Field and Garden Crops."

HINTS ON PRUNING.

Pruning the orchard should be attended to, also the shrubbery about the house, and the raspberry and blackberry bushes, whether a few for the family or many for market, must have the old wood removed and be put into good shape for bearing, and here, it may be said, that their cultivation, especially that of the raspberry, is well worth attending to wherever a town or city market is near, or transportation by express can be conveniently reached. Where new planting of these berries are made it should be done early on account of the early starting of the plants. Many prefer the spring to the fall for strawberry planting, but in either case they do not bear till the next season.

Grapevines must be pruned, and on this subject E. Williams, a well-known horticulturist of Montclair, N. J., in an address before the American Horticultural Society, gave the following facts, which ought to be more generally known: First, that the wood of this year contains the buds which produce the fruitful canes of next year; second, that the fruit buds differ from wood buds only because of better development; third, that a cluster is a fruitful tendril, and that the ordinary capacity of a fruitful bud is to develop on an averege two or three of these fruitful tendrils, or, as commonly expressed, clusters of fruit; fourth, that the tendency of the sap is to the extremity of the vine; that the straighter the cane the more rapid the growth, and the strongest growth of a pruned cane will generally be found nearest the end; fifth, that it is an easy matter to overtax a young vine by endeavoring to make it produce and ripen more fruit than it is capable of doing.

For training the vine the Kniffen trellis is a popular one and easily made, consisting of two wires stretching from posts; the lower wire three and a half feet from the ground, and the upper one two feet higher. After the first season's growth the vine should be cut off just above the lower wire, then a bud on each side is trained along the wire for the lower pair of arms, and in due time the upper pair of arms is formed from a bud trained upright to the upper wire in the same way.

CUTTING SEED POTATOES.

Much has been said and written about cutting potatoes for planting, and many experiments have been tried in various parts of the country. It must be very evident to all that soil and cultivation have much to do with the results. On rich soil, where thorough cultivation is given, good crops can be secured, no matter what the size of the cutting, but on poor soil small cuttings will largely fail, because there is not sufficient substance in them to sustain growth for any length of time. Whole tubers and large cuttings induce early and strong growth. The crop is also earlier and larger than where small cuttings are planted, but the per cent of small potatoes is greater. Taking this into account it will readily be seen that the increase in crop secured by using whole potatoes is not all profit, besides the cost of seed is greater.

On the other hand, the yield where one-eye cuttings are planted is generally light, even though the potatoes are nearly all large. Below are given results obtained at the Ohio Experiment Station. Large potatoes were used in all cases:

One-eye cuttings, average for four years 98 bushels per acre.

Two-eye cuttings, average for two years 180 bushels per acre.

Cut in two lengthwise, average for two years 226 bushels per acre.

Whole potatoes, average for four years 286 bushels per acre.

The above showing agrees very closely with results obtained wherever careful experiments have been conducted for a series of years. Considering quality of crop and cost of seed, two-eye cuttings were the most satisfactory at the station.—[Horticulturist, Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station.

THE COTTON PROSPECT.

The present cotton year has so far been one of the most satisfactory ever known.

A rise in price took place early in the season, before much cotton had passed out of planters' hands, and it has since been well maintained.

The rise in cotton has, however, been very much exceeded by an advance in prices of goods, so that to manufacturers, also, the season has been a very profitable one. Their takings of cotton have been and still are very large; so large that the supply will not be sufficient to admit of consumption continuing on its present extensive scale.

The position of cotton we lay before you in the following figures, which can be relied on, as they are taken from authentic sources. Most of them were obtained direct from our correspondents in this country and Europe:

The total visible supply in the United States, Europe and at sea today is only 2,969,628 bales, against 3,263,587 last year, and 3,015,990 in 1886.

The stock of cotton held by European mills on the 1st of this month was estimated at 805,000 bales against 481,000 last year, but the surplus is all in Russia, where it is virtually swallowed up, as none of it will ever come upon the real European markets, either in the shape of cotton or goods. On the 1st of February American mills also held some surplus as compared with their small stocks of last year, but, according to the most reliable estimates, would still have to buy at least 750,000 bales.

Should there be an American crop of 6,800,000 to draw from, it is estimated that imports into Europe from 1st of February to 1st October, 1888, would be

		Last Year.
American...........	2,019,000	2,100,000
East Indian........	1,326,000	1,407,000
Sundries...........	415,000	582,000
Total..............	3,760,000	4,088,000

According to the highest European authority on cotton, Thomas Ellison, Europe expects to receive of this annual crop: For Great Britain, 2,700,000; for the continent, 1,750,000; total, 4,450,000. And then the estimated supply and consumption would about balance each other.

But let us see how much of this annual crop Europe probably will get:

Estimated United States crop......	6,600,000
Add the stock of the United States in all ports, Sept 1, last...........	84,000
	6,684,000
Deduct the extra large amount of cotton burned and destroyed this year.........	50,000
	6,634,000
Estimated stock in all United States ports, Sept. 1, 1888.......	134,000
	6,500,000
Estimated consumption in United States and Canada, according to the best authorities..........	2,350,000
	4,150,000
Deficit..........	300,000

Our latest cable despatches state that the consumption in Europe is unchanged. It will have to be checked by a rise in price. Otherwise, as a glance at the foregoing figures shows, the supply will not equal the demand by 300,000 bales—even should the receipts from India and other foreign countries come up to estimates. In our own country trade is so good that the American mills will certainly not fail to take their fall allotment of 2,350,000 bales. Europe must look for smaller imports than are generally figured in the estimates we receive. The more so as the production of cotton has not kept pace with the consumption for several years past. Yours truly,

LATHAM, ALEXANDER & Co.

New York, Feb. 11.

IN THE BUSH.

As the season for making maple sugar is now at hand, a few words on this subject may not be out of place. The manufacturing the "product of the bush" is no longer carried on in the slovenly manner of years gone by, but has been reduced to a science, and those who would succeed must watch all improvements in this line of business, and adopt them whenever practicable.

When I was a boy it was the custom as the sap season was approaching, to bore with an inch auger into the tree about four inches, and drive in a wooden spout, generally made of cedar or some soft wood, and for receptacles to catch the sap, were used, mostly, troughs made of various kinds of woods, sometimes put into the fire and burned black to prevent the sap from oozing out. What sap was not wasted by turning out and tipping over, was then carried to the boiling place and boiled down in iron kettles hung on a pole extended from two neighboring trees. The product of this process, as might be expected, was a very dark sugar or syrup, with a very rank flavor.

After a while the trough business played out, and we had buckets holding a pailful each, these of cedar and pine. Then we used a three-fourth inch bit. A few years after the tin pail and iron spout made their appearance; also the galvanized pan or evaporator. I lent my old, sour, wooden buckets to a neighbor never to be returned, and purchased pails, spouts and pans. I next built a snug little sugar house 16x24 feet, 8 feet post, all finished on the outside, two doors on the south side, and a small door in each gable to let out the steam; there are two windows, one on the north side and one on the east end. I built a long arch of brick, with stones 18 inches thick for a base; these were placed on a foundation, which went below the frost. I set two pans on this arch, the first used as a boiler, the other as a heater.

Now for my process. Equipped with pails, spouts, bit and hatchet, I proceed to the woods and tap, by boring a hole about two inches deep with a one-half-inch bit, drive a "Willis" spout, hang my pail and proceed. And here let me say it is not the size or depth of hole that is required to get the greater amount of sap, for, as is well known, the sap flows in the outer grains of the tree, but whether it flows up or down is a mooted question.

I have roads through my berth, and I gather the sap and haul to the house with team, thereby saving much labor. The sap is then run through a strainer into the pans, and evaporated as quickly as possible, taking care not to scorch, as is sometimes the case, by having a too hot fire. I find that part soft and part hard wood makes the best fire for this purpose. When the syrup is ready, it is drawn off and strained, and set aside to cool; when cold it is again put on, and a mixture of milk and egg added to cleanse it; skim as soon as it comes to a boil, and if it should not be clear, then it must be strained again, and you have a syrup fit for a king.

One hundred trees will on an average yield 25 gallons of syrup, weighing 11 pounds to the gallon. The quicker the sap is put into syrup after leaving the tree, the lighter color it will be. Let everything used about this business be absolutely sweet and clean.

A good syrup weighing 11 pounds per gallon costs about $1 to produce it, and if it is sold for much less than that it is sold at a loss, or else it is not strictly pure. Three-fourths of the so-called maple syrups and sugars that are found on the markets today are not pure; they are a compound of maple syrup, glucose, granulated sugar, etc., and put up into fancy bottles, and labelled maplene, and other names too numerous to mention.—[New England Farmer.

TREATING BONES WITH ACID.

The following inquiry was received by the Connecticut agricultural station: "Will you inform me if there is any fertilizing property in sulphuric acid, or is it only used to cut bone in the manufacture of superphosphate? I enclose formula for making phosphate that I have taken from my scrap book and ask your opinion of it."

To these questions was replied substantially:

Sulphuric acid is a plant food, but is not generally deficient in our soils. It can be most economically supplied in land plaster, which is the sulphate of lime. You ask an opinion as to the enclosed formula. Fine bone dust needs no "cutting" with acid to make it readily available for crops. If you do cut it with acid it will usually be necessary to add a drier, like the dry loam or wood dirt of your formula, else the mass will be smeary or pasty. If you want a more quickly acting phosphate it would probably be cheaper to buy plain boneblack superphosphate (at $28 a ton) and mix 100 or 200 pounds to the ton with your bone meal, rather than experiment with sulphuric acid, which is a somewhat dangerous thing for one unskilled in its use to handle.

The cost of hauling 1600 pounds of loam from and to the fields will go far towards the purchase of a small proportion of superphosphate.

NUTRITION AND GROWTH OF PLANTS.

This was the subject of a paper read by E. P. Kirby of Arlington at the meeting of the Market Gardeners' Association in Boston, March 10. The speaker remarked that he had no new facts or discoveries to offer, but simply a compilation of well-known facts obtained in the reading of many writers of authority.

Plants are composed partly of the so-called organic, partly of inorganic, elements; the organic are hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and carbon, elements which are so called because they form a large part of all organized beings, both vegetable and animal. The inorganic elements which form that portion of the plant which remains as ash after burning, and consists of potash, soda, lime, magnesia, iron and a few others, in combination with carbonic, silicic, phosphoric and muriatic acids.

The substances are not equally distributed in the plants; thus, the silicic acid is found most abundantly in the stems of grasses and grains, and phosphoric acid in the seeds, nitrogen in the young growth, and other substances distributed in all other parts nearly alike.

The question of how plants absorb these substances is answered in part by the roots in solution in the soil water, partly by the countless pores of the leaves from the air. Carbonic acid is absorbed partly by the roots in solution, partly by the leaves from the small portion of this gas always found in the air. During the daytime, especially under exposure to direct sunlight, the carbonic acid is decomposed by the leaves, the carbon is retained and goes to build up the growth of the plant, while the oxygen is given off into the air.

Free, unconfined nitrogen, though very abundant in the air, is probably not absorbed by plants directly, though this question has long been in dispute. If it is absorbed at all it is in small quantities only, and we must rely for our supply of this valuable stimulant of vegetable growth entirely upon nitrogenous manures.

Fermentation and oxydation of the soil by exposure to the air greatly increases its fertility. This action is greatly assisted by the application of fermenting manures, and by frequent stirring of the soil with plough, cultivator and hoe; in fact, the importance of tilth can hardly be overestimated.

A soil containing free lime, potash or magnesia is in condition to form rapidly in warm weather under tillage valuable compounds of nitrogen, which hasten plant growth. This process, called nitrification of the soil, does not go on rapidly in the absence of lime, potash, soda, etc., hence the importance of applying lime and potash to soils deficient in them.

Soils, by repeated cropping with the same crop, are more quickly exhausted than where a rotation is practiced; the rotation is also useful in avoiding diseases and insects which attack vegetation. It would appear from recent experiments with electric light upon the growth of plants that this light is capable of replacing sunlight, but whether this can be done economically does not as yet appear proven.

USEFUL CHEMICAL RESEARCHES.

It is generally supposed that the only mission of agricultural stations is to examine fertilizers for the benefit of farmers, but the Connecticut station gives evidence of greater usefulness by having a correspondence bureau and giving particular attention to chemical researches for the benefit of the public. Inquiries addressed to the board relative to treating bones with acid, value of waste lye from soap works, dissolving bone, and the percentage composition of a superphosphate made from bone, have been promptly answered and published in the station reports.

This new departure may not be received with favor by professional chemists, because they are not called upon to give the advice for certain fixed fees, but the practice will certainly become popular among the masses and redound to the credit of the agricultural stations that devote some attention to this department. As some of the State institutions are in bad repute, it devolves upon the management to turn over a new leaf and make an effort to do something for the money expended. It would be well to follow the example of the Connecticut station in addition to fertilizer experiments, and then the public would not be in haste to ask for an abolishment of the system. It is gratifying to note a disposition among the directors of these stations to extend their usefulness, but there are a few non-progressive organizations that require sharp criticism to make them move forward, and these are under the watchful care of the national commissioner of agriculture.—[Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter.

A PHYSICIAN'S VIEW OF OLEOMARGARINE.

Dr. J. R. Ludlow, in the Medical and Surgical Reporter, makes a timely protest against the attempt by legislation to suppress the manufacture and use of artificial butter. Butter, he says, is not merely a luxury. It is an important component of a civilized dietary. The supply of genuine butter is, however, of necessity limited. Human skill and ingenuity have produced a substitute, which not only satisfies the palate, but which fully replaces the genuine as a food, and is certainly much more wholesome than much of the butter found in the market. The quality of the artificial product is uniform, and the source of the supply practically inexhaustible. It is a boon to the poor man and the man in moderate circumstances, yet it is denounced and misrepresented by the dairy interests, because its extended use has diminished their profits. It is called "stuff" and "nasty," and attempts are made to excite prejudice against it as unwholesome; laws are passed taxing it, and more or less prohibiting its manufacture and sale. The effect of these laws is simply to raise the price of butter, both genuine and artificial, to the consumer. So long as men can make artificial butter which cannot be distinguished from the genuine by sight, taste or smell, so long will it be made and sold, unless the manufacture is absolutely prohibited by arbitrary and iniquitous legislation. In the interest of the masses the profession should protest against unnecessarily adding so to the cost of a food so valuable and important. The rich man may enjoy his gilt-edged butter, but without this alternative the poor man is condemned either to abstinence or to the use of a rank, rancid, refuse article whose only recommendation is that it is "genuine."

WHAT FARMERS SHOULD KNOW.

The last census gives 36,576,600 pounds of sugar and 1,796,048 gallons of molasses as the maple sugar crop of 1880. Of this amount, Vermont produced 11,261,077 pounds of sugar and 128,091 gallons of syrup; New York, 10,693,619 pounds and 266,390 gallons; Michigan, 3,423,149 pounds and 131,990 gallons; Ohio, 2,895,782 pounds and 495,839 gallons; Pennsylvania, 2,866,010 pounds and 140,667 gallons; New Hampshire, 2,731,945 pounds and 79,712 gallons; Iowa, 2,064,020 pounds and 17,766 gallons, most of the other States producing some, though much less than any of those mentioned. Thus it will be seen that the little State of Vermont is the greatest producer of maple sugar, and that it and its big neighbor, New York, of which it was formerly a part, together produce nearly two-thirds of the total yield of the country.

D. B. Wier of Illinois writes to the American Garden, urging the importance of using paris green or london purple early in the season for destroying noxious insects on fruit trees. He would administer the poison first as soon as the buds begin to swell. Next, with kerosene emulsion as soon as they are through blossoming, to kill the leaf lice and plant bugs. Again, two weeks after the fall of the petals, with the arsenical poisons, and again later with the emulsion. He quotes the experiment of a friend who had two fine plum trees which never matured their fruits. He sprayed them with london purple, which caused the fruit to remain and give very heavy crops. It would have been better to have sprayed one and not the other, and thus to determine whether it was the spraying or something else that saved them; for the same experiment has been tried by others, and although the punctured fruit was lessened, the remedy proved far from being effectual, and spraying is now generally regarded as at best only a partial remedy.

It requires from 16 to 20 quarts of sap for a pound of sugar.

Glass cans are not to be thought of for syrup, except, perhaps, for home use.

The sugar maple is much the best for sugar, but the other varieties furnish a passable sap.

Where a moderate quantity only of sap is secured, it is about as well to simply evaporate it to syrup.

Single trees will give three to four pounds of sugar on an average; some will even give six or eight times as much.

The bulk of tin-canned syrup is to put up in one-gallon size, which are not very expensive, and answer very well for the consumer.

If new oaken packages are ever used, they should be well soaked inside with strong brine and rinsed in clean water before using.

Wooden packages are decidly objectionable, as syrup will not keep long in them, and there is much greater liability to grain.

Exposure to sunlight is believed to be conducive to the flow of sap, and hence scattering, open land trees are often rich in sap and sugar.

If the ground is frozen hard, the ascension of sap is prevented until the same commences to leave the ground, and is very likely to give a fuller yield.

The deeper the bore of the sap the longer the sap will continue to run, but a large bore does not seem to increase the flow, while it causes greater injury to the tree.

Good, well-glazed earthen jugs are excellent packages to keep maple syrup in if filled full and sealed perfectly, but they are inconvenient and unsafe to ship.

Edward Burnett is right when he tells us that good breeding, care and kindness are all necessary to the development of first-rate dairy cows. Clover hay, cobmeal, corn fodder and roots, giving warm water for drink, form the best rations for milk and butter.

Whether potatoes are kept in the cellar or in pits, if in considerable bulk, they will require considerable care about this season. Get them out of the dark and probably too warm place where they have been confined, expose them to light, and, if possible, keep a temperature varying from 40° to 45°. This is especially necessary if the potatoes are intended for planting. If for use as food avoid exposure to sunlight.

Chicago sells more "pure Vermont maple sugar" than the entire output of the "Green Mountain State." It is made of glucose and cane syrup, the flavor being supplied from a preparation of hickory bark.

It's All at Her Tongue's End, Too.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

No man ever knew as much about anything as a woman knows about dress.

Bound to be Mourned by Somebody.

[Washington Critic.]

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew has his life insured for $500,000.

A SEASIDE FLIRTATION.

[William J. Delany in New York News.]

"Accident, that sometimes befriends the proverbially unlucky, for once, I am free to confess, has cast my lines in pleasant places," exclaimed Jack Danvers, a young New York lawyer, as he smoked a post-prandial cigar and listened to the solemn murmurings of the waves among the granite rocks within a stone's-throw of the quaint New England homestead in which he had found apartments and board for the necessarily brief holiday he might vouchsafe himself.

"How enthusiastic Ned Arnold would grow over this picturesque old house, with its pointed gables, twisted chimneys and mullioned windows, and had he been my fellow-traveller today I'll swear he would have put that girl's face in one of his stories. A very handsome face it was not, but what glorious eyes! By gosh! they haunt me even now," he said, with a touch of sentiment, and then laughed outright at his own absurdity.

As he rose and approached the window an expletive I do not care to write here escaped his lips. In a distant corner of the garden a girl was standing, idly plucking the petals from a rosebud in her hand, while a youth in seafaring garb stood by her side and spoke to her with evident earnestness.

"The very girl I've been thinking about," muttered Danvers, "and this fisher lad is her lover, I suppose. Thought those rustic chaps didn't go in for that style of girl. Always thought, in fact, that a pink and white complexion and the vapid smile and expressionless face of a Dutch doll was more in their line. A sort of Faust and Marguerite tableau they make out there, upon my word. Wonder as she pulls that flower to pieces does she inaudibly murmur: 'He loves me; he loves me not.' Shouldn't be surprised, for a girl with such big black eyes must have dreamed a love story before today. He looks an uncouth woer enough; yet she yields to his entreaty, and there they go for their evening stroll."

With an amused smile on his lips he watched the youth and maiden as they passed into the orchard, where the apple trees were heavy with their golden fruit, and then across the fragrant meadow that sloped gently downward to the sea.

"What confounded fools this calf love makes of young people," and with which reflection Mr. Danvers turned for distraction to the pages of one of William Black's stories.

He had read for an hour or so, when the voice of his landlady in the garden attracted his attention.

"Mysie, Mysie," she called, and after a pause, "Waal, I dew declar' that gal will drive me mad. What dew I want her for now, Jacob Adams? Why, sakes alive, it's a'most supper time, an' the strange gentleman—"

And the strange gentleman, as he closed his book, soliloquized: "My dear old lady, it has been said that a woman can never forget her youth, and no doubt you can remember a time when you, too, thought as Miss Mysie thinks tonight, that 'there's mair fun in kissin' than brewin' the tea.' For myself, I guess I can bide a wee if your daughter only brings up the supper tray."

And, as he had wished it, half an hour later that young lady entered the room with his evening meal. The face was colorless, with high cheek bones, the face an undecided acquiline, the mouth wide, yet mobile and crimson lipped, but the eyes—those glorious eyes, black and lustrous—well, Jack Danvers assures me that their beauty beggared all description.

As she laid the supper tray upon the table a quick glance of recognition flashed on Danvers, and that young gentleman quietly remarked: "I believe we have met before, Miss Adams?"

"Oh! yes, on the cars this morning. And so you are mother's boarder, sir?"

"I am, unfortunately for yourself, I was about to say. Do you know, Miss Mysie—you see I've already learned your name—I have been thinking all this afternoon about those wondrous eyes of yours, and now that we are to live beneath the same roof for days to come, heaven only knows what misery they may bring me."

She looked upon his face with the innocent wonder of a child, and Mr. Danvers thought complacently, "If love-making is to be a feature of the programme, I might as well get into training at once."

"Mysie," called a voice from the floor below, and the girl exclaimed with some impatience: "There, it's mother again!" and hurried from the room.

"Her eyes are certainly magnetic," said Danvers, as he seated himself at the table, "and it strikes me that that girl could love or hate with equal intensity; neither would she be a little averse to a little mild flirtation, I think. It was Pope who wrote that 'every woman is at heart a rake,' but he would have more closely approached the truth had he written every woman is at heart a flirt. Yet there is not one girl in a thousand understands the first principles of the art of flirting as an art."

I do not think it would interest my readers if I followed the minute details of a foolish flirtation between my friend John Danvers and Miss Mysie Adams.

For a day, a week, a month, the pastime pleased him, and then the pleasure began to pall upon his senses. Despite those "wondrous eyes," Miss Adams, he he discovered, was a very commonplace girl, without education or refinement, and with none of the finer instincts of a woman, as he was prone to idealize one.

But there was one who was content to love this girl as she was, and that was Steve Melrose, the young fisherman. The attentions of Mr. Danvers to his sweetheart maddened him with jealousy, and when he remonstrated with Mysie and was treated in a manner still further to exasperate him, he determined to have it out with the man who, he conceived, was his successful rival. And the opportunity was not long denied him.

Danvers was walking toward the beach one evening, when suddenly the stalwart form of the young fisherman confronted him.

"I want t' hev a word with you," he said, in a voice whose sullenness portended mischief.

"A word with me! Well, what is it, my friend?"

"I jedge you needn't call me friend. I ain't a friend of your'n, anyway. It's only a word I hev t' say, but it might be better if ye didn't forgit it. Jest you let Mysie Adams alone."

"Oh! that's it, is it? And may I ask, my young friend, how have I been interfering with Miss Adams?"

"You've bin makin' up to her. Tryin' to turn the head of an honest lass with lyin' speeches; but I warn yer agin, jest let her alone."

"You aren't her brother, are you? Nor yet her sisters and her cousins and her aunts to throw the mantle of your protection over this young lady, who is perfectly capable of taking care of herself. Seriously, if I were disposed to be angry with you, I would call you a meddlesome idiot; but, as it is, I will simply ask you to get out of my way and let me pass."

"Not till I hev it out with you. If a gal's worth makin' love to, she's worth fightin' for"

He had thrown off the rough pilot coat he wore, as he spoke, and, with clinched fists and flashing eyes, confronted Danvers.

"Go home, young fellow, go home. You can't provoke me into a quarrel with you," Danvers said, carelessly.

"You won't fight, eh? But you shall, you cowardly cur, or—

That sentence was never finished. Swift as a lightning flash Danvers' arm shot out from the shoulder, and Steve Melrose staggered backward from the blow.

The next moment Danvers regretted his impetuosity. Not that he feared the issue that now was inevitable. Steve Melrose was taller and heavier than himself, but he felt he had not been the most promising pupil of Mike Donovan of New York for nothing. Still, he was utterly disgusted that he had been trapped into a fight with a boor, and, above all, about a girl to whom it had pleased him to make love pour passer le temps.

He was through with the trouble, however, quicker than he anticipated, for coolness and skill were more than a match for undisciplined strength and mere brute courage. A dozen villagers had gathered round and watched the finish of the fight, but only interfered when the young fisherman was wellnigh beaten.

"He has only to blame himself for this," explained Danvers, as he picked up his hat, "but now that it's over I hope he won't bear malice. I'm sure I shan't."

"'Tain't all over between us yit," exclaimed Steve, as his antagonist turned and left the ground. "'Tain't all over between us yit," he called out as he struggled in the hands of the friends that restrained him. "When we meet again there may be another story to tell."

Later that evening Danvers was found lying unconscious on a ledge of granite on the beach by a party of fishermen returning to their homes.

He was recognized as the gentleman who had been stopping at Jacob Adams' farmhouse for some time, and thither they conveyed him. Mysie met them at the door, and gazed with frightened eyes upon the face as pale and still as if Death had already set his signet there.

The village doctor, who was hastily summoned, spoke of concussion of the brain, perhaps a fracture of the skull, he could not say just yet, and Mysie, who had already heard of the fight, involuntarily exclaimed, "This is Steve Melrose's doing."

That night the young fisherman was arrested. He had been seen down at the beach after his encounter with Danvers, and he did not deny this. He found, he said, the gentleman lying unconscious on the strand, and he dragged the body to the spot where it was found, high and dry above the watermark.

"I saved his life, for the tide was coming in," he concluded, "and now, curse him! he will marry Mysie."

This was his story, and the local Dogberry received it with incredulity, and Steve Melrose was held a prisoner.

After a careful examination the following morning the doctor found that the young man was seriously, if not fatally, injured.

Alone and among strangers Danvers might have felt his position keenly if he were not oblivious to his surroundings. Yet never was patient nursed more tenderly than this poor fellow was by Mysie and her mother.

At times he was dimly conscious of their care and kindness; and at times, too—was it but the distraught fancies of his feverish brain?—he thought another and a fairer ministering angel stood beside his pillow. A gentle, blue-eyed girl, whose soft white hand with lingering tenderness brushed back his burning brow. Once in the first stage of convalescence he spoke to Mysie of this vision of his sick-room, and described the girl so minutely—her face, her eyes, her dress, even to the sapphire ring she wore on one slender finger of her shapely hand—that his listener gazed a moment inquiringly into his eyes, and then said, with a quiet smile:

"You were dreaming of some lady that you love, Mr. Danvers, and this sapphire ring is an engagement one, maybe."

When Danvers heard that the young fisherman was suspected of foul play he was quick to exonerate him. He had simply missed his foothold on the cliffs and fallen among the rocks below, he said, and next day he called to thank Steve Melrose for having saved his life.

Mysie, accompanied him on this occasion, and Danvers, assuming the role of peacemaker, made some atonement for having caused their estrangement by effecting their reconciliation.

Six months later, when Miss Adams and her fisher lad pledged their troth before the village clergyman, Jack Danvers appeared in the other role of best man, and Mysie had for bridesmaid a gentle, blue-eyed girl, who wore a golden loop with a single sapphire on her hand.

"Jack," said this young lady, as she stood in the church porch with Mr. Danvers when the marriage ceremony was over, "now that dark-eyed Mysie is irrevocably another's, I suppose I must forgive you the mischief you were near creating, and, as you have already suffered for your sins, condone your little seaside flirtation."

"Dictated."

[Puck.]

It is just as hard for the man who employs a stenographer to refrain from casually alluding to it, as it is for a woman to fasten the top button of her newmarket when there is a diamond pin at her throat.

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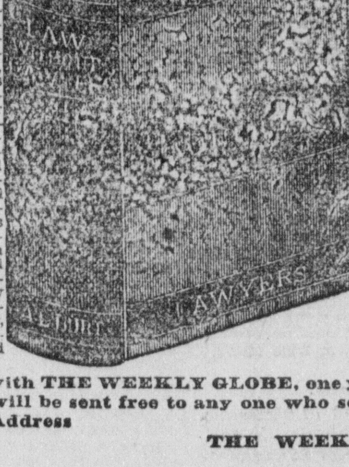

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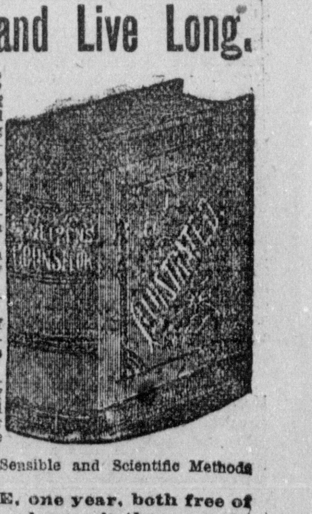

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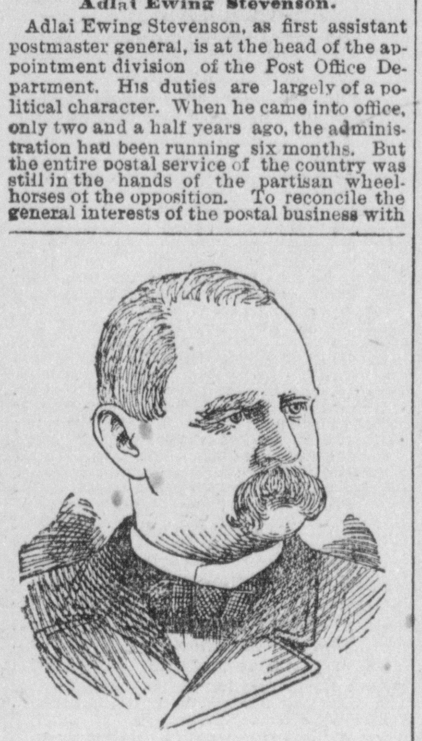
WASHINGTON, March 21.—There are three worthy men in Washington who have offered themselves to the Democracy as running mates with President Cleveland in the national race soon to begin. Only one will be selected, but it will be a difficult and unpleasant task to chose between them.

The citizens to whom I refer are Adlai Ewing Stevenson, John Charles Black and William Ralls Morrison. All three are from Illinois and all three are now in the executive department of the government. I have already told the readers of THE GLOBE that William Freeman Vilas is not standing as a candidate. I have also stated, however, that he would accept the nomination if it should be the pleasure of the President and party so to honor him.

Adlai Ewing Stevenson.

Adlai Ewing Stevenson, as first assistant postmaster general, is at the head of the appointment division of the Post Office Department. His duties are largely of a political character. When he came into office, only two and a half years ago, the administration had been running six months. But the entire postal service of the country was still in the hands of the partisan wheelhorses of the opposition. To reconcile the general interests of the postal business with the impatient demands of the entire Democratic party in Congress, and the earnest petitions of hundreds of thousands of Democrats scattered throughout the Union, was the great task that President Cleveland had called Mr. Stevenson to undertake. The new official immediately rolled up his sleeves, grasped his little hatchet, and went candidly and energetically to work chopping off the offending heads.



ADLAI EWING STEVENSON.

My, how the fur did fly!

He pursued his task by night and by day in a manner wholly free from stealth and bluster. The old postmasters were despatched without either an accusation or an apology, and in selecting their successors the sole test has been, "Whom do most of the Democrats believe to be the worthiest and the best fitted?" He has entered no schemes and made no bargains for his personal advantage, but has simply done his best for the people and the party.

What is the result?

The people never had better postmasters, and it has been generations since the offices were conducted in a manner so business-like and fair.

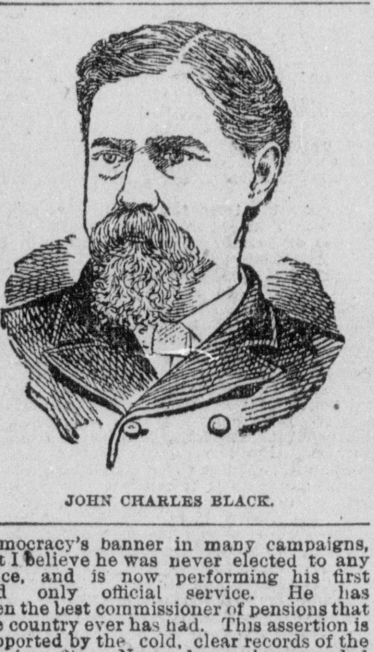
The man who has done this important work will be 53 years old next October. He was born in Christian county, which, although in Kentucky, is much nearer Nashville than Louisville. His stock is Southern from away back and of the best. The Ewing in his name tells of his connection with the great family of Ewings, and his law partner is James S. Ewing, who is among the cleverest politicians in Illinois. The first assistant postmaster-general went to the almost unbroken prairie of the Sucker State while yet a boy, and there he has since lived, only returning to his native Commonwealth to finish his schooling at Center College at Danville and to win and wed the president's daughter, Miss Lettie Green. He was a classmate there of Senator Joe Blackburn, and they tell some awful stories about each other.

Mr. Stevenson has been a master of chancery and a State's attorney in Illinois, and he was elected to the Forty-fourth and Forty-sixth congresses from a strongly Republican district. He has practiced law for a good many years in the pretty little town of Bloomington, and his modest fortune just brings him within the class of the tolerably well to do.

David Davis, who lately sat in the chair to which Mr. Stevenson now aspires, was also a Bloomington man. Mr. Stevenson's chief lieutenant in Washington is Duff Haynie, whom Harvard men of a dozen years ago remember as a bright young college-mate. His chief is a man of uncommonly popular address and pleasing port.

John Charles Black.

In the congressional district adjoining Mr. Stevenson's, General John Charles Black has led the Democracy ever since the war. But the constituency has always been hopelessly Republican, except to the Democrats themselves, in whose stout bosoms hope springs eternal. The general, however, was born and nursed in the faith in a Democratic State—Missouri. When the war was over he began his professional and political life in central Illinois, selecting an overwhelmingly Republican town, county, district and State for his home. There he has carried Democracy's banner in many campaigns, but I believe he was never elected to any office, and is now performing his first and only official service. He has been the best commissioner of pensions that the country ever has had. This assertion is supported by the cold, clear records of the pension office. Never have the wounded and sick veterans of the Union received the incalculable benefit of such fairness and speed as they have enjoyed throughout General Black's administration. The continual and bitter attacks of his partisan opponents are proof enough of his efficiency as a Democratic official.



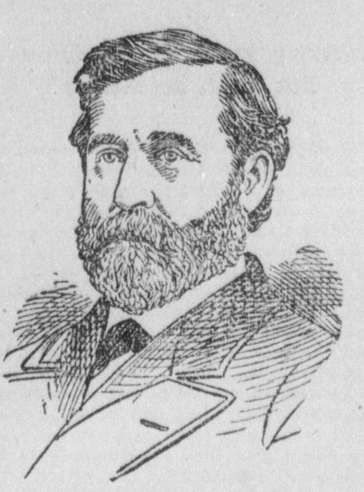
JOHN CHARLES BLACK.

General Black is not far from 50 years of age, and is a man of striking presence, notwithstanding the frightful and ever painful wounds that he has carried during half his life. He has suffered the agonies of a score of deaths, and physicians have repeatedly left him to die. His wonderful constitution, however, has thus far prevailed. Since he came to Washington, three years ago, his health has been better than its average, although his friends were all anxious about him when he undertook his great task. Both arms are badly wounded, and the right is of very little use. With his left he greets his callers.

The only earthly healer to whom the general is at all deeply indebted is his devoted and intelligent wife. Her faith alone in his power to live has never weakened. They were married in Illinois a few years after the war. She was a daughter of Mr. C. R. Griggs, a railroad contractor from New Jersey, but her early training and schooling were received in Massachusetts. She grew up in the town of Westboro, and finished her studies in Newton.

William Ralls Morrison.

The last Illinois candidate to enter the contest is Colonel William Ralls Morrison of Waterloo. I flatter myself that very few people have hitherto known Colonel Morrison's middle name. He says that there is no sense in printing it, and that it is a pity he cannot get along without such a thing. All through his youth he never heard or used anything but simple William Morrison. As he grew to prominence, however, he was forced to use his middle name, because his father and grandfather were each well known as William Morrison. The Ralls comes from his mother, who was a member of the old Virginia family of that name. Morrison's grandfather held a commission from President Washington as an Illinois land agent, and the colonel's uncle was lieutenant governor of the State. Morrison fought bravely in both the Mexican and in the civil wars. He raised a regiment in 1861 and was severely wounded at Donelson. Grant gives him in the "Personal Memoirs" the highest credit in his account of that battle. Morrison was one of the Democratic leaders of his section when the war began, and his response to Lincoln's call exerted a powerful influence for patriotism on the Democracy of southern Illinois.



WILLIAM RALLS MORRISON.

He was speaker in the General Assembly that returned Stephen A. Douglas to the Senate in 1859, and in the preceding campaign between Lincoln and the Little Giant, Colonel Morrison defeated Mr. Horne, the Lincoln candidate for the Legislature and the father of Mrs. Morrison. This earnest and accomplished woman was won over from the Republicanism of her parents, and for 30 years has been her husband's helpmeet in his public no less than in his domestic life. A gallant friend of both says that Mrs. Morrison could make a far better tariff speech than her husband.

The colonel was elected to Congress while still in the field, but in the succeeding election of 1864 Jehu Baker defeated him. He was returned to the House, however, in 1872, and served continuously from that time until a year ago, when he was again superseded by the same rare old bit of Egyptian bric-a-brac. Colonel Morrison is now an efficient and industrious member of the interstate commerce commission.

There is no part of the Democratic creed that he believes more profoundly than that it is robbery for the government to levy more taxes than is needed for its economical administration. This doctrine he has upheld persistently and ably. Now that there is at last a President of the United States who has made this principle the living issue of his canvass for a re-election Colonel Morrison has the natural desire to be at the front in the great battle that all signs foretell. He is 62 years of age, of a robust physique and a young heart. But he is not exactly a candidate, for he believes, and there is reason for saying that the President also believes, that Indiana alone has a claim to the honor.

Isaac P. Gray.

While that State has but one avowed candidate, there is a growing probability that the presentation of the name of Governor Isaac P. Gray will lack the unanimity in his home delegation that may be necessary to secure his nomination. Governor Gray was also a colonel in the army, but 20 years ago he was one of Oliver P. Morton's most trusted and capable lieutenants. He became the Republican president of the State Senate under Morton's leadership. In 1872 the Democrats elected him to the same place as an independent, and for 16 years he has been among the best fighters in the fighting Democracy of that fighting State.

The Democrats elected him lieutenant governor in 1876, and when Blue Jeans Williams died he became governor. In 1880 the Republicans beat him in the race for this last office, but in 1884 he payed them off handsomely. He was once the Democratic nominee for the United States Senate. He is a great hand at still hunting, and today he unquestionably leads the large majority of the Indiana Democracy. Still some of the old men who remember how he used to whip them in Morton's time don't forget and forgive. Governor Gray is only a few years older than 50

A. A. Ames.

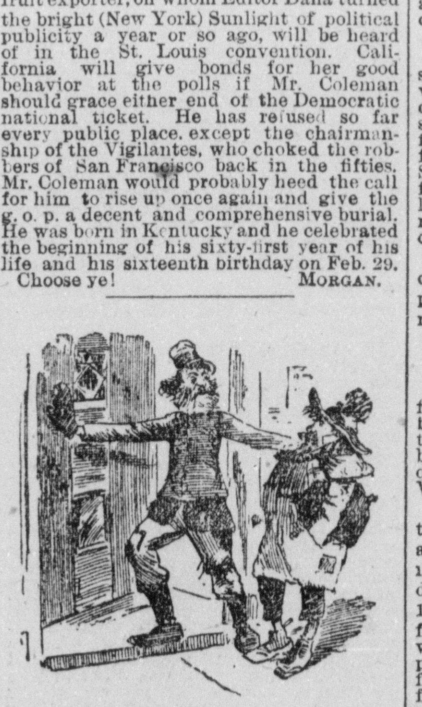
Another man who will be offered to the convention for the second place is Dr. A. A. Ames, the hustling mayor of the hustling city of Minneapolis.

Minnesota will promise to go Democratic if Dr. Ames is placed on the ticket. He came within 2500 votes of being elected governor in 1886, and the party is growing rapidly in that far Northwestern State.

William Tell Coleman.

William Tell Coleman, the big California fruit exporter, on whom Editor Dana turned the bright (New York) Sunlight of political publicity a year or so ago, will be heard of in the St. Louis convention. California will give bonds for her good behavior at the polls if Mr. Coleman should grace either end of the Democratic national ticket. He has refused so far every public place, except the chairmanship of the Vigilantes, who choked the robbers of San Francisco back in the fifties. Mr. Coleman would probably heed the call for him to rise up once again and give the g. o. p. a decent and comprehensive burial. He was born in Kentucky and he celebrated the beginning of his sixty-first year of his life and his sixteenth birthday on Feb. 29.

Choose ye! MORGAN.



TRUSTS MUST BE INVESTIGATED.

[From Texas Siftings.]

First Tramp (hanging back)—"Wot's the use goin' in there? Half a dozen bars have refused to us trust already.

Second Tramp—"What the country demands is an investigation of the Trusts, and that's what I'm on. So come along.'

A REVERIE.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

In the chimney corner I,
Tabby cat and dog close by;
Pot of tea a-brewing, too,
Old maid emblems all in view.

On the mantel in a row,
Rosy apples blush and glow;
Pots and pans behind them make
Mirrors for their beauty's sake.

Peppermint and corn in husk,
Half in light and half in dusk,
Picture Nature on the wall,
Firelight dances over all.

Tall the clock, with shining face
Time looks from his resting place,
Moves his hands and strikes the hour
Full and sweet, no loss of power.

Though I know the century wheel
Twice has turned since first the seal
From his lips revealed the song
Of the minutes all day long.

Rushing winds that roam without
Down the chimney come and shout,
Make the oak sparks scatter wide—
Surely tough is Rover's hide.

Pussy dreams of hidden foes,
Works her mouth and twinks her toes,
Catches mice in pantomime—
Yawns and stretches—wakes in time
To escape a meteor sent
From the bursting sap-wood spent.

There is comfort in this nook,
And around where'er I look,
Why should I be so afraid
When they call me an old maid?

I am wedded to a voice
That once made my heart rejoice;
And of him I dream each night
In this chimney corner bright.

Curly hair grown snowy white
Sea-foam sprinkled through the night—
Gleams of star-shine in his eyes
Crystal drops in mine he spies—
How he'll look and what I'll do,
O'er and o'er the scene's gone through.

If my eyes with tears are dim,
Still I sit and dream of him.

BOSTON'S COOKING SCHOOL.

A First-Rate Lesson Yesterday.

Mock Duck—Larded Grouse with Bread Sauce—Ragout of Game.

Tutti-Frutti, a Most Delicious Dessert Dish—Racahout des Arabes.

At the demonstration lecture at the Boston Cooking School yesterday morning the following dishes were made, explained, cooked, and the final results tested by a large and enthusiastic class: Mock duck, larded grouse with bread sauce, ragout of game, potato border, tutti-frutti and racahout des Arabes.

Mock Duck.

Wash and lard a calf's liver. Melt one tablespoonful butter, add one tablespoonful flour and pour on slowly one pint stock or water. Add one-half teaspoonful salt and one-half saltspoonful pepper, one onion cut fine, two sprigs parsley, one bay leaf and one slice carrot and turnip. Put the liver into a baking pan, pour over the gravy and bake in a moderate oven one and one-half hours. When done take out the liver. Add more salt and pepper to the gravy if necessary, and one tablespoonful mushroom catsup. Pour around the liver and serve.

This is supposed to taste like duck when cooked, hence the name.

Two livers will be required if they are small. Remove the thin skin from the outside and all the pipes and blood vessels. Wash and wipe dry with a cloth.

Use solid white fat pork for larding, the part which lies between the rind and what is called "the first vein." This "vein" or line in the pork can be readily seen on examination. The part of the pork lying between this vein and the rind is much more solid than the other portions, which will pull apart more readily. Have the pork very cold from having been left on the ice for some hours, over-night is better. Cut a thin slice parallel with the rind, and cut this slice into tiny strips about a quarter of an inch square on the end, and perhaps two inches long. Put a strip into the larding needle, take up a short "stitch" in the liver, pinch the other end of the needle together to hold in the pork, and draw it through. Cover the upper side of the liver with rows of these lardings.

In summer this is not an easy thing to do as the pork will get oily and will not work well, slipping from the needle, etc.

After the liver is ready as above, make the sauce for it. Brown the tablespoonful of butter very brown, almost black; add the flour, and let it be a heaping tablespoonful, as it loses some of its starch in the browning process; brown thoroughly; pour on a pint of stock, if you have it, if not add water. Add the salt, pepper, onion, parsley, bay leaf and a slice of carrot. Add to the liver and bake.

This gravy is thin at first, and when put around the liver in the baking pan, but cooking for one and one-half hours reduces it to about a cupful and a half, and makes it thick enough.

Larded Grouse.

Clean, wipe, lard the breast and legs. Season with salt and dredge with flour. Roast 20 minutes in a hot oven. Serve with bread sauce.

Singe if necessary, and remove the skin from the breast, as it is hard to lard through the skin. Tie the legs down to the tail, as in case of a chicken, provided there is anything to tie; but the legs are usually chopped off so close that this cannot be done easily, in which case a long skewer may be used.

Cut the pieces of pork a little smaller than for the larding of the liver, as the grouse tears easily. Put a row of "stitches" with the pork each side the breastbone, the whole length, and close together. Season and dredge with flour, and put any little scraps of pork you may have cut off from the larding into the pan. Be sure not to roast any longer than the 20 minutes in a good oven.

Bread Sauce for Grouse.

Cook 1 pint milk, ⅓ cup fine bread crumbs and 1 tablespoonful chopped onion together for 20 minutes. Then add 1 tablespoonful butter, ½ teaspoonful salt and ½ saltspoonful pepper. Mix ⅔ cup coarse bread crumbs with 1 tablespoonful melted butter. Brown in the oven. Sprinkle them over the grouse and sauce.

Take the inside or "crumb" of stale bread and roll it in the hand; a solid cupful of this sifted will give usually the third of a cup of fine crumbs and the two-thirds of a cup of coarser crumbs. Have the onion used chopped very fine as the sauce is not to be strained and one does not like to come across large pieces of the onion in eating it.

Some brown the crumbs in an omelette pan and then add butter, but a better way is to butter the crumbs and put on a tin in the oven, browning as one would brown anything covered with cracker crumbs.

Put the bread sauce around the grouse and sprinkle the coarse, buttered crumbs over all.

Ragout of Game.

Cut the meat from cold roasted game into small pieces. Break up the bones and cover with water. Add 2 cloves and 2 peppercorns. Simmer to 1 cup. Brown 2 tablespoonfuls butter, add 1 small onion, cut fine, and brown; then add 2 tablespoonfuls flour and pour on slowly the hot stock. Season with salt and pepper, 1 tablespoonful mushroom catsup and 1 tablespoonful lemon juice; strain; add the meat and simmer 15 minutes. Serve in a potato border or on toasted bread.

This is an excellent way of using up grouse or any remains of game, as venison, duck, pigeons, etc.; or bits of general sorts can be mixed in the ragout if desired.

Follow directions closely.

Tutti Frutti.

Boil 1 pint milk, mix 1 tablespoonful flour, 1 cup sugar together; add 1 egg, beat well, add 1 saltspoonful salt. Pour on the boiling milk, put back in the double boiler and cook 20 minutes. Then add 1 quart cream and flavor, strain and freeze. When frozen add 1 pound candied fruit.

There are different ways of making this tutti frutti. Some use for the foundation an orange sherbet, the sherbet to be made in a manner similar to the lemon sherbet described last week, using in it the juice of 10 oranges. Others make a Roman punch for the foundation, and this is a very good way for those who are fond of the punch. Others still use an ice-cream for the foundation, and the last is like a frozen pudding somewhat. Indeed many people call anything a frozen pudding which has candied fruit in it; but a real frozen pudding must always contain brandy or brandied fruit. Sometimes the foundation is half punch and half ice cream, but in the rule given above ice cream alone is used.

Make the custard as directed above. Use a scant tablespoonful of flour, and let it cook well so that there may be no taste of the flour. It is no matter if the custard curdles in cooking, as it will come out all right in the freezing. When cool add one quart thin cream—that is, ordinary cream, or one pint of the very thick clotted cream thinned with a pint of milk. Add a tablespoonful of vanilla, strain and freeze as directed for ice cream.

When stiff add one pound candied fruit of mixed varieties, cherries, plums, angelica, sultana, raisins, etc. If the tutti frutti is to stand a long time the fruit will freeze solid unless it is first soaked in a little brandy; but this is not necessary if it is to stand only an hour or two before using.

Take out the float when the fruit is added and stir the latter in thoroughly with a knife. Cover over, pack, and let it stand to freeze for an hour or more. The fruit is cut up before it is added, the cherries cut in halves, the angelica and plums into small pieces, etc.

Rachahout des Arabes.

Boil 1 pint milk; mix 1 tablespoonful of the rachahout mixture with a little cold milk; pour into the boiling milk; boil five minutes and serve.

This "rachahout" mixture is a powder, which can be bought at the grocer's. It is now made by Baker, though there is another French preparation which is more expensive. It is really a preparation of chocolate, made with rice flour, arrowroot and sugar. It is very delicate, however, and many people who cannot take chocolate use this in its place as a breakfast drink. It is very nice for invalids, being delicate, agreeable and nourishing. Puddings can be made from it also, using it as arrowroot or corn starch is used.

If one wishes to buy some of this mixture at the grocers, and calls for it in good set French, "rah-coh-hoo days a-rahb," the reply may be: "We haven't any," but if one persists and describes the stuff, the discovery may be made that it is in stock after all, only it is not familiar in sound when pronounced that way, and so not recognized. The name given it in the stores is variable, but it usually follows the spelling phonetically and according to Yankee notions of how the letters should be sounded.

Crumbs of Wisdom.

All grouse should be rare done, and all dark meat. A canvasback duck can be spoiled by five minutes' over-cooking. Grouse is tender and juicy when rare, but very dry and unpalatable when overdone.

The French lard many things with bacon instead of pork. This might be good with liver, but for birds, sweetbreads, etc., the pork would be preferable.

Buttered crumbs, prepared as directed for the bread sauce, are often used for roast chicken with cream sauce.

All game or dark meat should be cooked so that the blood will follow the knife when the meat is cut.

Grouse are never so nice as when larded nicely and served with a delicate bread sauce, as in the rule given above.

"When I was taught to make ice-cream," said Miss Maywood, "I was told to turn the crank as long as I had strength to do so, and I thought I must. But it is not necessary, as I have since discovered. Turn the crank fast till the cream is stiff, and then leave it to freeze itself. If turned fast at first it will be fine grained, and after it is once stiff it cannot grow lumpy."

A COQUETTE'S CONQUEST;

OR, THROUGH WINDING WAYS.

[New York Morning Journal.]

How well I remember the day Philip Darcy came back from Europe, where he had been studying, and hung out his modest little lawyer's shingle. He had very little money in the world, but it was not very long before rich clients began to flock in and he made a handsome income.

Before he went away Philip had been very fond of little Mary Gordon, and we all thought he would marry her when he returned. Perhaps he might have if he had not fallen under the spell of the most adroit coquette in town, Isabel Marwood, who soon won him away from the old object of his adoration.

For once this haughty beauty, who had trampled on so many hearts, lost her own and fell desperately in love with the man she had only tried to flirt with at first.

At last Philip Darcy made up his mind that he would call on Isabel and ask her to be his wife. He had settled in his mind that he loved Mary Gordon only as a sister. He found his divinity on the night in question playing with a pug dog in the drawing-room—a horrid little cur he always disliked.

She gave him one look and was frightened. With all her wit and artifice she sought to put off the fateful moment, but she could not. With the wild impetuosity of his nature when deeply in earnest and excited, confident, too, that the blessed consummation was at hand, he caught her in his ardent embrace, gave her one impassioned kiss, and then asked her to be his wife—to bless him beyond all blessings that man had ever known. He was going on with a picture of his love, when she broke from him and turned and faced him.

Never mind the words she spoke. She rejected him—she scorned him—she wondered at his daring and at his self-conceit. But he did not stop to hear her through. The iron had entered his soul; and in those first few moments he had seen what manner of woman he had loved. He rushed out into the night—it was night to him everywhere to him then—rushed forth as utterly mad as ever man was. Where should he go—what should he do to subdue the fire that consumed him?

In other years Philip Darcy had been beset by one evil habit—the love of strong drink. But he had conquered it nobly—heroically conquered it; and since the day on which he entered the office of the aged jurist who had been his first legal tutor he had not touched the to him fatal cup.

Blindly, recklessly, caring for nothing, his life a chaos, he plunged on, and, without thought—without premeditation—he turned into a gorgeously-furnished and brilliantly-lighted saloon, where a merry, jovial crew were holding high wassail. Towards morning two of his companions helped him home. Towards noon, on the following day, he awoke and sat up.

It was a considerable time before he could remember; but memory served him after a time, and it all came back to him. What was life to him now? The blow had been terrible.

There is no need that we should expose the sadness, the sorrow, the dread calamity and the downward, downward course of the next 12 months! For one whole year Philip Darcy drank fearfully. The tears and prayers of his friends had no effect to restrain him; no shame, no suffering, no degradation startled him from the road to utter ruin.

Late one evening, as Philip was wandering the streets, not very badly off, a friend took his arm and carried him home.

As they entered the small reception-room they heard voices in the drawing-room beyond. One was that of the hostess; the other, Isabel Marwood's.

Darcy knew it in an instant, and, having heard his own name spoken by the lady of the house, he grasped the arm of his friend and held him still.

And in a moment more he heard Isabel Marwood speak these words—they were burned into his brain, and he could not forget them: "Yes, I rejected him. And wasn't it a fortunate thing for me that I did so? Heavens! what a life for a wife to live! Yet I pity him. I do certainly pity him!"

Philip threw his friend's arm from him and rushed from the house, and daylight found him walking, not the streets, but a quiet, secluded cross-road away out in the country.

She—she—pitied him! She had been fortunate in rejecting him! "Heavens! what a life for a wife to live!"

As he kept repeating the words over and over to himself a great horror for his present life rose within him. He resolved to be strong again, and sought the shelter of his friend Archy Gordon's house.

And thus it came to pass that Mary Gordon became Philip Darcy's nurse, for he was very ill—almost at death's door—as a result of the course he had pursued; and but for the tender, watchful, tireless care of Mary he might never have arisen from his couch of suffering.

And now, as the couch of suffering became a couch of blessing, he knew which was the true love and which the false. Before he had become strong enough to leave the house the playmate of his childhood, the friend and companion of his youth, his deeply and truly beloved Mary, had promised that if he lived and needed her she would never leave him more.

Another thing happened while Philip was an inmate of Archie Gordon's dwelling—as acceptable as it was unexpected.

A man whose paper his father had indorsed for several thousands, and which he—the father—had been obliged to honor, had been away in the land of gold, and had gained a new fortune; and he had now come to make the son full restitution for all that the father had lost on his account.

So when Philip and Mary were married there was a snug sum of money in the bank for a rainy day.

Two years passed and a man came out in society with a "grand splurge." Arnold Fitz Warren he called his name. He carried things with a high hand and cut a wide swath. Isabel Marwood fell into the trap at last. Arnold Fitz Warren must have beileved she had money or he would never have bothered himself with marrying her. At all events he proposed and was accepted, and the marriage speedily followed.

Just one week later an officer made his appearance with a writ and took Arnold Warren's (the "Fritz" had been a mere fancy of the moment) splendid equipage for debt. And a few days after that, while Isabel's husband lay in the drawing-room drunk, another officer came with a warrant and took the man himself.

Isabel Marwood never saw her husband again, but she occasionally saw Philip Darcy, and she saw his happy blooming wife; and the time came when she looked upon his bright-eyed, beautiful children, and thus knowing, the years crept upon her apace. What her thoughts—what her feelings—who can say?

Mr. Lo Identifies Himself.

[Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.]

Yesterday afternoon a prematurely old and shrivelled Piute was sunning himself on a rock near his wickiup below the Ophir dump. With motionless form and grim, sober visage, he sat pensively eying the distant snow-capped mountains. Apparently he was overhauling the past and thinking of the many glorious feats of valor he had long ago performed by wood and stream among those same lofty hills, and of how different a good many things are now from what they were then, before the tricky paleface had sneaked in and gobbled up the poor Piute's birthright.

A San Francisco lady and gentleman were walking by the campoodie on their way to inspect the California pan mill. After they had passed about a rod beyond the dusky old muser he suddenly recalled himself and vociferated a hearty, rousing "Good morning, madame!"

The startled lady turned around and said: "Why—how do you do, sir?" and evidently much astonished, then blurted out, "Who are you, anyhow?"

"I am Lo," said the Indian.

"Low—Mr. Low? Why, you are an Indian, aren't you?"

"Yes, madame; a man of 'untutored mind.'"

"You astonish me! What are you doing here?"

"Here—seated here, I 'see God in the cloud and hear Him in the wind.'"

"And, looking as you do, you quote Pope?"

"Aye, looking as I do," said the old Piute, as he turned and walked away, leaving the lady to stare after him in wonder.

The old Piute was one who was sent East about 30 years ago to be educated, and who spent three or four years in Oberlin College, Ohio. When he came back to Nevada he at once settled down again into the shiftless ways of his people. His home is at or near Wadsworth, but he occasionally strays up this way.

Especially the Democratic Variety.

[Boston Traveller.]

A snowflake is by itself a very light and trifling affair. Enough of them acting in concert can put a veto on all the plans and time tables and telegraph arrangements and general business transactions of the country for days together. Votes are much like snowflakes—scattered they amount to nothing; consolidated they are irresistible.

ODD AND CURIOUS.

Walker's Buzz Saw is the name of a new paper in Milton, Fla.

It is computed that there are 16,447,990 Sunday school scholars in the Christian world.

The New Orleans Picayune has found a man named Guitar in Indiana who keeps a music store.

A barber at Poughkeepsie says that eight out of 10 men are bald nowadays, and he attributes it to food adulteration.

A highly cultured and very popular pastor of Harrisburg bears the singularly inappropriate name of Pfuhl.

A man in Blossburg, Penn., owns nine dogs, seven cats, eight canary birds, two white mice and a monkey, and still he is poor.

A brass clock 140 years old is the property of a man in York, Penn. It has not stopped for 50 years, and keeps correct time.

In Clarence, Mich., a young lady teaching a school has among her pupils nine of 10 brothers and sisters, ranging in age from 20 down to 5 years.

Mrs. Sarah P. Bartlett of Hope, Me., is 90 years old and has just taken her first spoonful of medicine. She has decided not to be a centenarian.

There are but four men now living who have by name received the thanks of Congress by joint resolution. These are Sheridan, Terry, Howard and Sherman.

A blind man, H. H. Singleton of Toccoa, Ga., is able to tell the denomination of a bank note or check by feeling it, and can count money as rapidly as a bank clerk.

The smallest dog in Gloucester is owned by Thomas King. He is about 11 inches long and weighs 1 pound and 11 ounces. He is an Italian grayhound and is 6 months old.

W. D. Porter of Jefferson, Wis., has discovered a two-story meadow-lark's nest with a brood in each flat, and wants to know if any one else ever saw anything like it.

An Omaha paper alluded to a number of prominent and influential residents of the city as "old-timers," but the types got it "old terriers," and the editor had to apologize.

A Louisiana lady, who was once famous for her wealth and the number of her slaves, now earns a few cents a day by picking cotton on the plantation that was her own before the war.

A redwood tree felled near Humboldt, Col., was 10 feet in diameter one way and 20 the other at the stump. It was 200 feet long, and contained lumber enough to build a small village.

An eccentric individual named William Watts, who died a few days ago at Burlington, Kan., had an idiosyncratic hatred of a woman and a cook stove, and would tolerate neither about his house.

It is stated that his royal highness, Albert Edward, is resolved to become a teetotaler, in the hope of reducing his superfluous flesh. He is the first Prince of Wales to celebrate a silver wedding.

At Greensburg, Pa., there has been formed an association of young ladies called the "Frances Cleveland Club," which is to carry torches during the campaign and whoop it up with the boys."

A woman at Albany, Ga., wanted a new set of false teeth, and hadn't money to pay for it. She went around among the business men of the place with a subscription paper and succeeded in raising the required sum

Worth, the famous Paris costumer, receives his customers in a short embroidered jacket, capacious trousers, a white flannel shirt, fastened at the throat with a loosely-knotted scarf and a brown Tam O'Shanter cap.

Out on the Pacific coast burglars ineffectually attempted to blow open a safe that subsequently was found not to have been locked at all. That discovery, however, belongs to the owner, not the thieves, who departed empty handed.

The President of France has an income from the government of $240,000 a year—that is to say, $120,000 as salary, $60,000 for keeping up his official state and $60,000 for travelling expenses. The money is paid in monthly instalments of $20,000.

There is now a post office for every 1000 men, women and children in the United States. If the expenses of carrying the mails were paid direct from the pockets of the people pro rata, each citizen would pay an average of 85 cents a year for having his mail carried.

A plausible rascal so imposed upon the members of a church in Troy, N. Y., that they fitted him out with a supply of comfortable garments, whereupon he went and got married, the clothing furnished by the charitable people serving as a wedding wardrobe.

The fire at Wakefield, Mich., which destroyed 40 buildings, started in the theatre. Somebody threw a frozen cabbage at a monkey which appeared in the play. The animal in retaliation threw a lighted lamp towards the audience. The lamp struck the stage and set it afire.

Mrs. Sye Smith, the wife of a fireman in a St. Louis iron foundry, has invented a simple and ingenious contrivance to be placed in the slots of drop-letter boxes for the prevention of the theft of mail matter by means of wires. It works to a charm, and makes it impossible to extract the smallest letter.

A miller of Meadville, Penn., has a cow that gave birth to twin calves, a bull and a heifer, a few Sundays ago. On the following Sunday his wife presented him with twin babies, a boy and a girl, and on the next day the house cat came around with a litter of 12 kittens, six Toms and an equal number of Marias.

Senator Vest was describing the limited means of the post office in Kansas City and said: "Why, Mr. President, I have seen waiting at the delivery windows a line of ladies half a mile long." Senator Vance rose and said: "Mr. President, I wish to inquire if that is the usual length of women in Missouri?"

The attempt to employ dogs in the sentinel service have so well succeeded that it has been decided to extend them to the whole army in the mountains of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Consequently the dogs are being trained this winter so as to be able to be employed in the great manœuvres in the summer.

A Doylestown, O., man discovered that his chickens were being stolen from time to time. He missed half a dozen more hens the other morning, and while looking around the coop discovered a pocketbook containing $85 and the name of a well-known neighbor who was a respected member of the community.

A singular freak of nature, originally discovered in Western Australia, is likely to remain unexplained. It consists of nine fine pearls adhering together in the form of a Latin cross—seven in the shaft and one on each side of the second pearl. A suggestion is that a fragment of seaweed in the shell of the oyster formed the frame on which the cross was built.

A recent inquiry into the deadliness of certain trades is interesting when the register general's report on the decrease of mortality in England is remembered. The latest statistics show that drygrinders of forks live on an average only 29 years; of razors, 31 years; scissors, 32 years; edge tools and wood shears, 32 years; spring knives and files, 35 years, and of saws and sickles 38 years.

A lover of the "curious in number" has arrived at some interesting facts about Berlin. The city has 210 miles of streets, so that a person might walk 10 days in the capitol without retracing his steps. If the 1,400,000 inhabitants marched in double file, they would form a line nearly 750 miles in length. If the citizens determined to start upon a journey at the same time, all the cars of Germany would accommodate but two-thirds of the number.

Three men of Chillicothe, O., are about to begin the manufacture of a novel scale for which they hold patents. Instead of weighing in pounds and ounces it indicates the value of articles weighed. For example, if a man buys butter at 30 cents a pound, an indicator is placed at 30. This so adjusts the scale that the lower indicator shows the value of any weight of butter at that price that is put on the scales. The machines on this principle will be manufactured to weigh up to tons.

Milton Argus: The yolk of an egg has in its middle a little jelly-like speck or germ, from which the young bird is hatched. The yolk is so made that this germ is always uppermost, no matter in what position the egg lies; so that when the hen is sitting the germ is always nearest the warmth. The yolk and the albumen (or white) furnish food to the bird while it is in the shell. At the larger end of the egg, between the skin and the shell, is a space filled with air for the young bird to breathe.

Chicago Tribune: For the last eight days Miss Lizzie Mayhew, daughter of a wealthy farmer at Fairview, in this State, has been lying in a trance. During all that time she has taken no nourishment at all. The only evidence of life is her constant humming of sacred songs. A number of physicians have visited her, but have had no success in arousing the patient and profess themselves baffled. She has not attended any religious meetings, nor been where excitement prevailed. With the exception of being nervous at times, she is an exceedingly even-tempered person. She is a beautiful woman and numbers have visited her father's home to see her.

A young lady governess was sitting in a horse car in an English provincial town when a stylishly dressed man entered, who displayed prominently a valuable diamond ring on one of his fingers. He soon after got out, and the young lady on getting to her stage on her way home stepped out as well, and found on putting her hand in her pocket that her purse was gone. She, however, found a strange article in her pocket, which, to her astonishment, turned out to be the identical ring which her fellow-traveller had been so ostentatiously displaying. Examination proved that the ring was no flash article, a jeweler appraising it as of the value of at least £30. Fortunately for the lady, there was only two shillings in the purse which she lost. The ring had evidently slipped off the pickpocket's finger when he was in the act of abstracting the purse.

A Wheeling lady took up the bandbox containing her best bonnet last Sunday, then dropped it with a shriek and fled. The mouse had got in his work, however, and the bonnet was ruined.

Miss Smiley Pressley was recently married to Mr. James Spittle of Mathews, N. C. The bride is not quite 12 years old, and her mother consented to the marriage on condition that the bridegroom must continue to send her to school. Of course he agreed to this, and the child became his wife.

During the war a civilian chanced to be on a steamer from the deck of which a heavy skirmish could be seen going on on the shore about two miles away. After it was over he was seen to be very busy with his notebook, and on being asked what he was up to, replied: "I am just writing home to my friends my feelings and experiences in my first battle."—[New York Ledger.

A French physician mentions a curious case of left-handedness. One child in a certain family was left-handed, and a second appeared at the age of 1 year also to be left-handed. It was then learned that the mother always carried her child on her left arm. She was advised to carry the child on her right. The infant, having its right arm free, began to grasp objects with it, and soon became right-handed.

Wind-rolled snowballs are often seen on the Dakota and Wyoming prairies. Sometimes millions upon millions of the balls are in sight at one time. Many are of the size of an orange, some as big as a cannon ball, while others reach the proportions of the prize pumpkin of the county fair. These freaks of the storm leave a person under the fanciful impression that great armies of school boys have been battling over the snowy spaces.

Perhaps the most curious battalion in any army is the Norwegian corps of skaters. These corps are composed of picked armed men with rifles, which they use with great precision. The skates used are admirably adapted for travelling over rough and broken ice and frozen snow, being six inches broad and between nine and ten inches long. The soldiers can be manœuvred upon the ice or over the snow fields of the mountains with a rapidity equal to that of the best trained cavalry. As an instance of the speed they attain, it is stated that a messenger attached to the corps has accomplished 120 miles in 18½ hours over a mountainous country.

Lord Shrewesbury and Talbot has gone into the coal trade, in imitation of Lord Londonderry, and advertises his wares in his hansom cabs. Lord Shrewesbury and Talbot's hansoms are said to be the most convenient and well-appointed in London. The driver can open and close the folding doors in front by pressing a spring, thus saving the fare a good deal of trouble. Inside are printed instructions for communication with the driver by whistle signals; one whistle means turn to the right, two whistles to the left, and so on. It is suggested that a small silver whistle should hang up in the hansom for ladies, as it cannot be expected that they whistle with their mouths.

When the Lackawanna train went down the bank Friday morning, one berth in one of the sleeping cars was occupied by two men who must go on record as men who sleep soundly. The concussion and the jar sent their mattress out upon the floor, but when the engineer ventured to go through the car he found the men sleeping as peacefully and comfortably as little children. An upper berth was occupied by a lady and her two children, one 3 years of age and one an infant. The shock threw the lady and her children into a lower berth directly opposite the one which she occupied, but she was not harmed in the least, and the infant laughed and crowed over the queer occurrence.—[Elmira Advertiser.

Go Thou and Do Likewise.

[Washington Critic.]

The girl that hath a dimple, she
Doth know it,
And always bites her pretty lips
To show it.

LEMOINE'S LOVE;

OR, THE STORY OF A PICTURE.

[New York Morning Journal.]

"There's a queer story about that picture," said Bruce Lemoine, putting on his pipe and contemplating the elegant painting critically. "Would you care to hear it, Wharton?"

"I should indeed," said the friend. "Is it dramatic?"

"Well, rather, but you shall judge for yourself. During his wanderings some years ago an artist fell in love with a very beautiful girl, the most perfect woman he ever met. They were betrothed, and there seemed to be nothing in the way of their being married.

"One day the lover was called away to a distant city. You may have noticed a spot near the river in the picture, a dark, damp nook. Well, the night before he went away they sat down on a log on that spot to exchange a few words of farewell. They were there two hours, for the night was glorious and they were loath to say goodby. Her heart was almost broken at the parting in the morning.

"Two days subsequent to his arrival in the city, as he was sitting in a room alone thinking of her he loved, he was suddenly startled by the ringing of a telephone bell. He knew there was no instrument there, if, indeed, within the building. He listened and the sound was repeated, yet not a wire was within sight. He went down stairs and inquiry proved there were none within, passing over or near the building. Returning to his room he endeavored to dismiss the strange fancy from his mind rather than to account for it, when a ringing quivered upon the air still more loudly, prolonged and impatiently."

"Was your friend a believer in any of the forms of Spiritualism?" questioned Wharton.

"Not in the least. He was not given to theosophical speculation, to psychological philosophy, had never seen an experiment in phrenomagnetism. The lady of his love had been his art, the shrine at which he worshipped fame to the exclusion of all other things."

"You are certain he was not asleep and dreaming?"

"I have ample reason to know that he was as fully awake as you are. The third ringing was followed by a message, short, but clearly voiced, as if he had held a receiver to his ear."

"Are you attempting to practice upon my credulity?"

"If the picture you saw was reality, and not a myth of the imagination, then what I am telling is equally so."

"What were the words, and who uttered them?"

"Tell me first if there is any difficulty or uncertainty in deciding with regard to a familiar voice when listening at a telephone?"

"Not in the least."

"And there was not then. The voice was that of Ethel Scott, and the words were: 'Love, I am dying; come quickly.'"

"Impossible under the conditions you have described."

"So argued the startled listener, and fancied he must be going mad. Subsequent events, however, proved to the contrary."

"Yet he must have been keenly sensitive to all that followed."

"And nervously alert had not friends called, changed the current of his dreams, and left him a few hours later in the best of spirits."

"Well?" questioned Wharton in disappointment.

"Untroubled because unthinking of the strange episode of the day, he prepared himself for slumber, turned out the gas, and retired. Scarcely, however, had his head touched the pillow before his unclosed eyes were dazed by a peculiarly bright light. It was diffused over the room at first, then assumed shape, distinct letters, distinct words."

"And they were?" interrupted Wharton, with nervous anxiety.

"These: 'Love, why don't you come? I am freezing, dying.'"

"Nearly the same as before."

"Yes, and the instant he had repeated them aloud they disappeared."

"And you—the man? I should indeed have gone mad."

"He arose, lighted the gas, and carefully noted the hour and minute, as I should have told you he had done when he received the spiritual telegram—I can call it by no other term. He saw that by haste he could catch the train, did so, and in the gray of the morning stood at the door of his beloved. It was open and the house in confusion. He met the distracted mother, the agonized father, the affrighted and useless servants. From their incoherent stories he learned that Ethel had been very sick, delirious, had escaped during a temporary absence of her mother, and thus far search had been in vain."

"And he?" questioned Wharton, carried out of himself by the intensity of his interest.

"Waited to hear no more, but ran with all his possible speed to the trysting place by the sheltered stream."

"Why there?"

"Something—it was as intangible as his other warnings—told him that there she would be found."

"And was?"

"Yes, and just as painted. Beneath the lilly pads and bending swaying reeds she lay in the shallow water, with her arms thrown backward and her hands clasped beneath her head. Her pale face was toward the sky, the wet nightdress clinging to the glorious form, but so torn and washed aside as to reveal much of limbs and arms and bust whiter than marble, and shaming the work of any chisel. But I need not describe further. The painting does that better than words can, especially the hair that floated in waves of shining gold around."

"Dead?" gasped Wharton.

"No," answered Lemoine, reverently. "God be thanked, not dead, and to rescue and carry her home was brief labor, and"—

"She recovered?"

"Yes, and is alive today"—

"Thanks to the loving care of the truest, warmest and best heart on earth," came in soft whispers to their ears—came as if floating out of space.

Wharton sprang to his feet in astonishment, in terror, saw a reality, not a spiritual shadow, that had stolen into the room unseen, unheard, and exclaimed:

"Great heaven! The lady of the picture."

"And my dear wife," answered his friend as he drew her tenderly to his side.

"Then the story you have told me is"—

"Of ourselves, and every incident is true. As I learned upon the recovery of my darling, she had called me at the time I fancied I heard the telephone, and her last recollection when in the water was for help and from me."

"And you painted the picture?"

"Yes. It was indeed a labor of and inspired by love."

"One thing more. How do you account for the mysterious summonings?"

"I attempt no explanations—am content to simply state the facts, with my wife."

"Whom you worship, as the world will the picture when they learn its story."

He Appreciated Her.

[New York Sun.]

Grocer—You say that your wife, Uncle Rastus, supports the family by taking in washing?

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah.

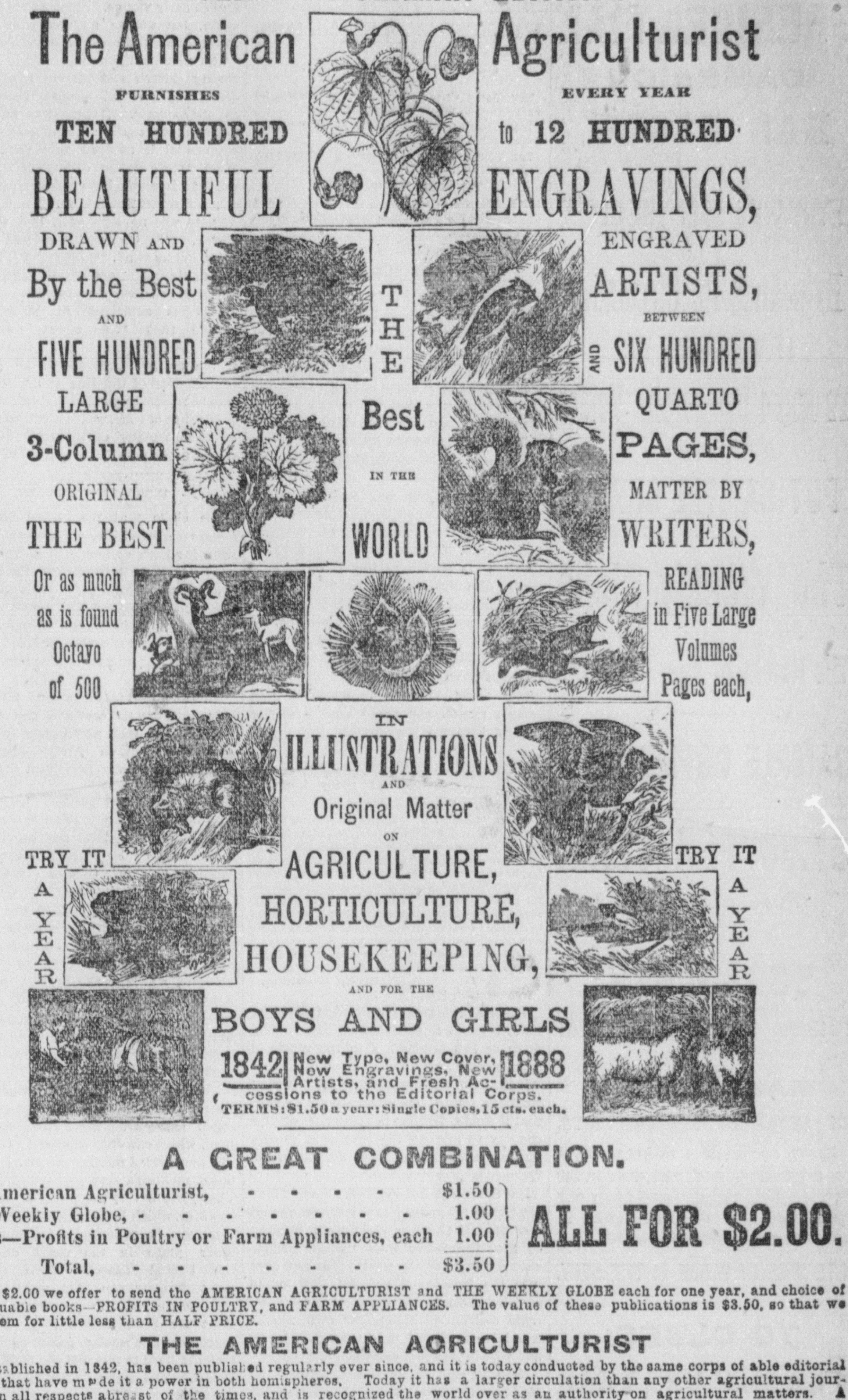
Grocer—Well, don't you feel a little bit ashamed at times?

Uncle Rastus—'Shamed? No, sah; dere's nothin' degradin' 'bout takin' in washin'. Ise proud ob de ole 'ooman.

Proving Her Veracity.

[Epoch.]

Wife—John, you have a very annoying habit of saying "What's that?" whenever you are spoken to. Can't you break yourself of it? Husband (reading)—Er—what's that?



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THE REAL SURPLUS QUESTION.

This is a sample of many inquiries received daily by THE GLOBE:

> Which is better, to pile the surplus up in the vaults of the treasury to be returned again into the natural channels of circulation among the people, by appropriations for the general good of the country, in improvements of harbors that need it much (Newburyport's, for example); in beautiful and useful public buildings; in the education of our thousands of unlettered people—or to send this surplus to Europe to be paid to her pauper laborers, to enable them to enter our markets with their goods at a price, less this surplus, and thereby crowd down, and, to some extent, out, American labor?
>
> FREDERICK C. FEARSON.
>
> Newburyport, Mass., March 22.

We print this rather diffusely worded inquiry because it expresses an idea which, more or less crudely, is in the minds of many people today.

If the case were correctly stated in what we have quoted we should reply at once that it would be for the interest of this country to pile up the surplus in its own treasury rather than in the pockets of the "pauper laborers" of Europe.

But the case is not correctly stated. There is no such alternative as our correspondent assumes. If the war taxes were reduced so that the worse than useless surplus should disappear, the wealth that now goes into the treasury would not flow out to enrich Europe at our expense; it would remain distributed among our own people, who have produced it by their hard labor, and who in justice are entitled to keep it.

Nothing can be more untrue than the idea that the taxes which the government levies on imports come in any way out of the foreign producer. No government can collect taxes outside of its own domains. It is the American people who have to contribute every year to the surplus a sum greater than the cost of the large standing armies that are sapping the vital strength of France and Germany. It is true that the foreign producers are injured to the extent that our tariff deprives them of the blessings of trade, but we also are injured to the same extent; for the benefits of trade are reciprocal.

The real question is, whether $100,000,000 or $150,000,000 every year shall be left in the channels of trade, to quicken and strengthen our industries, or whether the same sum shall be heaped up in a useless and corrupting surplus at Washington, where it is not needed and cannot be used.

IS THE LINE STORM A MYTH?

There is a prevalent opinion that what is called the "equinoctial" or "line storm" is always due at this season of the year, on or about the 19th of March, when spring begins.

That we often have atmospheric disturbances at the advent of the vernal equinox is true, but that a downright storm is a sure attendant of the change is doubtful. In fact, any storm that may occur for weeks preceding or subsequently, is attributed to an influence that is all potent to create unusual changes.

In order to test the meteorological conditions liable to occur, reference has been had to diaries kept covering a series of years within the past 20 years, showing the following facts. During the month of March, 1867 (with which this record begins) the weather was such as to justify in good degree the idea of a line storm, for on the 17th of that month a very severe northeaster raged and a foot of snow was deposited. On the 25th it rained heavily during the morning hours. The rest of March and April betokened kindly feelings on the part of "Old Prob."

In 1868, up to the 21st of March, it was mild and quiet. On that day, in the morning, the air was full of snow, and a foot of it had collected. This may be classed as a credit to the line-storm theory, though it came two days after, as the storm on the previous year did two days prior to the allotted date.

The 23d of March had come, in 1870, before anything in the weather line occurred worthy of notice. Then it was only "a March day," with no signs of bluster; wind northwest, with some snow. On the 29th an effort was made by the elements to celebrate an overlooked event, but it was brief and soon over.

On the 13th of March, and again on April 3, 1870, we were furnished with two samples of "line storms," both on wrong dates, and the goods not up to the standard. For several days succeeding the latter date Boreas was on a bender, howling and growling, and it snowed and rained intermittently. He was way behind the time, though. Fine weather followed.

The March of 1871 was noted for its spring like characteristics. Frequent gentle showers, reminders of April, fell previous to the 21st, which day opened with an easterly rain that continued until nightfall. It was copious (2½ inches), but there was no bluster.

Either by design or inadvertence March and April of 1872 passed their dividend of line storm. On the 26th of April Boreas had a tantrum and knocked down chimneys and many other things that stood in his way. Clouds of dust were raised, but they were not weeping clouds. The thermometer got hot at being disturbed so late in the spring.

The only thing that could be classed as a line storm in 1873 came on March 11, and lasted half a day. The weather seemed ashamed of itself, and cleared off rapidly, and with such warmth as to lure the robins into fields and barnyards in search of the foolish early worms. April 12 it broke out again, but not to any alarming extent, though it kept snowing all day.

The records have been closely scanned through March and April of 1874 without discovering any indications of meteorological disturbance. If there was any storm during those months of the character called equinoctial it avoided this vicinity, but there were constant driblets of snow and rain. It is much better appreciated when taken in this diffused form.

There was no sign of a line storm in March, 1875. On April 13 we had a foot of snow, but no wind. On March 21, 1876, we had a gale and storm which lasted half a day and then cleared up rapidly.

This is sufficient to support the avowal that "line storms" are probably figments of the imagination. If the recent storm should be cited as confirmatory of the line storm theory, it is to be remembered that the date is a week in advance of time, and it will also be recalled that many of the most disastrous storms in the past have occurred in April.

WOOL AND MUTTON.

The claim that the United States will always raise sheep, no matter whether there is a high or low tariff on wool, is perhaps true in a measure, but the assertion that we can make it pay to raise mutton for shipment to England will not stand investigation. In many things America excels the world, but it must be confessed that our mutton is far inferior to that raised in the British isles.

The sweetest, tenderest and most palatable mutton in the world is that raised in Ireland. The Irish sheep grow larger than ours, they feed on better pastures, and their meat is wholly free from that strong "sheepy" taste which makes ours so disagreeable to many palates. No American who has eaten the mutton served in the Irish hotels will take any other kind of meat while he stays there. The English mutton, though better than ours, is far inferior to the Irish. American mutton is sold in the English, Irish and Scotch markets, but it brings from three to four pence less a pound than the native products, and no one who can afford the latter will take the former. So, while it is true that Great Britain does not raise enough mutton for home consumption, the American article will never be able to successfully compete with the British home product.

When the profits of wool-growing are considered a new element comes into consideration. Our mutton sheep grow long, coarse wool, which can only be used for worsteds. The fine-wooled merinos are small, lean animals, making a very poor quality of meat. They yield a very long clip of fine wool, however, which is probably of better quality than can be produced in Spain or any other place in the world outside of the United States. While the Vermont farmers can rear yearling bucks and sell them to ranchmen in the West for $300 apiece there is money is growing fine-wooled sheep, no matter if they are hard to rear and the tariff on wool is low. The merino trust of Vermont is one of the most absolute monopolies in this country. The association has the complete control of the business in the United States. It can fix its price and the ranchmen who want merino sheep must pay it. There is no appeal. If, by reducing the duties on wool, or placing wool on the free-list, the merino trust can be broken up, Congress will thereby perform a valuable service to the general body of American people.

Lower the tariff and kill the trusts.

THE WAR TAXES MUST GO.

An individual who saves his money is to be commended.

A family which taxes its members, with the individual consent of each, for the general welfare of all, is pursuing a wise policy. Among old-country people in the factory villages it is quite a common practice for the mother, who is the household banker, to levy a tax upon each child working in the mill, according to the amount of wages received. This tax is collected on pay-day and placed in the bank at interest. In a few years the family has an eviction-proof home, escapes the tax of rent and builds up a fund which is apportioned among the children upon their marriage, thus giving each a start in life—the process meanwhile having kept them from the allurements of intemperance and vice. Americans in this regard have much to learn from the family customs of the old world.

The nation at large is simply an aggregated family. It very properly taxes its individual members for the general welfare of all. Provided it handles the family strong-box on the same principles of common sense and equity that obtain in the thrifty family of the factory town, it is doing a beneficent work. Here the impartial mother does not overtax Jimmy to protect the pet Johnny. Because Teddy wants to engage in the costly experiment of quarrying stone which can be developed at half the cost in a neighboring town she does not saddle an extra tax on the rest of the family to cover what in the nature of the case is bound to be production at a loss.

Here, too, there is in the strict sense of the term no surplus. The family fund being invested in the bank is productive capital. A surplus is, strictly speaking, an excess of funds for which there is no channel of investment. Webster defines a surplus to be "that which remains when use is satisfied;" hence funds cease to be surplus as soon as they are invested.

The natural sense of equity everywhere prompts persons who are taxed to create a common fund to call upon their agent to either invest it for the common welfare or return it to those from whom it was taken. A neglect to turn the surplus into capital, or allow the individuals who created it to do so, is negatively adding another tax to the original unnecessary one. This position is practically all that the Democratic party is standing for today, and it supplements its request by asking—Why should not the original unnecessary tax creating an enormous surplus be judiciously abolished? Could anything appeal more plainly to the common sense of the masses?

When Mr. MORRILL opened the war tariff ball in 1861 his chief plea in behalf of his bill was that it was a "war measure." Again in 1864, when it was proposed to slide up the scale, he said: "This is intended as a war measure, a temporary measure, and we must as such give it our support." That which boundless patriotism then accepted, because the nation was struggling for its life, is now clutched as a high protectionist's prize and defended by the Republican party as a perpetual necessity. Is this fair dealing with a generous and patriotic people when a near prospect of $155,000,000 of useless surplus stares them in the face?

Senator BECK of Kentucky lately stated in Congress, and challenged refutation of the assertion, that the people were taxed over one-half in excess of the upwards of $300,000,000 which represents the collections through tariff duties and internal revenue last year, by reason of the artificial prices which protected monopolists were enabled to saddle upon the general consumer. It has even been stated by careful statisticians that the virtual tax upon the people is three times in excess of the cold figures returned by the revenue collectors, when the enormous expense of collection is added to the bill. At all events it is in order to remind the millions of toiling producers that even the huge sum of $371,403,277 collected last year by no means stands for what they were actually taxed, since the profits of artificial "stimulation" must of course be added to the tax.

If the Democratic party has not a good case in court for 1888 then we sadly mistake the plain business common sense of the working masses, upon whose "unprotected" shoulders all taxes ultimately fall.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE.

The sudden death of Chief Justice WAITE will shock and grieve the country. For 14 years he held the position which is generally regarded as second only to the Presidency, and held it without exciting a breath of scandal or a murmur of dissatisfaction. This is a record of which any man might well be proud; and it justly gives the dead jurist an honored place in his country's history.

This painful loss devolves upon President CLEVELAND a task which will try to the utmost his good judgment and patriotism. It is by all odds the most important appointment that any President is ever called upon to fill. We may be sure that the same patriotic sense of duty which has characterized all of President CLEVELAND's public career will lead to the appointment of a worthy successor to the great lawyers who have heretofore been at the head of the Republic's judiciary—WAITE, CHASE, TANEY, MARSHALL and JAY.

The composition of the Supreme Court is so strongly Republican that President CLEVELAND cannot in justice do otherwise than appoint a Democrat. The Democratic party is rich in good lawyers, and the only embarrassment will be caused by excess of material. After this appointment is made there will still be only three Democrats on the Supreme bench to six Republicans.

PROTECTION TO AMERICANS.

The United States consul at Morocco has lately made a report to Secretary BAYARD, in which he complains bitterly of the abuses heaped upon American citizens who visit that country. He states that nothing but the most strenuous protests by him and his agents preserves our merchants from insults by the local government, and even now they are forced to pay unjust taxes and submit to humiliating terms, for which there is no redress. These outrages are not of rare occurrence, but are committed upon every American who visits the country. There is no system followed by the authorities, save to "bleed" every foreigner "for all he is worth."

Of course Morocco is a small place. We could live very comfortably if it were wiped off the map of the world. But while we have 60,000,000 of people, and are amply able to care for ourselves, it seems a shame to let a petty one-goat power kingdom insult our citizens. If we had a good navy, ready at our call, and should anchor a few big ships off Tangier, the measure, we think, would have a beneficial result. The Moors are a dull-witted people, incapable of appreciating courtesy or of keeping a treaty when it is made; but, like most semi-savages, they know when they are whipped, and always yield obedience to superior force. A few doses of their own medicine administered just now might effect a radical cure.

EDITORIAL POINTS.

Minister BRAGG says the United States does not want Mexico. Right he is. When we take Mexico she must be nearer out of debt than she is now.

Reports from Canada say that recruits to the army of great defaulters are coming in very slowly of late. There are several important vacancies still to be filled.

Miss ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND propounds the query, "Why is not woman the equal of man?" Because she's his superior, of course. Ask us another, please.

The Missouri Pacific is holding back its dividends to guard against a possible strike. It would be better to use the men well, and thus avoid a strike, even if the dividends have to be reduced.

New York is trying to introduce electricity as a means of capital punishment. A little electricity should be applied to the courts to hurry them up in the case of "JAKE" SHARP and a few other alleged offenders.

A Michigan maiden of uncertain age has proposed to 13 young men since leap year began. The fair Michigander must be a goose if she doesn't take one more "shy" at matrimony. Thirteen was always an unlucky number.

Buffalo Bill, having made a million in England, now proposes to write a book describing "The Indian As He Is." If the book is rightly named it ought to be a revelation to those whose ideas of the alleged noble red man have been obtained from dime novels and the Wild West show.

The Mayor of Leadville, Col., gave the casting vote in opposition to enforcing the ordinances against gambling, on the ground that "over 95 per cent. of the taxpayers are in favor of allowing the gambling hells to run." And yet some people say that only the taxpayers should be allowed to vote!

If there isn't a hereafter, and a hot one, for the man who brought in the bill to resurrect shinplasters, there ought to be.

Senator INGALLS' tongue is an edged tool, but it is two-edged and cuts both ways. The senator will not be so sharp in future if the country will forgive him this time.

New York World: As much as any American since LINCOLN, GREELEY deserves a statue. If the printers take hold of the project in earnest the public should give them encouragement and aid.

SEASONABLE ADVICE.

Though freakful seasons may desert
Their old accustomed channels,
The wise man takes no hint from them,
But hangs on to his flannels.

What though the Spring, too previous,
With dallyings delusive,
Puts forth a mild and balmy breath
That's to catarrh conducive?

We know a man may smile and smile,
And still may be a villain;
So, too, that fickle jade, the Spring,
Will cheer, the while she's chillin'

The very life-blood in your veins,
Within your bones the marrow,
And piling up rheumatic pains
Your days and nights to harrow.

Bethink you, Spring is but a She!
And, though half-way she meet you
With smile and wile and winning way,
Or soon or late she'll cheat you.

Who trusts her will get "left"—what's more,
He will be left a-freezing;
She's bound to leave him in the lurch,
And sure to leave him sneezing.

Think not Old Winter's gone, because
Spring skips! If you've got gumption
You'll know too much by half to slip
On such a slim assumption.

Still pin your faith to flannel shirts,
Umbrellas and goloshes;
Pawn not your top-coats till July,
Nor then your macintoshes!

M. E. B.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

Rabbi Schindler's Closing Lecture.

Humanity Accelerating Its Pace with Every Generation.

Influence on Religion of Intellectual and Moral Progress.

Rabbi Solomon Schindler of the Temple Adath Israel last week delivered the twenty-fifth and closing lecture of his highly successful and interesting course on ancient and modern Judaism. These lectures, of which THE GLOBE has given very full reports, have excited more than ordinary interest, not only from the liberal views enunciated in them, but also from the profound depth of thought and reverence which have characterized the course.

Last evening Mr. Schindler spoke as follows:

It appears to be one of the immutable laws by which the world of thoughts and ideas is governed that, as our years increase, we grow more and more conservative. While the young man is ever desirous of revolutionizing existing conditions, while he eagerly welcomes everything that looks like a departure from the accustomed road, the man of riper years endeavors anxiously to preserve the ideas which he has formed, and abhors all innovations. The reason for such a change from what we may call radicalism to conservatism, which occurs in every man, and is a mere question of time with every one of us, is not so deeply hidden that it could not be found.

In our younger years we feel that we have ample time before us to test a new thing. We must, in fact, test everything that comes within reach of our observation, be it old or new, and it matters, therefore, little to us which of the two we give a trial. If either of them does not satisfy our craving or fails to convince us, we discard it and try another, until, in course of time, we have collected a number of maxims which all have been well tested, and all of which we have found both expedient and reliable. These we call our experiences. We allow ourselves not only to be guided by them without any further test, but in our declining years they become more and more dominant in us. Feeling that our days are numbered and that not sufficient time will be left to us to test new ideas, we cling to those maxims from which we have derived satisfaction, and fail to see how a novel idea could improve the present satisfactory condition of things. We furthermore feel, when our strength begins to fail us, that we could no longer stand the brunt of a controversy like when we were young; we lack, therefore, the courage to risk the certain for the uncertain, and we persuade ourselves that to leave well enough alone is the best policy for us.

Thus humanity is, and ever has been, split into two large factions, the progressive and the conservative. One is composed of the young element, the other of the old; one is represented by the son, the other by the father. They seldom understand each other, nor is it to be expected that they should. The father forgets that once he, too, was a son; that once he, too, was young; that years ago he, too, has helped to push the wheel of time forward. And the son never dreams that at some future time he will become like his father; that with advancing years he will grow conservative; that with the decline of his vital force he will look with the same disfavor upon innovations as his father does now. Notwithstanding their pronounced hostility, both of these factions are needed, and could not be well spared in the clockwork of human society. The one may be compared to its spring, the other to its pendulum. The one forces the wheels into rotation, the other regulates their movement. Break the spring of a clock and its motion will cease. Unhitch the pendulum, and the wheels, after having turned for a short while with the greatest rapidity, will come to a sudden stop. The pendulum ought not, therefore, to disparage the driving force of the spring, nor ought the spring complain of the restricting tardiness of the pendulum. The machine would also become useless in the case that both forces were of equal strength, and would

Balance Each Other.

To prevent such an occurrence, the one is given exactly so much more force than the other as is needed to set and keep the work in motion. The son is endowed by nature with exactly so much more vitality over that of his father as is required to set human society agoing and to keep it progressing. The whole history of the human race is, therefore, one grand demonstration of the fact that the wheel of time can never be stayed in its forward motion; that the new idea has ever defeated the old one; that the son has ever risen above the father and the pupil above the teacher.

My metaphor, comparing human society to a clockwork which is set in motion by the spring called youth, and regulated by the pendulum called old age, serves its purpose only as far as it reaches, but like all other similes, it does not cover the entire ground. If humanity were but such a machine it would probably be able to turn the hand around the dial, but it would be compelled to move it always in the same circle. The propelling force in humanity, however, increases in the same ratio as the latter progresses. One discovery leads to a dozen of others, one invention paves the way to a multitude of others. The more tools a man makes the more and better ones can he construct. Slow at the beginning, we find the human kind accelerating its pace with every new generation, and when we look back upon the strides which humanity has made in the last century we become assured that the golden age, the age of wonders and miracles, is not behind us but before us. Our imagination almost deserts us, and folds despairingly its wings, when we begin to think of the rapidity with which humanity is sure to progress during the next 100 years, aided by the discoveries and inventions of the present century. What may we not expect of a future that is built upon such a present? What discoveries and inventions may we not expect of the generation which inherits our labor-saving machines, our railroads, telegraphs and telephones; of a generation that from its early youth has become accustomed to be informed at least twice in the 24 hours of what has happened during that time in any portion of the earth; of a generation that has built a royal road to learning and wisdom such as has never existed before.

The marvellous inventions and discoveries of the last century are, however, not by far the only attainments of the human race; on the contrary, they are merely the preparatory steps to further and still more beneficial conditions. In the same proportion that mankind has become wiser it has also grown better. True, we are not yet perfect; true, that there is yet a great deal of misery to be removed, that there are many vices to be suppressed and many rough edges to be filed off, but, on the average, humanity has grown better. I have mentioned that fact so often that I hesitate to repeat it for the fear of becoming monotonous; but read the history of bygone ages, and compare the standard of morality reached by former generations with that reached by our time, and you will gladly concede that mankind has grown less superstitious, less fanatical, less barbarous, less cruel, less intemperate than it has ever been before. And now, I ask you, shall we go back to those past ages where people were naturally

Much Below Our Level,

both in wisdom and in goodness, to seek there for that highest chain which shall keep us upon the path of virtue, which shall stimulate us in happiness to further progress and console and comfort us in misfortune, to seek there for our religion. Religion must not be sought for, nor can it be found, in the past, because it is the very product, the very result of our present attainments, both in the intellectual and moral aspect. As a matter of fact, every age has formed its own religious views. Religion has forever been changing in proportion with the intellectual and moral progress of the people; it has ever accommodated its form to the spirit that was moving a generation at a given time. This fact, however, is not so widely known as it ought to be. We have been made to believe, for various reasons, that religion has come to us from an age of which we have hardly any recollection. We were told that in the most ancient times people had been better and wiser than we are today, and had, therefore, been better fitted to receive the grace of God than we are. We were assured that God having once revealed His will and His laws, it became the duty of mankind to preserve them intact to this day, and that we ought to transmit the same inheritance as intact to our children as we have received it; but in reality nothing of the kind has taken place. Each generation was governed by a religion of its own invention, and what was defended as the religion of the father was but the religion of the son.

My course of lectures was intended to prove this fact, as far as Judaism is concerned. My historical pictures must have shown to you that Ezra's views of religion were already far different from those that were current at the age of Moses, and that what he expounded as the law of Moses was but the law of Ezra. They must have shown to you that Ben Saccai, Anan Ben David, Maimonides and the rest of the expounders of Judaism, have ever expounded their own views and ever marked the changes which had taken place as well as the height to which civilization had risen. If I should have been successful in convincing you of the correctness of this one proposition I would consider my labors well rewarded, but there is also a second lesson which I desire you to draw from the historical material which I have brought before you during this winter.

The forms of religion have never been changed until the principle from which they sprang had outlived its usefulness. In this proposition I run as much counter to public opinion as I did in my first proposition, viz., that religion has been forever changing. As a rule, it is conceded that the forms of religion have changed in the course of time, but it is emphatically denied that the spirit or the principles of religion ever did. But if you turn the pages of history you will find that my assertion is not unfounded. Sacrifices, for example, were not changed into prayers because the latter had become more fashionable. We would offer sacrifices today could we but believe or make up our mind to believe that God needs them, or is pleased with them. As long as people were convinced that God demanded sacrifices, that the smoke that rose up brought their gift to Him that dwelleth on high, and as long as it was a principle of religion with them that unless a sacrifice was made after the prescribed fashion, the wrath of God would be inflamed, that He would visit them with plagues, or at least withold His favors, so long did people conscientiously bring these offerings. In course of time, however,

Loftier Ideas of God

began to circulate among people. They began to doubt, to reason and finally to disbelieve the efficacy of a sacrifice, and from that moment the doom of that form of divine worship was sealed. True, that while the advanced thinkers of the age denounced the custom in their speeches, they still upheld it in practice, but the death-blow was given, nevertheless, and it became merely a question of time when it was to be abolished.

Take another illustration: The Jews had learned to believe that a Messiah would come, who, gifted with supernatural power, would lead them back to Palestine and reestablish them in the land of their fathers; they had learned to believe that at that time the great trumpet would be sounded and the dead would rise from their graves to participate in the general jollification. During many ages this belief was a principle of their religion, and forms branched out from it which were in the strictest harmony with it. If the same belief would prevail today, if the same principle would still hold good with us, I am sure that we would gladly and willingly uphold all the forms connected with it. We would study the Talmud as heretofore, because it would be a necessity for us to make ourselves familiar with the laws by which the new Commonwealth would have to be administered; we would carefully observe all the old funeral ceremonies, that we might be recognized as belonging to the great army when at the sound of the great trumpet the dead would rise; we would invest by no means in real estate, or in such valuables that could not easily be carried away. But why do we not observe all these forms, why have these customs become obsolete? Simply because we do no longer believe in the principle from which they sprang.

The divine origin of the Bible was surely a principle of religion for many centuries; it was conscientiously believed that the scrolls of the law contained the very words of God. They were, therefore, highly venerated, and all those ceremonies which were responsive to and expressive of that belief were willingly and cheerfully performed by our ancestors. But why does not the same ceremonial inspire us today with the same enthusiasm? Why does it leave us cold, why has it fallen more and more into desuetude? Simply because the underlying principle has undergone a change. The Bible has ceased to be to us a work of divine authorship; we appreciate it merely as a work of human genius, and thus all those ceremonies which represented the Bible as being the direct word of God, have become utterly meaningless.

I could continue to offer proof upon proof for my proposition that only when the principles of a religion change the forms are sure to suffer modification, or that new principles will always create new forms, which not only will give satisfaction, but will be conscientiously performed by us as long as the vital force of the principle will endure.

The third and last lesson which my lectures was to convey is, that we have the same right to change our religious practices as had our ancestors. We have not only the right, but it becomes our duty to bring our religious customs into conformity with

The Demands of the Day,

that is, with the principle which we accept as valid for us. We are harming ourselves and, what is worse, our children, when we continue to travel the road of indifference and hypocrisy upon which we are at present. We rob ourselves of the consolation which true religion offers to its followers, and we harm our children by withholding from them the staff upon which they are to lean. It becomes our duty to bring all our ceremonies, all the outward manifestations of our religious life, into conformity with the views which we hold of God, of the universe, and of the relation in which we place ourselves to both. No compromise will give satisfaction.

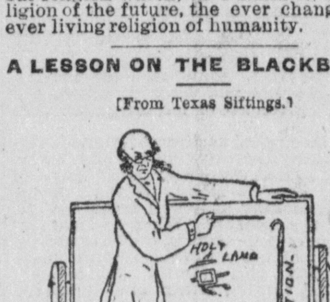
Every religious act, every religious ceremony must express exactly what we believe, or it must be abandoned. We must, for example, either keep the Sabbath, if we really believe that the day ordained by the Bible, and not that the principle of one day's rest out of the seven is of importance, or we must change it. All our haggling and compromising remains fruitless and brings religion into disrespect. The consequences of our unwillingness to conform with the leading spirit of the time become more visible with every year and every day. We have practically driven the young generation out of our temples, and we withhold from them the moral instruction which shall be their guide through life and of which they are so much in need. The rising generation, in spite of the estrangement from religion which has been brought about by our unwillingness to yield to necessity, is craving religious instruction, is yearning to be lifted out of the prevailing materialism into a higher spiritual sphere. To what does it amount that we build magnificent temples and institute elaborate services, if we fail to open them at a time when the hungry can come and partake of the food?

The time has come when we must strike a new road and open new avenues. New measures are frequently instituted under the plea that they are not new, but that they have given satisfaction long before, and that they are covered by the authority of previous ages. This is mostly done to check somewhat the natural distrust with which every new and untested idea meets. I may, therefore, say as well that no matter what changes are to be made in order to harmonize the helpful and needful outward forms of religion with current principles, they are neither unparalleled nor unprecedented, but that every age has done as we do, that it has always asserted the very same right and has carved out its own salvation.

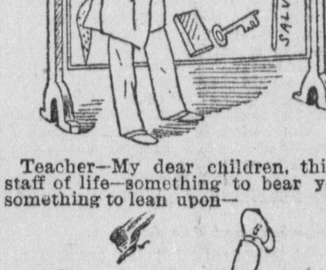
I have to add no more except the wish or the prayer that my words may have fallen upon fertile soil, that the historical pictures which I have enrolled before you may have inspired you with admiration and love for our religion which, as I claim it, is the religion of the future, the ever changing but ever living religion of humanity.

A LESSON ON THE BLACKBOARD.

[From Texas Siftings.]



Teacher—My dear children, this is the staff of life—something to bear you up—something to lean upon—



Smothered snickers from the scholars.

A Farmers' Trust Now.

TOPEKA, Kan., March 24.—A movement has been started by the farmers of Kansas looking to the formation of a farmers' trust, to embrace farmers, stock raisers, etc., in all the territories and the Northwestern States. A convention has been called for May 1 to complete an organization. The plan contemplates the establishment of agencies in the principal Western cities to do all the selling for the members of the trust.

TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

Popular Estimation of Mayor Hewitt.

Roscoe Conkling's Ideas About the Presidential Nomination.

Interesting Phases of the Career of New York's Big Stalwart.

NEW YORK, March 23.—When we think how many of our former so-called principles and convictions expired in the collapse of slavery, we may wonder whether anything supernal and privileged remains. We used to believe, and nobody could gainsay us, that the free negro would relapse to barbarism in somewhere between a fortnight and seven weeks; at the end of seven weeks' time he would be eating his own children, and his heels would be longer than his instep. Whoever denied this in the days of my youth was a horsethief and an infidel. Then cotton would grow downwards instead of upwards, the moment the negro was free. It would leave its bolls or seed parts above the ground, and produce its beautiful flower somewhere under the surface, and in the course of six months would become a mere potato vine, and commerce would disappear from the seas. Manchester would be a howling wilderness, and Lowell and Lawrence would have a riot every night. I forget the other prophecies made about the Quoting of the Nigger and the Lamentation of the Jigger, but they are all played out. So are the prophecies that before we could pay off our national debt, especially in gold, we would be running barefoot in the streets of New York, which would be only modified to our misery by the quantity of grass that would be growing in them. We faced the national debt, and like any steep hill which seems about to fall on the wagon, we have got halfway up it, and the other half does not look so very steep. No wonder that men are growing stronger and public officers more positive. The national sin in America has been moral cowardice. Our civil and equal way of coming forward has destroyed

The Virus of the Positiveness

of the species, so that any ignorant bulldozer can utter an absurd opinion, and call on anybody to respond to it negatively, without incurring the least diminishment of self esteem. We rather dislike to this day to have a man disagree with the multitude, even when the multitude is wrong. I do not altogether like Hewitt's way of disagreeing with people; he has no business to get mad. To disagree with a man cold-bloodedly, puts him into a collapse much quicker than to get mad and disagree with him.

Hewitt is now accused of being in the steel girder trust. I don't know whether that is a part of the steel corset trust or not. Our principal corset maker in New York is a Hebrew, and he is the mainstay of female reputation. I discovered him on St. Patrick's day by being driven into a side street, and I recognized his name upon a great brick block. Under the tariff large numbers of Hebrews have gone into manufacturing. One of the biggest silk mills on this island is in Hebrew hands. Hence comes, perhaps, the pliability of the beneficiaries of protection to the general interest of that policy. Undervaluations at the port of New York have been the rule ever since the celebrated row started between Conkling and the different Republican presidents. The moment an issue was made between the collector of the port and the administration which ought to restrain and control him, it became the interest of the collector to mollify and annex the mercantile power to his side. Consequently we selected the collector of the port at last to be president of the United States, or rather vice president, and the moment that was done

Office Seekers Began to Speculate

upon the President's life in order that the collector of the port might become the head of the government. Roscoe Conkling's last appearance in politics was carrying the carpet bag of Chester A. Arthur down to the steamboat ferry, going to Washington to inherit the assets of Garfield. Roscoe had prior to that time failed to have the State of New York mend his broken parts and put him whole into the Senate; but he had brought Arthur up by hand and thought that he had another chance with the young and infantile president. The recollection of so much humility incurred without avail, finally and fully retired Mr. Conkling from politics, though he takes a marginal interest in that game at present for the sake of consistency and revenge.

As Conkling was the principal architect of the overthrow of the Republican party, he is still watching the course of events from the vantage ground of pecuniary independence, with the idea of still ruining, or ultimately ruling. His position has been already expressed privately of both Sherman and Allison. He says about Allison that he is nothing but Mr. Blaine in reserve. He intimates that Sherman cannot be elected. As for Frank Hiscock he puts him down as a Greeleyite of 1872, and means if he can get the opportunity to say the same thing about Chauncey Depew, who has been steadily rising into favor here for some time past. Depew, who is a man without very deep feelings in politics, much guided by his personal relations, regarded Horace Greeley as about all that was material of the old Republican anti-slavery party at the time when Grant came over from the Douglas Democratic side, a Republican, indeed. So Depew, like many another person who thought it was

No Crime, and Especially No Slavery,

to be a Republican, followed the gallant old leader in the doctrinal parts of Republican theology.

Mr. Conkling has always cozened his equals on the Democratic side in politics and has repelled his equals on the Republican side. His doctrine has been from the beginning especially narrow, that there can be only one great Republican in the State. To that end, he always preferred, like the old Whig senators of 40 years ago, to have for his colleague some snug, unresisting, pacific, malleable Democrat like Francis Kernan. Such men as General Dix or William M. Evarts or Frank Hiscock, he sent to the right about. He never made a moment's exertion to hold in the party combination the industrious pen and large sympathetic head of Horace Greeley. It was whipmaster or nothing with Conkling. Finally a Republican Senator appeared in the person of Mr. Platt, who is a very active and rather neighborly political quantity. When Mr. Fenton, who had been Governor of New York for two terms, was a senator from this State, Mr. Conkling antagonized him as if he had been a snake. Hence, as everybody knows who has the courage to say so, the great State of New York laid down its life as a Republican contribution, to gratify Mr. Conkling's personal nature. Add all other causes of every description to each other, and nothing was ever half so potential to destroy the Republican party as Roscoe Conkling. In the subserviency of our day, this remark is not even ventured. I mention it because it is so manifest, like the atmosphere, and the snow piles of the present week.

Mr. Conkling is understood to say that the Republicans have

A Chance for the Presidency,

if they make a good nomination, whilst he industriously bars out everybody likely to make a good run. Some genial old jurist, like Judge Miller, before whom Mr. Conkling must sometimes appear, struck him as quite natural to be the candidate. In short, he wants a candidate who will accept as the full meed of the presidential honor, the illustrious support of Roscoe Conkling. That ought to be enough to gratify any man of secondary ambition, and no man is entitled to have more than secondary ambition, while the great ex-senator lives amongst us and sniffs the empyrean.

The fact is that Mr. Blaine is surrendered by many, and, perhaps, most of the wilful and influential Republicans, with the greatest reluctance. I was in a city of this State only last week and called upon certain editors, who have a good deal to do with making opinion, and I found a suspicious cavilling over new-mentioned candidates, which led me to suspect that they were regretting the disappearance of a certain name. I found that Chauncey Depew was the most important new name in the State of New York. Hiscock was mentioned as a good chance for the vice presidential nomination, in order to give the ticket a certain local quality in New York. Of course, Hiscock was not mentioned as a candidate on the ticket with Depew, for that would make two names from the same State. Gresham and Hiscock were referred to more than once. A Democrat in Rochester, who has held public office there, told me that he considered

The Two Most Prominent Names

for the Republican nomination at the moment were Gresham and Depew, and he thought that Depew would get away with the nomination unless the West could be speedily concentrated on Gresham. In that case he thought that Hiscock would make a good candidate with Gresham. The Republican party, unfortunately, has inherited a great deal of history. She can point in its platforms with pride to its record, but I fear that its record is embarrassed with too many factions, and yet it would be hard to say where there ever arose a faction with which in some way Roscoe Conkling was not connected. The first faction in the Republican party was hostile to the renomination of Abraham Lincoln, but that was before Mr. Conkling had taken any considerable part in politics. He was first elected to the thirty-sixth Congress, which met just prior to the breaking out of the war. After serving in the thirty-seventh Congress, which concluded in 1862, Mr. Conkling only returned to the thirty-ninth Congress which met near the close of 1865, when Lincoln had been re-elected and killed. Conkling's brother was also a member of Congress, while Roscoe sat there in the thirty-seventh. It is said in New York, probably without much knowledge, that Fred always considered himself a much superior man to Roscoe, and that their common father regarded himself as altogether superior to both of his sons. When Conkling became senator of the United States the year 1867 had arrived. It is understood in this State that during Lincoln's presidency Mr. Conkling was rather attached to the Chase faction in New York. Of all the public men who were his superiors in position, he appears to have

Adhered With More Consideration

to the name and family of Chase than any other statesman. I well recollect when he first went to the Senate, and it was regarded as the triumph of the young men of the State. The two persons who particularly put Mr. Conkling forward were Ezra Cornell, the father of Governor Cornell, and Andrew White, who, with Ezra Cornell, founded Cornell University. At the time of this election, in the winter of 1866-7, I was coming through the State of New York from the West, and being joined on the train at Utica by some young men, they told me that Conkling's election was a triumph of reform and the retirement of the regular political element. I therefore watched Mr. Conkling in Congress, as much as his prominence at that time would warrant attention, supposing that he might vote against the conviction of President Johnson; but he made no such movement. He voted for Johnson's conviction, and still I have never heard of his antagonizing any of the senators who took the other position, such as Fessenden, Grimes and Trumbull. After the impeachment trial was swept out of the road, Conkling began to antagonize particularly those senators who had been most ardent for Johnson's removal, such as Sumner. The election of Grant appeared to afford him another such opportunity as Martin Van Buren, when senator from New York, had adopted, when Van Buren, though he had been a Crawford man, and had even coquetted with John Quincy Adams, suddenly went over to President Jackson as his especial champion and regulator. Jackson and Grant were both military accidents in the line of succession to the presidency, and by courting Jackson, Van Buren had reached the presidential office. In like manner Conkling, at the close of Grant's term in 1876, appeared at the Cincinnati convention with a full and rather packed delegation. They had a band of music, and perambulated the streets of Cincinnati every day, drumming for Conkling. Prominent in that delegation was A. B. Johnson of Utica, who, in the course of time,

Turned Out to be a Defaulter,

leaving Mr. Conkling a large amount of debt to meet, as his surety. Mr. Conkling had united himself with George F. Edmunds and Matthew Carpenter, all persons who came within a very narrow geographical radius, Carpenter having been a native of Vermont like Edmunds, and Conkling a native of Albany. These men had antagonized in the Senate every critic of Grant's administration, such as Sumner, Schurz and Tipton, but none of them received the Republican nomination for president. The role of Van Buren was not to be repeated. We can remember, however, the subsequent history of Van Buren and compare it to that of Mr. Conkling. Failing to receive the Democratic nomination after he had been beaten by General Harrison, he waited four years more and then raised the banner of revolt in New York and threw the election to the Whigs. So Hayes, Garfield and Blaine have all had the more or less open opposition of Conkling since 1876. He hardly allowed Hayes to be brought forward as a contestant of Tilden, when he made a speech objecting to the senatorial caucus system of declaring Hayes elected, and he went to the State convention in a few months, where Hayes was derided as a sneak and an ingrate. The result of these movements was to keep the custom house under Mr. Conkling's control and the post office of New York as well. In 1880 Grant was revived, with Conkling as his manager, to be the Republican nominee, and Mr. Conkling made a speech in the convention at Chicago, pressing his claims to a third term. The result was the nomination of Garfield, and all the way coming home from Chicago Mr. Conkling railed at Garfield on the train and said that he would infinitely have preferred Blaine. Soon after Garfield's inauguration Mr. Conkling attempted to repeat

The Role of the Intimidator

of the President, and took the desperate step of resigning. At that time the word "half-breed" was invented, to mean all those who would not sustain Conkling in all his propositions. That name is still attempted to be maintained by the small Conkling faction, although the defeat of Folger by more than 190,000 majority was the answer of New York to the nickname. When Garfield lost his life Mr. Conkling acted as the friend and inspirer of his successor, Arthur, but finding that Arthur was too much a pupil of the tragic events which brought him to the presidency, to fail in the face of Republican public opinion, Mr. Conkling dropped him and never visited him again. Arthur was therefore left alone in the State of New York, and might have been renominated had he been supported by this Conkling element. It is generally believed that if Arthur had been renominated he would have been re-elected. The so-called mugwumps would not have bolted the ticket if Arthur had been put forward. He had made concessions to the Curtis element of the party, and somewhat changed the political dynasty by calling new men like Gresham and Howe and Folger. Arthur being antagonized, there was nobody liable to receive the nomination but Mr. Blaine. In that campaign Mr. Conkling's influence was certainly not exercised for the candidate of the party, and it has been alleged that he attempted to insult Mr. Blaine by tempting from that public man an invitation to him to enter into the contest. Surely the Republican who would tell General Garfield to send all his few friends abroad, while Conkling went into the cloakroom and held his nose, should not now be asseverating that every man who has not at all times sustained the caucus candidate is

Unfit to be Candidate

for president. This is meant to bear upon both Depew and Hiscock. No further reminiscence is required to show that the young man who entered the Senate from the State of New York, with the expectations of being the reform leader, the Dewitt Clinton of the latter part of the century, gave himself away for years to the personal and military domination of Grant, and since that time has sustained nobody whom the party was willing to put forward. Hayes, Garfield, Arthur and Blaine have all incurred not merely his displeasure but his defection.

At the same time Mr. Conkling's ability appears to be expressly conceded by all classes of Republicans, very much in the way the domination of the Virginians in Georgia and the Gulf States was expressed by W. H. Sparks in his valuable book of reminiscences. He says: "All experience has proved that as a man esteems himself, so in time will the community esteem him, and he who assumes to lead or dictate will soon be permitted to do so, and will become the first in prominence and influence in his neighborhood, county or State. Greatness commences humbly and progresses by assumption. The humble ruler of a neighborhood, like the pebble thrown into a pond, will continue to increase the circle of his influence until it reaches the limits of his county. The fathers speak of him, the children hear of him, his name is a household word; if he but assumes enough, in time he becomes the great man of the county; and if with impudence he unites a modicum of talent well larded with cunning deceit, it will not be long before he is governor or member of Congress. It is not surprising then that in nearly every one of these communities the great man was a Virginian."

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

NATIONAL BANK FAILS.

It's President Engaged in Unprofitable Outside Business.

DUBUQUE, Ia., March 21.—The Commercial National Bank of this city closed its doors yesterday. The liabilities are not known and cannot yet be ascertained. Three weeks ago the directors requested the president, R. E. Graves, to resign. This step was occasioned by a heavy and sudden draft upon the bank in the shape of protested paper of the Church-Graves Manufacturing Company of Minneapolis, which assigned a short time ago. This paper was accepted by the Commercial Bank. The directors were compelled to raise $75,000 within two hours of close the bank. The money was raised and the bank continued until yesterday, when the directors, after carefully investigating its affairs, concluded to suspend.

The last statement, published Feb. 19, showed resources amounting to nearly $900,000. The bank has a capital of $100,000, and its directors and stockholders are among the wealthiest men of the city. The loss will be about half a million dollars to the stockholders, it is thought, but the depositors will be paid in full.

DR. PIERCE's Pellets cure constipation, billiousness, sick headache, billious headache, and all derangements of stomach, liver and bowels.

DR. TALMAGE IN CHICAGO.

Eloquent Sermon to Young Men.

Difficulties in the Way of Reformation from Evil Habits.

Lukewarmness of Modern Christians Toward Strangers.

CHICAGO, March 25.—Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., preached here this evening. His subject was, "Reformation from Evil Habits," and his text, Proverbs xxiii., 35: "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again." He said:

With an insight into human nature such as no other man ever reached, Solomon sketches the mental operations of one who, having stepped aside from the path of rectitude, desires to return.

Our libraries are adorned with an elegant literature addressed to young men, pointing out to them all the dangers and perils of life—complete maps of the voyage, showing all the rocks, the quicksands, the shoals. But suppose a man has already made shipwreck; suppose he is already off the track; suppose he has already gone astray, how is he to get back? That is a field comparatively untouched. I propose to address myself this evening to such. So far as God may help me, I propose to show what are the obstacles of your return, and then how you are to surmount those obstacles.

The first difficulty in the way of your return is the force of moral gravitation. Just as there is a natural law which brings down to the earth anything which you throw into the air, so there is a corresponding moral gravitation. In other words, it is easier to go down than it is to go up; it is easier to do wrong than it is do right. Call to mind the comrades of your boyhood days—some of them good, some of them bad. Which most affected you? Call to mind the anecdotes that you have heard in the last five or ten years—some of them are pure and some of them impure. Which the more easily sticks to your memory? During the years of your life you have formed certain courses of conduct—some of them good, some of them bad. To which style of habit did you the more easily yield? Ah! my friends, we have to take but a moment of self-inspection to find out that there is in all our souls a force of moral gravitation. But that gravitation may be resisted. Just as you may pick up from the earth something and hold it in your hand toward heaven, just so by the power of God's grace, a soul fallen may be lifted toward peace, toward pardon, toward heaven.

The next thing in the way of your return is the power of evil habit. I know there are those who say it is very easy for them to

Give Up Evil Habits.

I do not believe them. Here is a man given to intoxication. He knows it is disgracing his family, destroying his property, ruining him, body, mind and soul. If that man, being an intelligent man and loving his family, could easily give up that habit, would he not do so? The fact that he does not give it up proves it is hard to give it up. It is a very easy thing to sail down stream, the tide carrying you with great force; but suppose you turn the boat up stream, is it so easy then to row it? As long as we yield to the evil inclinations in our hearts and our bad habits, we are sailing down stream, but the moment we try to turn we put our boat in the rapids just above Niagara, and try to row up stream.

If a man wants to return from evil practices, society repulses him. Desiring to reform he says: "Now I will shake off my old associates, and I will find Christian companionship." And he appears at the church door some Sabbath day, and the usher greets him with a look as much as to say: "Why, you here? You are the last man I ever expected to see at church! Come, take this seat right down by the door." Instead of saying, "Good morning: I am glad you are here. Come, I will give you a first-rate seat, right up by the pulpit." Well, the prodigal, not yet discouraged, enters a prayer meeting, and some Christian man, with more zeal than common sense, says: "Glad to see you: the dying thief was saved, and I suppose there is mercy for you." The young man, disgusted, chilled, throws himself on his dignity, resolved he will never enter into the house of God again. Perhaps not quite fully discouraged about reformation, he sides up by some highly respected man he used to know, going down the street, and immediately the respectable man has an errand down some other street. Well, the prodigal wishing to return takes some member of a Christian association by the hand, or tries to. The Christian young man looks at him, looks at the faded apparel and the marks of dissipation, instead of giving him a warm grip of the hand offers him the tip ends of the long fingers of the left hand, which is equal to striking a man in the face!

Oh! how few Christian people understand how much force and gospel there is in a good, honest handshaking. Sometimes, when you have felt the need of encouragement, and some Christian man has taken you heartily by the hand, have you not felt thrilling through every fibre of your body, mind and soul an encouragement that was just what you needed? You do not know anything at all about this unless you know when a man tries to return from evil courses of conduct he runs against repulsions innumerable. We say of some man, he lives a

Block or Two from the Church,

or half a mile from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from church. Vast deserts of indifference between them and the house of God. The fact is we must keep our respectability, though thousands and tens of thousands perish. Christ sat with publicans and sinners. But if there came to the house of God a man with marks of dissipation upon him people almost threw up their hands in horror, as much as to say: "Isn't it shocking?" How these dainty, fastidious Christians in all our churches are going to get into heaven, I don't know, unless they have an especial train of cars, cushioned and upholstered, each one a car to himself. They cannot go with the great horde of publicans and sinners. Oh! ye who curl your lip of scorn at the fallen, I tell you plainly, if you had been surrounded by the same influences, instead of sitting today amid the cultured, and the refined and the Christian, you would have been a crouching wretch in stable or ditch, covered with filth and abomination. It is not because you are naturally any better, but because the mercy of God has protected you. Who are you that, brought up in Christian circles and watched by Christian parentage, you should be so hard on the fallen?

I think men also are often hindered from return by the fact that churches are too anxious about their membership and too anxious about their denomination, and they rush out when they see a man about to give up his sin and return to God, and ask him how he is going to be baptized, whether by sprinkling or immersion, and what kind of a church he is going to join. Oh! my friends, it is a poor time to talk about Presbyterian catechism, and Episcopal liturgies, and Methodist lovefeasts, and baptistries to a man that is coming out of the darkness of sin into the glorious light of the Gospel. Why, it reminds me of a man drowning in the sea, and a lifeboat puts out for him, and the man in the boat says to the man out of the boat: "Now, if I get you ashore are you going to live on my street?" First get him ashore, and then talk about the non-essentials of religion. Who cares what church he joins, if he only joins Christ and starts for heaven? Oh! you ought to have, my brother, an illumined face and hearty grip for every one that tries to turn from his evil way. Take hold of the same book with him, though his dissipations shake the book, remembering that "he that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins."

Now I have shown you these obstacles because I want you to understand I know all the difficulties in the way; but I am now to tell you how Hannibal may scale the Alps, and how the shackles may be unriveted, and how the paths of virtue forsaken may be regained. First of all, my brother,

Throw Yourself on God.

Go to Him frankly and earnestly and tell Him these habits you have and ask Him if there is any help in all the resources of omnipotent love to give it to you. Do not go with a long rigmarole people call prayer, made up of "ohs" and "ahs" and "forever and ever, amens!" Go to God and cry for help, help, help, and if you cannot cry for help just look and live. I remember, in the late war, I was at Antietam, and I went into the hospitals after the battle and said to a man: "Where are you hurt?" He made no answer, but held up his arm, swollen and splintered. I saw where he was hurt. The simple fact is, when a man has a wounded soul, all he has to do is to hold it up before a sympathetic Lord and get it healed. It does not take any long prayer. Just hold up the wound. Oh, it is no small thing when a man is nervous and weak and exhausted, coming from his evil ways, to feel that God puts two omnipotent arms around him and says: "Young man, I will stand by you. The mountains may depart and the hills be removed, but I will never fail you." And then as the soul thinks, the news is too good to be true, and cannot believe it, and looks up in God's face, God lifts His right hand and takes an oath, an affidavit, saying: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth." Blessed be God for such a gospel as this. "Cut the slices thin," said the wife to the husband, "or there will not be enough to go all around for the children; cut the slices thin." Blessed be God, there is a full loaf for every one that wants it! Bread enough and to spare. No thin slices at the Lord's table. When a soul comes to God, He does not ask where you came from or what your ancestry was. Healing for all your wounds. Pardon for all your guilt. Comfort for all your troubles.

Seek Christian advice. Every Christian man is bound to help you. If you find no other human ear willing to listen to your story of struggle, come to me and I will by every sympathy of my heart, and every prayer, and every toil of my hand, stand beside you in the struggle for reformation; and as I hope to have my own sins forgiven and hope to be acquitted at the judgment seat of Christ, I will not betray you. First of all, seek God, then seek Christian counsel. Gather up all the energies of body, mind and soul, and, appealing to God for success, declare this day everlasting war against all drinking habits, all gaming practices, all houses of sin. Half-and-half work will amount to nothing; it must be a Waterloo. Shrink back now and you are lost. Push on, and you are saved. A Spartan general fell at the very moment of victory, but he dipped his finger in his own blood and wrote on a rock near which he was dying: "Sparta has conquered." Though your struggle to get rid of sin may seem to be almost a death struggle, you can dip your finger in your own blood and write on the Rock of Ages: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Oh! what glorious news it would be for some of these young men to

Send Home to Their Parents

in the country. They go to the post office every day or two to see if there are any letters from you. How anxious they are to hear! Nothing would please them half so much as the news you might send home tomorrow that you had given your heart to God. I know how it is in the country. The night comes on. The cattle stand under the rack through which bursts the trusses of hay. The horses, just having frisked up through the meadow at the nightfall, stand knee deep in the bright straw that invites them to lie down and rest. The perch of the hovel is full of fowl, their feet warm under the feathers. In the old farmhouse at night no candle is lighted, for the flames clap their hands about the great backlog and shake the shadow of the group up and down the wall. Father and mother sit there for half an hour, saying nothing. I wonder what they are thinking of. After a while the father breaks the silence and says: "Well, I wonder where our boy is in town tonight"; and the mother answers: "In no bad place, I warrant you; we always could trust him when he was home, and since he has been away there have been so many prayers offered for him we can trust him still." Then they kneel and commend you to that God who watches in country and in town, on the land and on the sea.

The proudest moment in your life will be when you can send word to your parents in the country that you have conquered your evil habits, by the grace of God, and become eternal victor. Oh! despise not parental anxiety. The time will come when you will have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you, and find them gone from the house, and gone from the field, and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard, they will not answer. Dead! dead! And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and think, and wish you had done just as they wanted you to, and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts.

God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name. God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart. Better if he had never been born—better if, in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been coffined and sepulchred. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery, rending the hair and wringing the hands, and crying: "Mother! mother!" Oh, that today, by all the memories of the past, and by all the hopes of the future, you would yield your heart to God. May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever.

SHERMAN IN NEW YORK.

He Hopes the Democrats Will Stick to Free Trade—The Mills Bill a Political Measure to Catch Votes and Bribe Sections.

NEW YORK, March 22.—Senator John Sherman came on from Washington today, and is staying at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. This is the senator's first appearance here since the blizzard, and he had some anxiety to ascertain what damage, if any, his presidential boom had sustained by the storm. He appeared to be satisfied with the result of his observations and said he should return at once to Washington.

"Senator, what is the news at Washington?" he was asked.

"There is not much news," he said. "I see by the morning papers that the Capitol was struck by lightning yesterday afternoon. No, I was not in the building at the time, but was driving to my house. I remember the bolt; it was very sharp and clear, and started my horse into a run. There is little to fear from lightning in the Capitol, it is so admirably supplied with conductors."

"How about the presidential lightning?"

A smile played about the grave features of the Ohio senator. His reply was a little indistinct, but it sounded like, "It does seem that the lightning from heaven is more apt to strike some of us than the other kind."

"Mr. Ingalls' speech has aroused considerable adverse criticism."

"Yes; so I have observed," said Mr. Sherman, "but I think the points in his speech that have been the most criticised were drawn out of him by interruptions. Mr. Ingalls is a man, you know, who is very quick and emphatic in his rejoinders."

"What do you think of Senator Blair's scheme to favor maimed ex-Confederate soldiers in appointments?"

"I would rather not discuss that subject."

"Do you think there is any chance of passing the Mills tariff bill?"

"I do not pretend to speak for Congress or predict what will or will not be done. It does not seem to me, however, that there is much chance for its becoming a law."

"Do you think the tariff will be the main issue in the coming campaign?"

"I certainly hope so, for in my judgment, on a direct issue between protection and free trade, there will be an overwhelming majority for the former. Let the line be clearly drawn and there can be no question of the verdict the people will render at the polls. But it is not certain that the Democrats will have the courage to take a stand squarely on the line of the President's message. The Mills bill is very far from it. It is simply a political measure, gotten up to catch votes, with bribes to certain sections. The duty is left on sugar and other products of the South in order to hold the South solid. An effort is made to bribe the woollen manufacturers in the East into voting for the bill by placing wool on the free list. Where is the sense of putting a duty of from 60 to 80 cents on sugar and reducing the duty on woollen goods to less than 30 per cent? The Mills bill is, as I have said, a political measure, loaded down with bribes to catch votes. The South today is more in need of protection than the North. The manufactures are in crude condition, and cannot exist without protection. In Ohio we are some distance from the seaboard and have transportation in our favor in competing with foreign manufacturers, and we might get along somehow. But it will mean ruination to the South to have free trade, or anything approaching it, for years to come."

"Will not Mr. Cleveland in his letter of acceptance, if he is nominated, reiterate the sentiments contained in his last message, and make the tariff the leading issue, whether Congress passes the Mills bill or not?"

"I hope so. That would be all the Republicans could ask."

A Ghost That Walks the Water.

[Indianapolis Despatch in Chicago Herald.]

Broad Ripple, a village lying eight miles north of this city, has been visited on three occasions lately by a strange apparition, and the occurrences are vouched for by some of the most worthy people in the village. About 9 o'clock last night the ghost appeared in the form of a woman, glided along the railroad track to the edge of the river and thence on the surface of the water to the middle of the stream, directly under the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago bridge. The persons who observed these movements were so frightened that they did not wait for further developments. This is where the wreck occurred in January, 1884, in which six men lost their lives. On different occasions before passers-by have been disturbed by the ghostly visitants, but on no occasion has the apparition been so clearly outlined in the darkness.

Put One on the Hen House.

[New York Sun.]

A man in Winterville, Ga., broke the knob off his door, and, not having another, used a coffin handle instead. There is not a negro in the county that will open that door.

And Such Language!

[Somerville Journal.]

If somebody would only invent a fountain pen that would write without having to be filled occasionally, he would save forgetful men a good deal of language.

STRANGE RETRIBUTION.

The Terrible Fate of a Scoffer.

[Chicago News.]

Monomania is regarded by physicians as among the most dangerous of the maladies to which the human brain is subject. A well defined case of this kind is, therefore, a matter of no small interest to the medical fraternity, and they will, no doubt, be chagrined to learn that they have recently lost a long coveted opportunity to watch the development of this peculiar disease, where there is no hereditary taint, where the cause was related to none of the powerful passions of humanity, such as love, fear or avarice, but was, instead, of the most trivial and absurd character; where the victim when attacked was in the prime of intellectual vigor, and where the approach of death was uninterrupted by a single interval of relief. Unfortunately, the remarkable taciturnity of the patient and the stupidity of the local physician attending him prevented the real nature of his illness becoming known. He was treated for "insomnia." Insomnia was the cause given in the certificate of death, and no one but himself and his one intimate friend knew that insomnia was only one of the symptoms occasioned by the constant pressure of the one relentless thought that bore him down to his grave.

The almost incredible history of the case is furnished by the patient's friend referred to, who is a young professional man of good reputation. Before commencing his story he exacted a promise that fictitious names should be used in the event of its publication. So far as memory serves, these were his exact words:

"George's office was on the floor above mine, and it was his custom to drop in every day about noon, and we would go to lunch together. He was of a very sociable disposition, and it was seldom a day passed that we didn't see each other half a dozen times. Neither of us being married, we lived in a suite of rooms on the North Side, which we had furnished to our taste, and took our meals wherever fancy dictated. Though inclined to be cynical and overpractical, with a deep-rooted scorn for anything that verged on the romantic or superstitious, he was as congenial a companion as one could wish, and to me—and I think to him, also—our manner of living was thoroughly enjoyable.

"The superstition which, among all others, struck George as the most utterly absurd and ridiculous was that concerning the affinity between red-haired girls and white horses. I confess that I more than half believe the nonsense, and this made George louder than ever in denouncing the notion as simply preposterous. When I call to mind some of his tirades on this subject, and remember that within a month he was in his grave on account of the very thing he professed most to despise, I sometimes wonder if there is not an avenging deity whose hand is sure to be felt by whoever disregards those promptings of our inner selves which are to be accounted for by no process of reasoning. Surely no man ever disregarded such things more persistently than George did, nor suffered more terribly in consequence.

"One day at lunch we had a more than usually heated discussion on the subject of superstitious and occult matters generally, in the course of which the red-haired girl and white-horse theory came in for some very strong language from George. I said I had never known the rule to fail. He declared it was a bad rule that wouldn't work both ways, and that no man would be insane enough to believe that wherever there was a white horse there was sure to be a red-haired girl, and with that the subject dropped.

"A few days after this conversation occurred I noticed that George seemed preoccupied and strangely excited about something. He got into the habit of poking about the streets by himself at all hours of the day when he should have been at his office, and was in other respects quite unlike himself. This mood lasted something over a week, when he suddenly grew morose, lost his appetite, got pale and thin, and haunted the streets more than ever. I asked him repeatedly what was the matter with him, but he always replied evasively, and was once or twice discourteous enough to inform me that it was none of my business.

"One evening, while sitting in our common sitting-room reading, I chanced to look over the top of my book, and saw George standing directly in front of me with a face so ghastly and terrible in its expression that I sprang to my feet involuntarily and cried out:

"Great heavens! What ails you, George?"

"George merely laughed in a hollow kind of voice that made me shiver, and began walking savagely about the room.

"See here, George," I said, after a little pause, 'this is getting serious; if you don't tell me what is the matter with you or let me send for a physician, I'll call the patrol and have you taken to some hospital by force."

"The poor fellow sat down, covered his face with his hands, and groaned. After a little he looked up and said:

" 'If I'll tell you, Phil, will you promise, on your sacred honor, never to breathe it to a living soul?'

" 'Certainly,' I said, 'I'll promise that on condition that you will place yourself under the care of a good physician without delay.'

" 'Oh, yes, I'll do that, but it will be of little use while the fates continue unpropitious.'

" 'The fates!' I cried in astonishment; 'of all men in the world you are surely the last to be influenced by those mythical personages!' It was a mean advantage to take, considering the condition he was in, but I couldn't help it, and I had no intimation of what was to follow.

" 'Yes, the fates!' repeated George, springing to his feet and throwing out his arms wildly; 'if they fail within three days to throw a red-headed girl, with her proper white horse accompaniment in my way, it will be all up with me.' And he laughed again in a way that makes me shudder yet when I think of it.

"George, are you crazy?"

"No, but I speedily shall be unless this infernal rule of yours holds good hereafter.'

"Then while I sat in open-mouthed astonishment he told me how, when walking to his office on the morning following our last discussion of things supernatural, he was suddenly seized with a notion to put the red-haired girl and white-horse theory to the test. At that very instant a noise across the street attracted his attention, and he saw a white horse harnessed to a dog-cart tearing madly past, and clinging to the reins for dear life was a stylishly-dressed girl, bareheaded, save for coil upon coil of the reddest hair he had ever seen. A policeman caught the horse before any damage was done, but before the girl could replace her hat, which had fallen to the floor of the cart, a crowd of people had made comments on the appropriate combination of colors in the turn-out. George swore solemnly that before he reached his office that morning he counted four more red-headed girls and women, and that in each case a white horse was instantly visible.

" 'I was so much impressed,' he continued, 'that I went to lunch alone, as you remember, intent upon disproving the theory which I detested. Instead of disproving it, I proved it so far as a dozen more illustrations could do so, and for more than a week the streets seemed literally to blaze with the brilliant tresses of females of all ages and conditions, and in no instance was the white horse more than a square distant. It is needless to say that from a scoffer I became the most enthusiastic of converts. If at this stage of my infatuation I had met a doubter I should probably have murdered him. You can therefore imagine what a shock it was to me the first time the rule failed to work. The girl's hair was as red as the ink most in favor with show printers, and I glanced languidly about me, expecting to find at least a dozen milk-white horses waiting to be counted. What was my astonishment to observe that the majority of those in sight were either black or a very dark shade of brown, while none had so much as a single white hoof. For a moment I was dazed; but presently recovering my senses, I ran to the next corner north and looked anxiously east and west, but not a white, nor even a gray horse was to be seen. A strange feeling of faintness came over me and I was obliged to enter a saloon near by and call for some brandy.

" 'But this first shock was nothing to the mixture of intolerable anxiety, apprehension and despair which oppressed me with increasing weight as I walked the streets day after day seeing unlimited red hair and innumerable white horses—with solid blocks of buildings or miles of distance between them. I lost my appetite; I could not sleep; in short, Phil, old man, I am what you see me—a wreck with one foot in the grave.'

"Having told me all, he was a little easier, and slept some that night; but I noticed with alarm in the morning that the improvement had not been permanent. On the morning of the second day he was unable to leave his room. I summoned a physician, and while walking to my office strove to devise some means of saving my friend from the mad-house, for I began to fear that was to be his destination. All at once I remembered that the wife of a business acquaintance of mine, whose hair was of a bright auburn hue, drove her husband down town every morning and called for him at night. His place of business was on our street some squares farther down. Before entering my own office I called at his. His wife was sitting in their carriage in front of the building as I entered, and I was overjoyed to observe that the horse she drove was nearly white. Half an hour later I entered my own office in a much easier frame of mind.

"On returning to our lodgings that evening I found George somewhat improved, and in the morning he walked down town with me. When within a door or two of the building in which our offices were located, he grasped my arm and whispered excitedly:

" 'See there! She has red hair, and is driving a white horse!'

"It was the wife of my business acquaintance, who, as she saw us approach, drove in the direction of her husband's office.

"The experiment was successful. George went about his work more like himself than he had been for weeks. I advised him not to go out to lunch, but to partake of one served in my office. When we started home late in the afternoon my friend's red-haired wife and her white horse were punctual to the hour appointed, and the effect upon George was so favorable that he slept soundly all night, rising in the morning refreshed and full of energy. As usual we walked down to business together, and my friend's wife was on hand according to agreement. George's eyes brightened at the sight, but almost instantly the smile on his face was displaced by a look of suspicion and terror distressing to see.

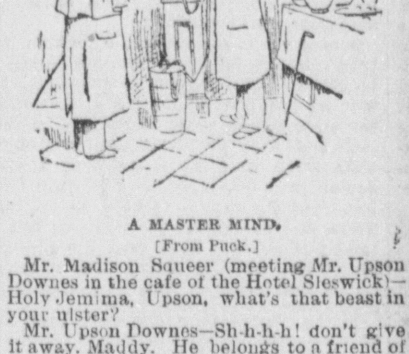
" 'Phil,' he said, 'you have done this. If it is not your doing, for God's sake say so at once!'

"I was so taken by surprise that I knew not what to say, and by the time I had recovered my senses it was too late to say anything. We went to our respective offices in silence. At noon, when I called for George to take him to lunch, I found that he had gone out in the middle of the forenoon and had not yet returned. Fearing, I scarcely knew what, I hastened to our lodgings. George was not there. Back I went to his office, and overtook him at the door, looking so worn and haggard that I insisted on taking him home in a cab at once.

" 'Where have you been?' I asked.

" 'On the same old chase,' he replied with the ghost of a smile, 'and it was useless.'

"I put him to bed and called the doctor. But I'll not weary you with the painful details of his rapid decline and firm refusal to allow me to inform his physician of the nature of his illness. He lived just ten days, and during all that time he neither slept nor ate, and hardly spoke. His last hours were comparatively easy, and a few minutes before he breathed his last told me that if in my opinion the story of his death would be any warning to others not to meddle with supernatural things I was at liberty to make it public. I therefore give it to you."



A MASTER MIND.

[From Puck.]

Mr. Madison Squeer (meeting Mr. Upson Downes in the cafe of the Hotel Sleswick)—Holy Jemima, Upson, what's that beast in your ulster?

Mr. Upson Downes—Sh-h-h-h! don't give it away, Maddy. He belongs to a friend of mine in the menagerie line, and I've taught him this little act, so that I can borrow him when I get temporarily strapped. Keep quiet two minutes longer, and I'll be loaded up for dinner tonight and have a pretzel or two for breakfast.

FINANCIAL.

THE BOSTON STOCK MARKET.

Boston Stock Exchange.......March 26.

BEFORE CALLS.

BONDS.	RAILROADS.
$70000 MexCen4s. 66	100 N Y & N E 31¾
$45000 do.....inc.. 17½	300 do. 31⅝
$10000 do. 17⅝	500 do. 31¼
RAILROADS.	200 do. 31½
200 A, T & S F. 93⅜	100 Union Pac. 52
164 do. 93½	50 do. 52⅛
35 do. 93⅝	LAND COS.
310 do. 93¼	400 Fr Bay.... 8⅞
450 do. 93⅛	100 do....b10.. 8⅞
750 do. 92⅞	TELEPHONE COS.
594 do. 93	15 Am Bell...242
25 do. stk scp. 93	MISCELLANEOUS.
213 C, B & Q..122¾	25 LamsonStS 50½
100 N Y & N E..32⅛	100 do. 50⅜
50 do. 32¼	210 do. 50⅞
50 do. 31⅞	65 do. 50⅝

FIRST CALL.

BONDS.	RAILROADS.
$1000 C,K&W 5s. 93¼	10 Old Colony173
$1000 C,SF&C5s.101	100 Union Pac. 52
$1000 Eastern 6s.121¼	MINING COS.
$8000 OreShL6s..100	50 Bonanza... 1¼
$4000 Mad Riv6s100	10 Bos&Mont 46
$4000 P&AkV7s..117⅜	10 do. 46¼
$2000 Sonora 7s..102¼	20 Franklin.. 14
RAILROADS.	100 Ironton Ir. 1
110 A, T & S F. 93¼	LAND COS.
250 do. 93	25 E Boston.. 5¼
100 do. 92⅞	75 Fr Bay.... 8⅞
5 Bos & Me.214	20 Penobscot3 15-16
50 C, B & N.. 52½	50 San Diego. 41½
7 Det,L & No pref....... 99	TELEPHONE COS.
200 Flint&P M 32¼	10 Am Bell...241
50 Mex Cen.. 13½	25 do......241½
50 N Y & N E 31¾	2 Erie........ 30¼
300 do. 32	MISCELLANEOUS.
10 do...pref...110	50 LamsonStS 50⅞

BETWEEN CALLS.

BONDS.	RAILROADS.
$5000 Cal So inc. 84¾	15 Og & L C.. 11
$500 Cons Vt 5s 87	25 do. 10
$500 Ch,B&Q 7s 1896......115	300 Union Pac. 51
$10000 Mex C inc. 17½	50 do.....b3.. 50⅝
2000 OreShL6s..100	100 do. 51¼
$5000 WisCen inc 40	MINING COS.
RAILROADS.	100 Bos&Mont 46
310 A, T & S F. 92⅞	LAND COS.
161 do. 93	200 Fr Bay.... 8⅞
620 do. 92¾	25 West End. 23½
10 Bos & Alb.196¾	100 do. 23¼
10 Flint & P M pref.......100	TELEPHONE COS.
20 N Y & N E 31⅞	68 Am Bell...240
20 do. 31½	40 do. 241
50 do. 31⅜	1 do. 240½
50 do. 31¾	1 Mexican....240½
200 do. 32	MISCELLANEOUS.
250 do. 32¼	15 LamsonStS 50½
150 do. 32⅛	100 do..b5.. 51
	5 PulPalCar.138½

SECOND CALL.

BONDS.	RAILROADS.
$5000 Atch,T&SF col trust 5s 93⅞	6 Northern..141
$5000 A&Pac inc 22⅜	320 Union Pac. 51
$5000 do. 22½	100 do....b30.. 51
$1000 Ch,M&SP6 Wis Div...104	50 do. 51¼
$3000 KC,M&B5s 92½	150 do. 51⅜
$1000 do. 92¾	200 do. 50⅞
$5000 MexCen4s. 66¼	200 do. 50⅝
$1000 10 p. c. scp 97	9 West End pref....... 74½
$1000 NM&SP7s.118¼	MINING COS.
RAILROADS.	100 Bos&Mont 46
211 A, T & S F. 92⅞	2 Cal&Hecla235
100 do. 92¾	100 Dunkin...1 30
358 do. 93	15 Osceola.... 22
120 At & Pac.. 8½	LAND COS.
17 Bos & Prov250	200 E Boston.. 5⅛
30 Cal South.. 37½	5 San Diego. 42¼
10 Eastern....121½	150 West End. 23¼
5 Fitchburg pref....... 91	TELEPHONE COS.
21 K C,M & B 48	10 Am Bell...240
20 Mex Cen... 13½	75 Mexican... 1
100 N Y & N E 32⅛	MISCELLANEOUS.
100 do. 31⅞	20 LamsonStS 50½
5 do...pref...108½	50 do....b10.. 51
	50 do. 50⅝
	50 do. 51

AFTER CALLS.

BONDS.	MINING COS.
$1000 Atch,T&SF col trust 5s 93½	10 Cal&Hecla235
	900 Dunkin...1 30
$5000 MexCen4s. 66⅜	10 Quincy..... 70½
$10000 do. 66¼	LAND COS.
RAILROADS.	50 Fr Bay...8 13-16
1 A,T & S F. 92¾	25 San Diego. 42
100 do. 92½	100 do. 41½
10 do. 92¾	TELEPHONE COS.
20 Eastern....122	50 Am Bell...240
10 do. 121½	15 do. 239½
200 N Y & N E 31⅝	MISCELLANEOUS.
200 do. 31½	6 LamsonStS 50½
100 Union Pac. 50¾	60 do. 50⅜
100 do.....b3.. 50¾	

Latest Quotations..............3.30 P. M.

	Bid.	Asked.
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe	92⅝	92¾
New York & New England	31½	31¾
Mexican Central 4s	66¼	66½
Mexican Central incomes	17	17½
Mexican Central scrip	97	—
Mexican Central stock	13½	13¾
Atlantic & Pacific incomes	22	22½
Chicago, Kansas & Western 5s	93	93½
Chicago, Kansas & Western inc	42	43
Southern Kansas 5s, Gulf division	96	96½
Southern Kansas 5s, Texas division	91	—
Southern Kansas incomes	90	91
Wisconsin Central 1st series	—	91
Wisconsin Central incomes	39¼	40
Sonora 7s	102	103
Oregon Short Line 6s	—	100
Consolidated Vermont 5s	—	87
Atch., Topeka & S. F. col. trust 5s	93	93½
K. City, Mem. & Birmingham 5s	92½	93
Rutland	5	6
Rutland preferred	36	40
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy	122	122½
Union Pacific	50¾	51
Boston Water Power	7⅜	7⅝
Boston Land	7¼	7½
Eastern	120	122
New England Telephone	43	43½
Erie Telephone	30	31
Bell Telephone	239	239½
Chicago, Burlington & Northern	52	53
Atlantic & Pacific	8½	8⅝
Central Massachusetts	20¼	—
Central Massachusetts preferred	40½	—
Wisconsin Central	16	17
Wisconsin Central preferred	35	—
Cincinnati, Sandusky & Cleveland	15½	—
San Diego Land	—	42
California Southern	37	—
California Southern incomes	84½	85½
Lamson Store Service	50½	50⅝
Cleveland & Canton	7	9
Flint & Pere Marquette	31	32
Flint & Pere Marquette preferred	100	101
Brookline Land	4½	—
Aspinwall Land	8⅛	8½
West End Land	23⅛	23⅜
Winthrop Land	2½	—
East Boston Land	5⅛	5½
Frenchman's Bay Land	8 13-16	8⅞
Newport Land	3⅜	4
Penobscot Bay Land	3¾	4
Cutler Land	3	4
Franklin Mining	14	14¼
Quincy Mining	70¼	—
Osceola Mining	21	22½
Calumet & Hecla	235	236½
Tamarack Mining	—	163
Allouez Mining	1½	—
Atlantic Mining	17	18
Kearsarge Mining	6⅞	7¼
Boston & Montana (copper)	45½	46½
Huron Mining	4¼	5
Boston & Albany	196½	197
Boston & Providence	250	—

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

THE METALS.

Inactivity in Iron—No Change in the Copper Corner.

The Eastern iron markets, according to the New York Commercial Bulletin, are in a spiritless condition. Consumers still operate as though of the belief that none but the most conservative methods are advisable for the time being, and evidences are wanting of any inclination on their part to anticipate future wants. There is a fair degree of steadiness to values of best makes of Lehigh foundry grade pig, owing to the continued moderate output of the same; but when it comes to the market as a whole the tone is not far from being positively weak.

From the centres of the manufacture of bars, sheets, etc., the reports are uniformly of slow sales and rather weak prices. Those regarding merchant steel, billets, slabs, rods, etc., are very similar. Foreign steel products seem to be offered a little more freely, and the meagre information imparted by importers suggests that the prices quoted are "nominal" in the fullest meaning of the term. The market is not in the condition generally represented by the word "demoralized." It is, however, a long way from being favorable or encouraging.

The rail market is without change as far as Eastern business is concerned. There are a number of orders in abeyance pending an increase in the allotments, and, until the latter is made, important transactions are impossible. A few moderate sized lots have been placed. Prices stand at about $31@32 at the works. Western mills seem still to find it slow work placing their allotment despite the more favorable situation in the Eastern section. Prices are weak there, with $33 50 at Chicago said to have been accepted.

Copper has been steadier in tone, except perhaps for somewhat distant futures. The latter seem to have been sold by a firm that was prominently identified with the late coffee "deal," and whose position in the copper market is somewhat puzzling. This firm sold June delivery at 15.95c., thus making the first break below the 16c. point since the mining companies' deal with the French syndicate. At the same time there was a good demand for spot copper at 16c. from consumers, to whom fully 500 000 pounds have been sold the past week. This fact, and the rumor that negotiations are pending between the mining companies and large consumers for supplies for delivery a long time ahead, would seem to impart tone to the market, but it is evidently not a very attractive speculative card.

IN THE LEADING MARKETS.

Prices for Produce at New York, Chicago and St. Louis.

NEW YORK, March 24.—Flour, receipts, 17,663 pkgs; exports, 6952 bbls, 20,480 sacks; weak; sales, 23,000 bbls; common to choice white wheat, Western extra, $4.25@4.50; fancy, $4.60@4.90; others unchanged, including 7900 bbls city mill extra, $4.40@4.55; 1000 bbls fine, 2.05@2.60; 800 bbls superfine, $2.40@3; 1100 bbls low extra, $2.90@3.40; 500 bbls winter wheat extra, $2.90@5; 7900 bbls Minnesota extra, $2.90@4.90; Southern unchanged; rye flour steady; buckwheat flour quoted $2.50. Cornmeal dull. Wheat, exports, 95,878 bush; sales, 212,000 bush; stronger and advanced ¼@⅜c, closing steady; No. 2 spring, 88¾c; No. 1 hard, 92¼@92½c f. o. b. from store; 94c delivered; No. 2 red, 88½@89c store and elevator; 89¾@90¼c delivered; 88½@89c f. o. b. Rye dull, nominal. Barley dull, barley malt quiet. Corn, receipts, 26,400 bush; exports, 31,953 bush; sales, 26,000 bush; quiet and firm; steamer, 59@60c; No. 2, 60c, store; 61½c delivered. Oats, receipts, 39,000 bush; exports, 220 bush; sales, 94,000 bush; spot quiet; No. 3, 37½c; do white, 39½c; No. 2, 37¾@38¼c; mixed Western, 36@40c. Coffee, fair, Rio quiet, 14c. Sugar quiet and firm; refined firm. Molasses, quiet; 50° test, 20½c. Rice steady. Petroleum firm; united, 90¼c. Tallow firm; sales, 50,000 lbs, 4 11-16c. Rosin steady. Potatoes, steady; State rose, $2.75@3; peerless, $2.25; Burbank, 2.25; Sweets, $4. Turpentine steady, 39@39½c. Pork quiet, steady and unchanged, sales 250 bbls mess, p. t., quoted $14.25@14.50 old, $14.50@15.00 new. Beef dull; beef hams steady; tierced beef dull. Cut meats unchanged; middles dull. Lard 2@4 points lower, heavy and very dull; Western steam, quoted $7.90@7.92½; 150 tierces city steam, $7.60; refined quoted $7.80 continent, $8.60 S. A. Butter quiet but steady. Cheese firm and quiet. Freights to Liverpool dull. Pig iron dull. Copper firm. Lead strong. Tin quiet. Spelter quiet.

CHICAGO, March 24.—Flour dull and unchanged. Winter wheat, $2.50@4.25; spring, $1.75@4.25. Rye, $2.70@3.10. Wheat dull; No. 2 spring, 71⅝@75c; No. 2 red, 80½c. Corn firm; No. 2, 48⅛c; oats firmer; No. 2, 26¾@29½c; No. 2 rye, 58@58½c; No. 2 barley, 77@81c. Provisions lower; mess pork, $13.30; lard, $7.45; short rib sides, $7.05; dry salted shoulders $6.00@6.10; short clear sides, $7.55@7.60; whiskey, $1.15. Receipts—Flour, 14,000 bbls; wheat, 14,000 bush; corn, 156,000 bush; oats, 100,000 bush; rye, 2000 bush; barley, 9000 bush. Shipments—Flour, 23,000 bbls; wheat, 7000 bush; corn, 89,000 bush; oats, 82,000 bush; rye, 2000 bush; barley, 10,000 bush.

ST. LOUIS, March 24.—Flour steady and unchanged. Wheat, No. 2 red, 80@80¼c. Corn firm, steady, 44¾@45c. Oats firm, 30@30¼c. Rye, 61c. Barley, 75@87c. Whiskey steady, $1.09. Provisions lower; pork, $14; lard, $7.15@7.20; dry salt meats, shoulders, $6; long clears, $7.05@7.10; clear ribs, $7.15@7.25; short clears, $7.40@7.50; bacon, shoulders, $6.37½; long clears, $7.65@7.80; clear ribs, $7.85@7.95; short clears, $8.10@8.20; hams, 10@12c. Receipts—Flour, 4000 bbls; wheat, 1000 bush; corn, 54,000 bush; oats, 32,000 bush; barley, 4000 bush. Shipments—Flour, 7000 bbls; wheat, 12,000 bush; corn, 35,000 bush; oats, 9000 bush; barley, 1000 bush.

GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

Georges Cod Still Hold Up to $3—Damage by the Gale.

GLOUCESTER, March 23.—Georges cod still continue to come forward in good quantities and the price has advanced to $3, the figure from which it dropped 25 cents when the heavy receipts continued to come in. The heavy gale of the past week has occasioned the Ipswich bay fleet severe losses, their gill nets being badly torn. The lobster catchers of Magnolia and the Cape have also lost many lobster traps. The receipts of halibut have been very light, and prices have ruled at 12c ℔ lb for white, and 8c for gray. No shore fish have been landed. One small fare of frozen herring has been received. They are held at $1.25.

Advices from the Western Bank are unfavorable for a good season's catch, but four vessels will fit for that locality. The season for taking of codfish spawn for the hatchery will soon be over, and the Grampus will then be detailed to cruise between Cape Hatteras and Montauk-Point. The receipts the past week have been 24 fares from Georges with 775,000 lbs of codfish, 12,000 lbs of halibut and 75,000 frozen herring. For the corresponding week of last year the receipts were 770,000 lbs of codfish, 64,000 lbs of halibut, 400,000 frozen herring, 80 bbls mackerel, 200 qtls cured fish and 32 bbls oil.

The quotations on mackerel are: Ones, $20 ℔ bbl; twos, $17.50@18; threes, $15; bay ones, $17.50@18; twos, $16. Prime Georges codfish are selling at $4.75 ℔ qtl for large and $3.75 for small; trawl bank, $3.62 for large and $3.50 for small; shores, $4.25; large dry bank, $5; medium, $3.75; large Nova Scotia, pickle cured, $5; hake, $2.25; cusk, $3.25; haddock, $3.33; pollock, $2.25; slack-salted, $3.

Boneless cod, 5½@7½c ℔ lb, as to quality; boneless haddock, hake and cusk, 3½@5c ℔ lb; Labrador herring, $5@5.25 ℔ bbl; medium split, $4.50; Nova Scotia, do, $5@6; Newfoundland, do, $5.50; Eastport, $3.50; smoked halibut, 8@11c ℔ lb; smoked salmon, 15c; smoked haddock, 6c; smoked mackerel, 11c; medium herring, 18c ℔ box; tucks, 13c; lengthwise, 16c; No. 1s, 12c; bloaters, 75c.

Canned mackerel, $1.35 ℔ doz; canned salmon, $1.75; canned trout, $1.50; canned halibut, $1.25; canned lobsters, $1.60; canned clams, $1.75; pickled codfish, $6.50 ℔ bbl; haddock, $5.50; halibut heads, $3.25; tongues and sounds, $8.50; tongues, $6; sounds, $12; alewives, $3.25; trout, $14.50; California salmon, $15; Nova Scotia, do $19; Newfoundland do, $18; clam bait $7@7.50; slivers, $7.

Refined medicine oil, 60c ℔ gal; crude do, 40c; blackfish oil, 55c; cod oil, 27c; porgie oil, 20c; livers, 25c ℔ bucket; fish skins $20@30 ℔ ton; fish waste, $5@10; fish scrap, $6; liver scrap, $4; halibut guano, $6.

BOSTON MARKETS.

Produce.

BOSTON, Monday, March 26.

BUTTER.—The butter market has been steady and firm the past week. The Northern creamery on the market is last year's butter, and this commands 27@28c for extra and from 25 to 27c for choice. The Dairy lots are in excellent condition and in rather light supply. Extra imitation creamery grades are steady. There is no old stock of Western and our prices are for new.

We quote: Creamery, Northern, extra, 27@28c ℔ lb; do, good to choice, 25@27c; do, Western, extra, 30@31c; do, 1st, 28@30c; do, choice, 25@27c; Franklin Co., Mass., extra, 28@29; do, good to choice, 24@27; Dairy, Northern, choice, 23@24; do, fair to good, 20@22; Western dairy, good to choice, 20@21; do, imitation creamery, 23@25; do, ladle-packed, choice, 20@21; do, fair to good, 19@21.

CHEESE.—The market for cheese has been a trifle more active the past week, but prices are unchanged. Outside quotations for some choice lots are more readily obtained than a week ago. The Liverpool market is unchanged both in demand and price, the quotations being 59s for white and 56s for colored. Low grades are reported quiet.

We quote: New York extra, 12¾@13c ℔ lb; do, good to choice, 11@12½; do, common, ..@10; Vermont extra, 12¼@13; do, good to choice, 11@12½; do, common, @10. Western fine, 11½@12½; do, common, 10@11½; Sage, extra, 13@14. Skims, 2@4c.

EGGS.—The market was off in price during the early part of the week, but later the feeling was steadier and the market was much firmer. Duck's eggs are in light supply and firm.

Quotations: Near by and Cape, 16¾@17; Eastern extra, 17@ ..; do, firsts, 16½@..; do, Aroostook, 16½@ ..; N. Y. and Vt., 17@..; do, firsts, 16½@..; Michigan, extra, ..@17; do, first, 16½@..; Western, fresh, 16½; Southern, ..@..; Duck eggs, 30@32c.

BEANS.—The market for beans has been quiet the past week, but prices have not been much changed. Choice domestic small pea are scarce and firmly held. Foreign beans continue in good supply and are dull of sale. Yellow Eyes and Red Kidneys are plentiful and quiet.

Quotations: Pea, choice Northern hand-picked, $2.95@3.00 ℔ bush; do, New York, hand-picked, $2.80@2.90; do, screened, $2.70@....; do 2ds, $2.00@2.20; German, pea, $2.60@2.75; do med., $2.15@2.40; Medium choice, hand-picked, $2.65@2.70; do, screened, $2.70@2.75; Yellow Eyes, choice, $2.80@2.85; do, flat, $2.60@2.75; Red Kidneys, $2.00@2.10.

FRUIT.—There has been only a quiet trade in apples the past week, and prices are unchanged. Cranberries are dull and easy.

We quote: Baldwin, $2.00@3.00; Spitz, $2.50@3.50; Greening, $2.00@2.50; Spy, $2.50@3.50; Common, $1.50@2.00.

Evaporated apple, 9½@10; do, fair to good, 8@9½; Sundried, sliced and quartered, 6@7½.

Cranberries—Cape Cod, bbl., $10.00@11.00; do, light, $7.00@9.00; Cape Cod, crate, $3.00@3.50; Country, $6.00@9.00.

Strawberries—10@55c.

VEGETABLES.—The demand for domestic potatoes has been quiet the past week. Rose have been in larger supply. Foreign stock is in liberal supply and take a lower range. Other vegetables steady and unchanged.

Quotations are as follows: Potatoes—Early Rose, 90c@$1 05; Hebrons, 85@90; Burbanks, ..@85; Peerless, ..@85; Provincial, $2.37@2.50. Scotch—Magnum, 75@78; Regent, 70@75; Champion, 50@55 ℔ bush.

Onions, $3.00@3.25; Cabbage, ℔ 100, $6.00@10.00; squash, Marrow, ℔ ton, $15.00@15.00; do, Hubbard, $20.00@25.00; Turnips, St. Andrew, $1@1.25; do, White, $1.00@1.25. Kale, $1.50; Spinnach, $1.50@3.50.

HAY AND STRAW.—The receipts of hay have fallen off somewhat, but the market is still liberally supplied. The best hay does not go over $17, and the market is easy. Rye straw is firm at full quotations.

We quote: Choice, $16.00@17; do, fair to good, $14.00@15.00; Ordinary, $..@..; Fine, $13@14. Swale, $10.00@11.00; Poor, $12.00@13.50; West, choice, $16.50@17.25; do, fair to good, $15.00@16. Rye straw, $17.00@18.00; do, machine, $..@..; Oat straw, $9.00@10.00.

Groceries.

COFFEE.—The demand for Rio coffee the past week has not been active, the trade being but moderate in both jobbing and wholesale way. The market for mild coffees was fairly active.

We quote: Java Pad'gs, pale, 16½@17; do, do, medium brown, 18@19; do, do, fancy brown, 19½@..; do, Malang, 20; do, Ankola, 24@25; do, Holland bags, 15½@17; Mandhelings and Ayer Bangies, 23¼. Mocha, 22@22½; Rios, fair, ..@13c; do ordinary, ..@12; Maracaibo, 11½@16½; Costa Rica, ...@15; Jamaica, 13¼@14; Guatemala, 15@16; Mexican, 14½@16½; Hayti, uncleaned, 12@14; do, cleaned, 10@18.

FRUIT AND NUTS.—There has been a very good demand for both green and dried fruits the past week, and with the opening of the spring trade an improved market may be expected.

SUGAR.—The market for raw sugar is gradually gaining strength and prices are firmly held. The demand for refined sugar has been excellent the past week, and there has been an advance of ⅛c on the soft sugar.

We quote: Powdered, 7⅛c; Pulverized, 7⅛c; Granulated, 6⅞c; Confectioners' A, 6⅞c; Standard A, 6⅝c; Soft White, 5¾@6¼c; Extra C, 5½@5⅝c; Yellows, 5⅜@5½c.

TEAS—Following are the current prices: Oolong ranges from 15 to 21c; Formosas, 21@65; Japans, 15@35; Hyson, ..@32; Gunpowder, 29½@31; Twankays, 14@18; Congou, 42@48; Imperial, 46@50; Souchongs, 17@45; Pekoe Souchongs, 25@40; Pekoes, 20@60.

Fish.

FISH—There has been a very quiet market, with but little demand. Mackerel are very dull at previous quotations. Codfish are quiet and easy. The market is in buyers' favor.

Mackerel—Bloaters, $28.00@33.00; Selected 1's, $23.00@24.00; No 1 Shore, $19.00@20.00; do, Bay, $18.00@19.00; Extra Shore, 2's, $17.00@18.00; P. E. I., 2's, $16.50@17.50; medium 2's, $16.00; large rimmed, 3's, $....@15.00; medium 3's, $13.75; large 3's, $14.50.

Codfish—Dry Bank, large, $....@5.25; do, do, medium, $....@4.25; do, N S Shore, $6.00@6.25; Pickled Bank, $4.00@....; Georges, $4.50@4.75; N S Shore, $4.25@4.50; Hake, $3.00@..; Haddock, $....@3.00; Pollock, pickled, $2.50@2.75; do, English, $3.50@....; Boneless Hake, 3¾@4c ℔ lb; Boneless Haddock, 4@4½; boneless Cod, 5¾@7.

Flour and Grain.

FLOUR—We quote receivers' prices for carload lots, as follows:

Fine Flour, $2.60@3.00; Superfine, $2.90@3.40; Common extras, $3.25@3.50; Choice extras, $3.50@4.00; Minn. bakers, $4.25@4.50; Michigans, $4.15@4.40; Michigan roller, $4.25@4.50; New York roller, $4.25@4.75; Ohio and Indiana, $4.25@4.65; do, do, strai't, $....@....; do, do, patent, $4.75@5.15; St Louis and Ill, $4.25@4.35; do, do, patent, $4.50@4.70; do, do, clears, $4.25@4.95; Spring wheat patents, $5.10@5.35 ℔ bbl.

CORN—We quote: Yellow, 65@65½c ℔ bush; High mixed, 64½@65c ℔ bush; Steamer Yellow, 64½@65c ℔ bush; Steamer Mixed, 64@64½c ℔ bush; No Grade, 62@63c ℔ bush.

OATS — Fancy, 44@..c; No 1 white, 44½@46; No 2, 42½@42¾c; No 3, 41½@42c; No 1 mixed, 41½@42c; No 2, mixed, ..@41c; rejected mixed, 40@40½c; rejected white, 41c.

Miscellaneous.

HOPS—The market continues dull and unchanged. Prices are merely nominal, as there is no demand. Malt is firm and prices unchanged.

We quote: New York, 1887, good, 10@20c; do, 1886, good, 8@15c; do, 1885, choice, 6@8c; English, 1886, 15c; California, 1886, 10@15c; Eastern, ..@..c.

Canada malt, 95c@$1.10 ℔ bush; 6-rowed State, 95@1.00; Western, 70@85.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, 8½@..; New England steers, 7½@8; do, do, cow, 6½@7. Calfskins—deacons, 25@40c; 6@6½lbs, 65@80; 8@9lbs, 70@85c; heavy, 90c@$1.00. Galveston dry, 12@12; Texas kips, 13@13; Dry-salted Texas, 9@10; Buenos Ayres, 16½@17; Rio Grande, 16@16; Montevideo, 16½@17; Calcutta slaught., cow hides, 9@11; do, dead green, 7@9; do, buffalo, 6; Sierra Leone, 17@18.

SALT—There is very little change to note, though prices are strong and well held. There is a firmer tone and stocks are not heavy.

Quotations are as follows: Liverpool, in bond, hhd, $1.00@1.15; do, duty paid, $1.40@1.55; do & W'th'ns, $1.10@1.15; Liverpool, sacks, 75@85c; Cadiz, in bond, $1.50@..; Trapani, bond, $1.62½; Turk's Island, hhd., $2.25@2.40.

SEEDS—The market is firm and there is an improved trade the past week.

We quote: Clover, West, 7¼@8c ℔ lb; do, North, 8@8½; do, white, 16@18; do, Alsike, 11@12; do, Lucerne, 22; Red Top, West, ℔ sack, $2.00@2.10; do, Jersey, $2.10@2.25; R. I., bent, $2.00@2.25; Hungarian, $1.00@1.25; Gold Millet, $1.15@1.25; common Millet, $1.00@1.10; Orchard, ℔ bush, $1.50@1.75; Blue Grass, $1.25@1.50 ℔ bush; Timothy, prime, $2.85@2.90 ℔ bush; do, choice, $2.95@3.00; do, good, $2.80; do, North, $2.80@2.95 ℔ bush; American flaxseed, $1.95@2.10.

TOBACCO.—The market continues with no material change. There is a good steady local demand and prices are well held.

We quote: Havana wrappers, $3.00@6.00; do, fine fillers, $1.10@1.30; do, good fillers, 75c@$1.15; Yara 1 and 11 cuts, 85@1.00; Kentucky lugs, $5.50@8.00; do, leaf, $10.00@18.00; Havana s'd wr's, 30@45; do, 2ds, 15@21; do, binders, 10@17; do, seed fill, 5@11; Conn and Mass fill, 8@12; do, binders, 13@16; do, 2ds, 13@18; do, fair wrappers, 17@22; do, fine wrappers, 22@34; Penn wrappers, 20@35.

TALLOW—The market is about the same as last week. Prices are no better, as there is no improvement in the demand. Following are quotations:

Tallow, prime, 4½@4¾; Country, 4@4¼; Bone, ..@4¾; house grease, 3¼@4; grease, tanners, 1½@2; do, chip, 1½; do, naphtha, 1¼@1½; do, hard, 3¾@4½.

WOOL—The receipts of the week have been 2684 bales domestic and 3925 bales foreign, against 3411 bales domestic and 6676 bales foreign last week and 4087 bales domestic and 5177 bales foreign for the corresponding week in 1887.

WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, March 23:

Western cattle, 1290; Eastern cattle, 218; Northern cattle, 679. Total, 2187.

Western sheep and lambs, 6200; Eastern sheep and lambs, 27; Northern sheep and lambs, 3152. Total, 9379.

Swine, 11,555. Veals, 781. Horses, 555.

Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed weight, ranged from $4 to $7.75.

PRICES OF WESTERN CATTLE.

Extra quality	$5.50	@5.75
First quality	5.00	@5.37½
Second quality	4.50	@4.87½
Third quality	3.75	@4.37½
Poorest grade coarse oxen, bulls, etc.	3.00	@3.50

PRICES OF HIDES, TALLOW, SKINS, &C.

	Cents ℔ lb.		Each.
Brighton hides	6 @..	Dairyskins	15@50
Brighton tall'w	3¾@..	Sheepskins	75@$1.25
Country hides	5 @5½	Lambskins	75@$1.25
Country tall'w	1¾@2¾	Calfskins	..@..
Calfskins	6 @7	Woolskins	..@..

The Lime-Kiln Club.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Upon the opening of the meeting Brother Gardner announced that the following mottoes, sayings, watchwords and axioms had been handed in during the last week to replace those destroyed in the raid three weeks since:

"Look up."

"Put yer ear to de ground."

"Protect our lambs."

"De man who is in debt has got handcuffs on."

"De eagle flies high, but he's mighty poo' eatin'."

"Industry am de dooorway to success."

"Life should hev its roses, but cabbages allus command a ready sale an' a fa'r price."

"Doan't worry about what sort o' drapery you ar' gwine to wa'r in heaben. You may not git dar."

"Some folks am so powerful honest dat when you git frew tradin wid 'em you hain't got nuffin' left."

"A man who has no better use fur himself dan to become a reservoir fur poo' whiskey orter hev bin bo'n to take up less room in de world."

"It are easy 'nuff to forgive everybody when you die, fur you am gwine to a place whar you can't pay off any grudges."

"Natur' saves some men from gittin' drunk by makin' a fule of 'em on de start, but a feller slips past her now an' den."

"Wives airnin' six bits a day at de washtub never strike. Dat am left to husbands airnin' 12 shillin's a day at s..chin' easy."

"If you want to keep a man poo' all his life let him understand dat his credit is good wid de grocer an' butcher."

"Human natur' ar' liable to mistakes, but de police hev got so dey want a fust-class explanashun of how dem chicken fedders got into de back yard."

"Whateber we do is jist right. What odder folks do kin be criticised from a dozen standpoints."

"Doan' seem to us we would bark quite so much if we was a dog, an' yet we doan' car' who am disturbed when we take a fit to whistle or sing."

CHECKERS.

All communications intended for this department must be addressed to "The Checker Editor," lock drawer 5220, Boston, Mass.

New England chess and checker rooms, 767 Washington street. Open from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. All are welcome.

For Sale.

Schaefer and Kelly's "Paisley," 25 cents; "Single Corner," 25 cents; "Ayrshire Lassie," part I., 25 cents; "Ayrshire Lassie," part II., 25 cents; Baker and Reed's "Alma," $1.25. Blank diagrams, for recording positions, 30 cents per 100.

Answers to Correspondents.

BOSTON, March 28, 1888.

"Lochiel"—We acknowledge the "corn."

E. T. Baker—"Alma" received, and it deserves a ready sale. Please accept our thanks.

John T. Hennigan—Come again.

J. M. Barker—Solution of problem No. 1335 correct. Will examine your play in the other position, and if it is sound will publish it.

H. Z. Wright and W. W. Kilderhoff—Missing papers sent as requested.

T. W. Kimley—Please accept our thanks for L and L analysis.

E. W. Hoyt and C. S. Lombard—Answered by mail.

W. W. Hunt—Letter received. Will examine your play, and if sound will publish it.

J. M. Barker—Solutions correct.

Solution of Position No. 1337.

By John T. Hennigan, Groton, Mass.

Black man on 6; k., 4, 10, 24. White man on 22; k., 3, 13, 31. White to play and win.

22..18	26..22	17..21	21..14	3.. 7
24..19	16..12	8..11	12..16-1	11.. 2
31..26	22..17	18..14	14.. 9	9.. 6
19..16	4.. 8	10..17	6..10	2.. 9

W. wins.

(Var. 1.)

11..16	7..16	19..23	22..18	24..27
3.. 7	12..19	17..22	19..24	15..11
16..11	13..17	23..19	18..15	27..24

W. wins.

Solution of Position No. 1338.

By "Lochiel."

Black men on 4, 5, 13, 15, 17, 18, 26; k., 12, 20; white men on 6, 9, 11, 14, 19, 22, 24, 27, 32; k., 10. White to play and win.

6.. 2	20..18	11.. 8	18.. 9	7..14
18..25	19..16	4..11	2.. 7	15..19
27..23	12..19	9.. 6	9.. 2	32..27

W. wins.

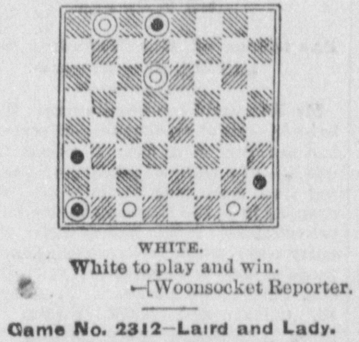
Solution of Position No. 1339.

Held over for another week.

Position No. 1340.

By John T. Hennigan, Groton, Mass.

BLACK.

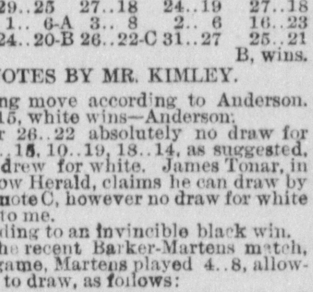


WHITE.

Position No. 1341.

By G. D. Bugbee, Boston, Mass., ending with C. F. Barker; played in June, 1881.

BLACK (Bugbee).



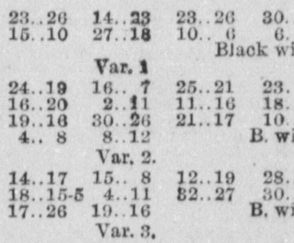
WHITE (Barker).

Black to play and win.

Position No. 1342.

By A. J. Heffner, Boston, Mass.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

—[Woonsocket Reporter.

Game No. 2312—Laird and Lady.

By T. W. Kimley, Greenford, O.

11..15	6..10	18..22	D-11..16	E-6.. 9
23..19	25..21	25..18	20..11	2-30..25
8..11	10..17	6..10	7..23	¾-11..16
22..17	21..14	14.. 9	1-28..24	F-18..15
9..13	15..18	5..23	8..11	10..14
17..14	29..25	27..18	24..19	27..18
10..17	1.. 6-A	3.. 8	2.. 6	16..23
21..14	24..20-B	26..22-C	31..27	25..21

B. wins.

NOTES BY MR. KIMLEY.

A—Losing move according to Anderson.

B—19..15, white wins—Anderson.

C—After 26..22 absolutely no draw for white; 10..15, 10..19, 18..14, as suggested, seems to draw for white. James Tonar, in the Glasgow Herald, claims he can draw by 26..22 at note C, however no draw for white is known to me.

D.—Leading to an invincible black win.

E.—In the recent Barker-Martens match, the 47th game, Martens played 4..8, allowing white to draw, as follows:

4.. 8-G	18..14	8..12-6	18..15	13..17
19..15	12..16	30..25	11..18	25..21
10..18	27..18	19..23-H	22..15	17..22

Drawn.

G—6..9, and black wins, as in trunk game.

H—

25..21	23..26	14..23	23..26	30..25
10..14	15..10	27..18	10.. 6	6.. 1
19..15				

Black wins.

Var. 1

31..27	24..19	16.. 7	25..21	23..26
8..11	16..20	2..11	11..16	18..14
27..24	19..16	30..26	21..17	10..15
12..16	4.. 8	8..12		

B. wins.

Var. 2.

27..24	14..17	15.. 8	12..19	28..32
10..14	18..15-5	4..11	32..27	30.. 7
24..20	17..26	19..16		

B. wins.

Var. 3.

11..16	23..26	26..30	32..28	22..17
18..11	25..21	10..14	30..25	13..22

B. wins.

Var. 4.

10..14	11..18	13..17	27..18	14..23
18..15	22..15			

B. wins.

Var. 5.

18..14	14.. 5	5.. 1	32..23	31..27
17..26	26..31	23..27		

B. wins.

Var. 6.

19..23	13..17-I	23..26	25..21	26..31
30..25	22..13			

Drawn.

I—Only move to draw.

Game No. 2313—Old Fourteenth.

By "Bootle."

11..15	14..17-A	1.. 6	17..22	25..30
23..19	21..14	32..27	26..17	26..22
8..11	10..17	5.. 9	13..22	30..26
22..17	24..20	25..22	9.. 5	22..17
4.. 8	17..21	3.. 7	C-22..25	3-26..23
25..22	26..23	27..23	23..18	18..14
9..14	6..10	9..14-2	25..29	23..16
17..13	23..14	13.. 9	5.. 1	14.. 7
15..18	10..17	6..13	29..25	10..19
22..15	27..24-B	22..18	1.. 5	24..15
11..18	7..11-1	7..10	2.. 6-D	11..18
29..25	31..26	18.. 9	30..26	7.. 2

W. wins.

A—Is this a loser?

B—Corrects Janvier's Anderson variation 30 at tenth move; 27..23 is there given, resulting in a draw.

C—11..15, 23..18, 8..11, 5..1, 22..25, 1..5, 15..22, 19..16, white wins.

D—25..22, 18..15, etc., white wins.

Var. 1.

8..11	32..27	2.. 7	1.. 6	6..10
19..16	12..16-4	24..20	25..22	22..17
12..19	20..11	7..11	19..26	10..15
24.. 8	7..16	27..23	31..22	13.. 9
3..12	28..24			

W. wins.

Var. 2.

7..10	17..26	23..16	8..12	19..15
22..18	19..15	12..19	24..19	12..19
2.. 7	10..19	30..16	21..25	15..18
26..22				

W. wins.

Var. 3.

26..22	14.. 7	6.. 9	17..14	12..19
18..14	13..17	7.. 3	19..16	3..12
22..13	1.. 5			

W. wins.

Var. 4.

7..11-E	1..6-5-6	6..10	10..14	22..15
27..23	23..19	25..22	13.. 9	5..14
11..15	15..24	2.. 7	14..18	15..10
31..26	28..19	20..16		

W. wins.

E—1..6, 28..24, 5..9, 24..19, 9..14, 27..23, etc. W. wins.

(Var. 5.)

15..18	6.. 9	17..22	9..13	25..22
23..14	13.. 6	26..17	14.. 9	18..25
1.. 6	2..18	5.. 9	13..17	9.. 6
28..24	24..19	17..14		

W. wins.

Var. 6.)

2.. 7	16..12	15..19	17..22	22..29
20..16	7..11-F	3.. 7	13.. 9	10..17
12..19	12.. 8	19..23	5..14	18..23
23..16	11..15	26..19	7..10	17..22
15..18	8.. 3			

W. wins.

F—5..9, 13..6, 1..10, 12..8, 10..15, 8..3, 7..11, 26..22, etc., W. wins.

Game No. 2214—Single Corner.

By "Uno."

11..15	8..12	3.. 7	11..18	22..26
22..18	17..13	21..14	20..11	31..22
15..22	7..10	10..17	12..16	17..26
25..18	27..24	24..19	27..24-A	8.. 3
8..11	9..14	15..24	18..27	6..10
29..25	18.. 9	28..19	24..20	23..18
4.. 8	5..14	7..10	27..32	32..27
24..20	32..27	22..18	26..23	3.. 8
10..15	1.. 5	10..14	17..22	27..23
25..22	30..25	18.. 9	11.. 8	18..15
12..16	14..17	5..14	14..17	10..19
21..17	25..21	19..15	20..11	11.. 7

Drawn.

A—Corrects recent analysis by MacDonald in Turf, Field and Farm, where 11..8 is played, allowing black to win. This will draw, and knock out in one round all the gentleman's play.

Smith Replies to Barker.

SPENNYMOOR, March 7, 1888.

To the Draughts Editor, Glasgow Weekly Herald:

SIR—Mr. Barker's "backout" has not much surprised me, though I doubt not that some of the readers of the Weekly Herald will be much surprised indeed. Most of your readers will recollect that under date of Aug. 27, 1887, you published the following paragraph: "Smith vs. Barker—the English champion emphatically refuses 20 per cent. of a £100 stake to play in England. He says, as a match on these terms cannot be made to pay, Mr. Barker's offer is respectfully declined. Smith, however, in the New York World, expresses his willingness to play Mr. Barker for any fair amount, but will not pay his expenses." Now, after this, there could be no question of giving Mr. Barker expenses to come to England to play me. At that time he asked £10, and I emphatically refused to give it. So the matter rested until after Barker's match with Martens. In the Herald of Jan. 14, 1888, you said that a match between Smith of Spennymoor and the American champion was almost a certainty, that Barker had expressed his anxiety to meet Smith before going home, and "authorizes us to state that a match can be made for a stake of from £100 to £500 a side in a sitting of 62 restricted games." Mr. Barker, in his challenge, asked for no expenses, well knowing that I had already refused any such claim. To that challenge I immediately replied that I cheerfully accepted to play him a restricted match, and made known the restriction I proposed to play under, which reduced the number of games to 32. My letter appeared Jan. 21, and in the same paper I read that Mr. Barker, the very day after expressing his anxiety to meet me before going home, had suddenly changed his mind and shipped off to America. Your notice of his departure reads: "Mr. Barker, on second thoughts, considered it advisable to return to Boston at once, and make arrangements to stay a year at least in this country, when, in addition to playing matches, he will visit the different draughts clubs in a professional capacity." But what says Mr. Barker, now? "Never again shall I cross the Atlantic for the purpose of engaging in a match at checkers for less than £20 expenses." Clearly Mr. Barker falsifies his previous statement, and, to use his own words, proves beyond question that it is "newspaper notoriety and not a match he desires." I said at the outset of this letter that Mr. Barker's "back out" did not surprise me. His reasons for backing out of his last challenge, "for he does not raise any objections to restrictions or number of games I proposed," is easily understood. He came to this country believing himself to be a great player, that he would easily outplay old Mr. Martens, and that I would be his next victim; but he did not outplay the old veteran. Martens certainly lost three games and won one, but Barker failed to win one game by merit. Martens, through physical incapacity, simply threw his games away. Mr. Barker knows this to be a fact, and "second thoughts" prompted him to steer clear of Smith, and never more recross the briny ocean on a checker-playing expedition. I have little more to add. I refused to give Barker £10 to come from America to play me, and now, to make certain of another refusal, he doubles the amount and asks for £20, and then signs himself "champion checker player of Great Britain," a title that he never won, as he only defeated an ex-champion, and is therefore only entitled to use the prefix double-ex (XX) to his newly-assumed title. I am, etc., James Smith.

The draughts editor of the Herald comments on the above letter as follows:

"The friends of Mr. Barker must have read with regret his reply to Mr. Smith, the English champion, which we published last week. (See GLOBE of Feb. 29.) Barker must have been perfectly aware that Smith, the match being one of his seeking, will allow nothing for expenses, the latter maintaining that as Barker calls the tune he should 'pay the piper.' Our readers will remember that Smith accepted Barker's original challenge in July last, before it was even taken up by Martens' supporters, but negotiations fell through on this very point. Smith is less likely now to give way on this matter after Barker's statement in a previous communication that if the match were agreed to he would "make arrangements to meet all the best players of Great Britain in matches for a stake, after which I will make a tour of the United Kingdom and give exhibition games." Does he expect to be allowed £20 for this? The assumption of the title of "Champion Checker Player of Great Britain" will have raised many a smile at its cool audacity. Every one knows that Martens was ex-champion, and from whom, then, did Barker win the title? Our opinion is that Barker is unwilling, for reasons perfectly palpable, to meet Smith, and clogs his challenge with stipulations that he knows quite well will prove a barrier to any encounter with the champion of England.

New Boston Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. this week issue an unusually attractive list of vocal music. "Calvary," for mezzo-soprano, in C minor, and by Paul Rodney, is powerful and well worthy to head their pieces; 40 cents. E. Meyer-Helmund gives one of his best sentimental songs in "My Love"; 30 cents. Three new numbers of the Sparkling Gem series, which may be commended as necessary to every amateur and public singer, are "The Soldier's Dream," Rodney, 40 cents, "Little Mother," Barri, 40 cents, and "Rest Hereafter," Tours, 40 cents. Each has German and English words, and musically is very superior. "The Wind Exultant," F. Boott, is a finely descriptive thought, ranking well above the run of good compositions; 30 cents. "A Little Mistake," E. Meyer-Helmund, is in the composer's best vein, musically, and is a pleasing ballad; 35 cents. "The Wishing Well," M. Watson, is a Cornish legend well told, and with a taking melody; 40 cents. "Mountebank's Song," by the same composer, is very spirited and novel; 40 cents. W. H. Wilmarth has written an "Ave Marie," with Italian and English words, of good power, particularly in the movement of the accompaniment; 35 cents. "My Love Farewell," is from "Der Trompeter Von Sakkingen," by Victor E. Messler. It approaches the classical in power, and should be learned by good singers. It is arranged for soprano in G, alto in E flat, and barytone in F; 35 cents each. "Who is That Calling So Sweet?" Devere, is one of the most taking songs of the minstrel troupes, and, in all respects, is better than the majority of their songs; 30 cents. For instrumental music Oliver Ditson & Co. have the following high-grade compositions: "Prospect Park March," R. Goerdeler, is for the piano, and is original and melodious; 35 cents. "Under Lindens Polka," Willie Boyce, is something new in style, and lively and winning; 35 cents. They have very choice selections for cornet, with piano accompaniment, comprising hundreds of the works of the best composers. Two pieces of the most desirable are "Standchen," Bendix, in A, and for cornet, trombone, or violin and piano; 50 cents. Another seasonable issue is "Ave Marie," Schlesinger, in B flat, and for the same instruments, with piano; 50 cents. Among their new classical selections for young violinists, with piano accompaniment, are "Standschen," a serenade by T. Bendix; Schlesinger's "Ave Maria, previously noticed; 50 cents. All of this set may be used advantageously by teachers and pupils. White, Smith & Co. have ready for piano players another of the concert selections of Josef Hofmann. It is the "Etude" by Ravinia, which he played with such remarkable furor; 40 cents. "Life of Youth," H. Lichner, is a nocturne for young players. It has qualities to interest and benefit them; 30 cents. For singers, Barri's "Saved from the Storm," in ballad form, has uncommon claims; 50 cents. For church choirs they have ready, "The Wave Sweeps My Breast," solo and chorus, by Gade's "Crusaders"; 10 pages for 10 cents.

The Preller Murder.

ST. LOUIS, MO., March 24.—Samuel M. Brooks, the father of Hugh M. Brooks, under sentence of death for the Preller murder, leaves for his home in England tonight. He had an interview with Governor Morehouse yesterday. Mr. Brooks expresses great encouragement at the outlook, and says that he is bringing to bear the influence of some of the most prominent men of England in behalf of his son.

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, of satisfaction in every case or money refunded.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Some More of Mr. Bowser's Able Inconsistencies.

His Inspection of Johnson's Horse and of Johnson's Home.

A Little Conversation, After which Bowser Kissed the Baby.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Mr. Bowser had been reading for half an hour one evening, when he put down his paper, glanced around at the walls, and finally said:

"I was over to Johnson's this afternoon to see his horse."

"Not with a view of buying, Mr. Bowser?"

"Suppose it was or wasn't? I presume I am of age."

"Oh, certainly; but you know how dreadfully we were deceived in that last horse."

"We were deceived? Not much! You were taken in and done for, but I wasn't fooled in the least."

"But you bought him, and he turned out to be blind in one eye and all spavined up."

"Certainly, but I bought him for a blind and spavined horse. If any one can fool me on a horse he is welcome to."

"Well, I hope you didn't buy of Johnson."

"You needn't worry. You've taken on so about horses that I shall never buy another one. Johnson invited me into the house."

"Did he?"

"Certainly, and I guess it was a plan to make me ashamed of my own home."

"Why, Mr. Bowser?"

"You needn't why Mr. Bowser me. If I had a wife like Mrs. Johnson I should be a happy man. She's smarter than a streak of summer lightning."

"In what respect?"

"In all respects. She has been taking lessons in elocution, and she read to me beautifully. If you would only take a few lessons in reading instead of dawdling around with some old two-shilling rug I might have occasion to be proud of you."

"I have been waiting for you to take lessons in oratory, Mr. Bowser."

"What! What's that! Be a little careful of your language, Mrs. Bowser! I may not not be an orator, but I know something about pronunciation, and I can read a short paragraph without getting my tongue twisted up in a hard knot. Mrs. Johnson also showed me some of her paintings."

"Does she paint?"

"Beautifully. She is one of the finest artists in Michigan. Their parlor walls are covered with her work, and she may well feel proud of her talents. While you have been reading novels with your old wrapper on she has gone at it and become an artist. She also showed me some fancy tidies which were just lovely. She had worked in some deer-heads which were as natural as life."

"Well, I'm sorry that I haven't done better," I said as I pretended to wipe away a tear.

"Oh, you needn't cry over it, Mrs. Bowser," he replied. "All people can't be alike, you know. Mrs. Johnson happened to be gifted, while you are not. You are not to blame for it. I suppose there are some men in this world smarter than I am."

"Do you really?"

"Well—ahem—well, I was using that in an illustrative sense, you know! Don't feel bad, Mrs. Bowser. There are some good points about you, even if you are not smart."

In about a week I was ready for him. I couldn't hope to "elocute" successfully in that brief time, but I hunted around and found where Mrs. Johnson got the loan of the patterns for her tidies. I bought the originals out and out, and then I found that all her paintings were copies from pictures in an artist's studio. I hired three of the finest for a week, and one evening when Mr. Bowser came home to tea I said to him:

"Mr. Bowser, I know I am thick-headed and wear No. 5 shoes, and I don't blame you for sometimes getting discouraged with me."

"What's up now?" he asked, as he looked around.

"But, nevertheless, I am not a hopeless case," I continued. "I have two or three tidies and two or three paintings I want to show you. It has been a secret with me for many months, but I know you'll forgive me for not giving you a hint."

"Mrs. Bowser, have you gone and—and—"

"I'm afraid I'm not much of an artist, but good critics have been pleased to comment very favorably upon my work. Come into the parlor, Mr. Bowser."

"If you've gone and made a fool of yourself don't expect any praise from me! What do you call those?"

"Tidies, my dear."

"Horse blankets, you mean! And you've spoiled 'em at that? So that's the way you've wasted your time and money, is it?"

"Aren't they as nice as those you saw at Mrs. Johnson's?"

"Humph! Is there any comparison between a rose and a Hubbard squash?"

"Well, what about my paintings?"

"Paintings! Oh, yes. You furnished an old sheet, I suppose, and hired a house-painter to lay on the colors. How much did he charge per day?"

"What is wrong with those paintings, Mr. Bowser? Give me your criticism of this ocean scene."

"Is that what you call it? Well, who ever saw water of that color? And look at those clouds! Why, nobody can say whether they are clouds or tablecloths! Mrs. Bowser, I'm sorry for you."

"Anything wrong with that landscape?"

"Is there anything right? The artist who called that a landscape, and who took your money for learning you to paint it ought to be in State prison!"

"Isn't it as good as Mrs. Johnson's?"

"Isn't it? Mrs. Bowser, am I blind in both eyes!"

"I hope not."

"Do I live in a cave, and do the owls hoot about my ears?"

"Of course not."

"Then don't take me for either a blind man nor a greenhorn. Those paintings of Mrs Johnson's are paintings. You see the real artist in every touch. These are simply daubs, and I doubt if you could get a tea store man to give them away with a pound of 15-cent hayseed. No, Mrs. Bowser, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but some one has basely imposed on your credulity. After supper I will take those burlesques down and carry 'em out behind the pigpen."

After supper I told him the true facts in the case. He would not believe me until he had paid another visit to Johnson's, and until he had the word of the artist, and then he gave me one drawn out look, which seemed to be composed of bullets, bombshells and dynamite, and went over and kissed the baby and said:

"You poor little thing, how my heart does bleed for you! What a dreadful thing it is to be motherless."

Once Enough.

[Detroit Free Press.]

An old colored man was going over a portion of the battle-field of Chickamauga with me, and he seemed to know so much about the battle itself that I finally inquired:

"Were you here on the ground during the fight?"

"Deed I was, sah. I lived right ober yender by dat field."

"How did it begin?"

"Wall, sah, de Yanks cum up and de rebels cum up. It looked to me like dar was gwine to be a scrimmage, an' I took a seat on dat ar' fence you see ober yender. I seed de Yanks scootin' around an' de rebels scootin' around, an' I was jist gwine to call to de ole woman dat I 'spected dar'd be a fout, when a big cannon went boom! an' a big ball cum along an' knocked down fo' miles of dat fence, an' de next thing I knew it was three weeks later an' I was working fur my bo'd an clothes over in Knoxville."

"What became of the old woman?"

"Found her seben months later in Kentucky, an' she hadn't got done wid de hysterics yet. Tell you, boss, I doan' want ter hev' to save dis Union agin!"

The Age of Fishes.

[Swiss Cross.]

Crows are commonly said to live for 100 years, and turtles are said to have even longer life; but if Professor Baird be right, the greatest animal longevity is possessed by fishes. Professor Baird says that as a fish has no maturity, there is nothing to prevent it from living indefinitely and growing continually. He cites in proof a pike living in Russia, whose age dates back to the fifteenth century. In the Royal Aquarium at St. Petersburg there are fish that have been there 140 years.

A Noisy Dress-Improver.

[St. James Gazette.]

A comical incident occurred the other day on the Polish frontier. A lady who had been making purchases in the town of Kattowitz, with the express purpose of smuggling them into Poland, bought among other items an alarm clock at a watchmaker's. Thinking lightly of the matter, she even told the young watchmaker of her intention, and got him to ask his wife to tie the clock beneath what is now called a "figure-improver." The watchmaker, being fond of a joke, managed, while the lady was waiting for his wife, to set the alarm of the clock at the hour when the train was timed to be at the frontier station Sosnowice, and then handed it to be fastened beneath his customer's dress. Well content with her bargain the lady went off, arrived at the frontier and passed the customs easily; but just as she was again stepping into the railway carriage an awful noise burst forth, which quickly caught the attention of the officers. The lady had to dismount amid the laughter of the bystanders, to disrobe and to pay the fine of 10 roubles for smuggling, while the miserable tell-tale alarm was confiscated.

DREAMS AND FOREBODINGS.

Curious Coincidences That Make a Man Ask "Why?"—Odd Things Not Easily Accounted For.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A little child related one morning at breakfast a curious dream:

"Mamma, I thought some men came to the house, and they had such a funny little box, and they said they were going to put me in it."

"Did you dream what shape the box was, my love?" asked the child's mother, anxiously.

"Oh, yes, mamma, and I never saw anything like it. It was like this."

The child took some bread crumbs from his plate and began to trace out with great distinctness the shape which he saw in his dreams.

He had never yet looked on death or seen any of its paraphernalia, yet as his mother watched him with sinking heart there grew under his little fingers the exact outlines of a coffin.

"It was only a dream," the mother said, and forebore telling the happy child what ill-omen his dream had wrought.

But in a few days the child sickened and died and the broken-hearted mother was fain to confess that there was some dread and potent necromancy in dreams.

A circumstance within the knowledge of the writer seemed almost to partake of the spirit of divination. A little girl of 4 years old, while yet well and with not the slightest intimation of coming illness, said to her mother:

"Next Sunday I am going to die and Mr. Lever (the Episcopal clergyman) will bury me, mamma."

The child's mother reproved her gently for talking so foolishly, but the child insisted and added this statement:

"The Sunday after Mr. Lever (the clergyman) will die, and there won't be any one to bury him."

The uncommon remark and the solemnity of the child's manner created a passing impression which was forgotten by her sudden illness. She was taken ill with congestion of the brain and was buried, as she had predicted, on the following Sunday by the clergyman who had also baptized her. Now comes the incredible part of the story. The clergyman, until then in perfect health, sickened and died; but it was not on the successive Sunday he was buried, as little Mary had predicted, but on the second following, and the funeral service was conducted by a lay brother, there being no clergyman near to officiate.

It may be possible that the coming of death oppressed the child, and she apprehended her own sudden demise. But why should she anticipate the death of her friend, and whence came that occult knowledge which breathed forth in the spirit of prophesy from little Mary's infant lips?

A few years ago a lady living in Chicago received a letter from a friend residing in Hannibal, Mo. Before the letter reached its destination a terrible disaster had occurred and an awful bereavement had fallen on the friend to whom it was written. Yet three days before the accident happened, at a distance of many hundred miles, this is what the friend in Missouri wrote:

"Where are you? What has happened to you? Are you in the flesh or out of it? Wherever I go your anxious, troubled face comes before me. I can do nothing until I hear that you are well and happy and gay as ever."

It was two days later that her friend was plunged into the deepest sorrow, and her letter had been mailed 48 hours when the telegraph flashed through the country the tiding that carried sorrow into half a hundred families.

How do you account for it? The perception that is not a dream nor the mottled conclusion of a cloudy brain, nor the chimera of a too vivid imagination, but which is thrust upon us when we least expect or desire it?

HE WAS FLY.

The Officer of Her Majesty's Service and His New Friends.

[Chicago News.]

Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet banker, tells of an amusing experience he had not very long ago. It seems that he was one of a party of gentlemen that, coming from a meeting of the Authors' Club, dropped in at the Hoffman House for liquid refreshment. It was late at night, and the party was a singularly congenial one, composed of such kindred spirits as W. D. Howells, Julian Hawthorne, T. B. Aldrich, R. W. Gilder and Mark Twain. While these gentlemen were telling stories over their flagons and around one of those polished oak tables with which Brother Stokes accommodates his patrons, a very gentlemanly-looking individual made his appearance, and, handing Mr. Stedman his card, said: "Pardon me, sir, but as you appear to be a very jolly set of fellows, I should like to make one of your number." Mr. Stedman glanced at the card and saw engraved thereupon "Colonel Ernest Fitzroy Leigh, Her Majesty's Service." Colonel Leigh explained sotto voce that his ship lay in the harbor, and that he had come to town on a short leave of absence.

"I am sure," said Mr. Stedman, cordially, "that these gentlemen will be glad to make your acquaintance."

Thereupon Colonel Leigh, having first summoned a waiter to take the gentlemen's orders, suffered himself to be introduced to the party.

"Colonel Leigh, this is Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the novelist," said Mr. Stedman, "and this is Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, editor of the Atlantic Monthly; this gentleman is Mark Twain, the humorist; the gentleman to his right is Mr. Gilder, editor of the Century, and the one to his left is Mr. W. D. Howells, the novelist. And I am Edmund Clarence Stedman, a poet. Now that we all know each other, let us be friends."

The English officer, with that instinctive cunning characteristic of his race, jumped at the conclusion that this was all a fine joke being played at his expense. He was not to be fooled—that was apparent from the sly twinkle in his eye and the slightly sarcastic (not to say sceptical) smile that curled about the corners of his mouth. But he was determined to take the joke good naturedly, and return, if possible, a Roland for this Oliver.

"Gentlemen," said Colonel Leigh, settling back in his chair, "I am indeed proud to be afforded the opportunity of meeting so many of the most distinguished literati of this fair land. It is proper, I think, that on an occasion like this I should cast off the incognito under which I am travelling, in order that we may the more unreservedly and with more genuine sympathy interchange confidence. Know, then that I am not Colonel Ernest Fitzroy Leigh of her majesty's service, but Sir Walter Scott, author of the 'Waverley Novels'!"

Why the Manuscript Came Back.

[C. N. Hood in March Writer.]

Seven times a sketch came back to my address, and seven times I placed it in a new envelope and started it out in search of a resting place. The eighth editor accepted it. Let me say right here that in those days I used an elegant white envelope, with a blue interior, for mailing manuscript, and enclosed one, stamped, for its return.

One week after its acceptance I received that manuscript back, without one word of explanation. Dazed, disappointed, I turned it over and over in my hands, and there on the back of the last sheet I saw what enabled me to fathom the mystery; 14 faint, crooked, blue lines crossed and recrossed each other in intricate design. Each time the manuscript had been mailed the moistened inside of that blue envelope's flap had left its tell-tale mark on the back of the last sheet, until it looked like a mosaic design for fret-saw work. Even editorial judgment was not proof against that.

Sat Down On.

[Texas Siftings.]

Lady—Are you acquainted with Miss Schmidt?

Dude—Yaas, I talked with her for half an hour the other night at the ball. Awful stupid cweature.

"How so?"

"Why, you see she nevah opened her mouth the whole time I wath talking to her."

"What! Didn't she even yawn?"

Sympathetic Woman.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Mrs. Penn—Just look at those poor, dear horses! And in such a snowstorm, too! Why can't they start a car without beating the poor beasts in that cruel fashion?

Mr. Penn—Don't know.

Mrs. Penn—It's a shame to stop a car in such a slippery place, any way. There, they've started it at last! Why, that's our car, William! Stop it, quick!

COST OF FINE LIVING.

How You Can Exist on $15,000 a Year in Philadelphia.

Expenditures for Servants, Dresses, Carriages and Other Luxuries.

Figures Showing the Increase of Expenses in Elegant Houses.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Philadelphians who come home after a residence of five or six or 10 years abroad are almost invariable struck with the increased cost of fashionable life here nowadays, as compared with what it used to be. No one can hope to hold a place of even moderate splendor without a yearly income that runs far into the thousands.

Even a modest house on the best part of Rittenhouse square, that is to say Walnut street, from Eighteenth to Nineteenth, costs some $45,000. Properties of that sort, however, while so costly, do not rent for prices that pay a high percentage on the investment. Three thousand dollars a year would be about the rent. The original price does not indicate more than a fairly elegant house even in this city, where until late years costly residences were extremely few. Mr. Dolan's house, in the same block, is considered as worth from $60,000 to $75,000. Another, further up, sold not long ago for $90,000. Mr. Brown's is held at a good deal more than $100,000. Mayor Fitler's house, Sixteenth and Walnut streets, was bought by him for $70,000. It was a bargain, and could have been sold afterward for $90,000, and it is said for $100,000. Mrs. Robert Sturgis' house, next door to the Social Art Club, is considered as worth about $45,000. Property in that neighborhood has gone up very much in value of late years. Mrs. Sturgis holds an assured place in the Philadelphia circle of fashion, and supports a generous hospitality.

Ideas as to the splendor in which a fashionable house should be mounted and the breadth of the household have, like the cost of residences, decidedly expanded of late. If it were ever possible to maintain a house in this city in a way that would be at once handsome and cheap, that day has gone for good. It would be difficult for a Philadelphia couple in the fashionable set—with, say, a son and two daughters—to maintain a conspicuous and splendid position for less than $10,000 a year. Many spend $15,000, several $20,000, and some $25,000. A very few, Mr. Drexel, Mr. Childs, Alexander Brown and perhaps one or two other, spend from $40,000 to $70,000 a year. Some of the most decidedly influential people in a social way live on $3000 or $4000 a year, or less on some very nice streets, but not in these days, in the west end of Walnut street. Place of residence does not make or mar a social position in this city, though nearly all the members of what is called the most exclusive set live within certain lines in the city or dwell in the country. Many people, however, live in the best part of the fashionable quarter without being at all in the fashionable set. The contrary also is true. Apropos, one of the "best" houses from a social point of view in the city has a little two-story dwelling on one side of it, a small shop on the other, a row of houses in an alley in front, and a police station directly behind it. A large fortune, when accompanied with refinement and cultivation, has invariably brought its possessor into the innermost social temple whenever the owner of wealth has cared to go in. Yet again, no one having indisputably held social prestige in this town has ever lost it for want of money. Wealth may socially "make" a family in Philadelphia, but the lack of it never "unmakes" them.

Yet fashionable men and women say that of late years even in Philadelphia, people of wealth and handsome household establishments rather crowd their poorer friends into the background, except where now and again an exceptionally strong family name makes up for the want of wealth. Perhaps it has been this realization of the force of the law of the survival of the fittest that is at the bottom of the enlargement of household and the making of a more splendid show than was formerly the rule here in houses, appointments, decorations and most of all in the number of servants. Mrs. Thomas A. Scott, whose house on South Rittenhouse square looks likes a castle, keeps 14 servants, including a French chef, one of the very few men cooks retained in private houses in this city. Mrs. Charles Wheeler used to keep a retinue of 14 servants in her city and country house. She has fewer now, because since the marriage of her eldest daughter she entertains less splendidly than formerly.

A family having a $45,000 house on Rittenhouse square, as suggested, while not obliged to keep so large a troupe of servants as the two mentioned, would nevertheless retain a goodly number. A butler would be quite a necessity. That is to say, a butler in the Anglo-American sense; a man to wait on table, open the door, look after the furnaces, and appear on the box of the family carriage as a footman. A few men have much more restricted duties as butler. One is engaged in a notable house on Rittenhouse square chiefly to open the door and take up cards. He is very well paid, too, for that. He has some exceptional attractions. Among other things he is fine looking, bears the name of one of the most aristocratic families of Great Britain, is refined, well educated and an uncommonly good linguist. How he drifted into his present place is a mystery. The ordinary all-round "butler" is paid about $40 a month. Then there would be a cook at $25 a month; at least three maids at $15 a month each; a coachman at $50 a month, and if English $75, and a boy—"buttons"—to wait on the door when the "butler" is out with the carriage, $8 a month. The stabling of the horses would cost $30 a month each; shoeing, $5 a month for both; the wear and tear of harness and carriage easily $70 a year, and now and then a little gift for the stableman.

The allowance for the daughters for dresses and other expenditures would be at least $700 a year each. The son would have to have an allowance of $1500 a year, though he might get on with $1000, but papa would probably be obliged to pay a bill for him now and again. Mamma's expenditures for dresses, jewels and other necessaries would probably be $800 a year, and papa's, including club dues, about $1000. Entertaining in a formal way would be extra. "A friend to dinner" now and again would make no appreciable difference in the summing up. Four or five large set dinners in the course of the season, with a variety of expensive wines and a menu wholly or in part provided by a caterer, with extra servants and flowers and all that, would mean a decided addition. Then there would always be a "tea" or two, or an expensive evening reception with wines, a dance maybe, or two or three large theatre parties or perhaps a ball. There is a great deal of give and take in society, and the greater number of invitations accepted the greater the return that would be expected. Altogether, then, a $45,000 house family on Rittenhouse square, going out a good deal, and with the girls to be married, cannot escape laying out at least $1000 a year in entertainments.

The current expenses of the household, food, fuel, gas and the rest would depend a good deal on the style of everyday living and the ability and household economy possessed by the heads of he house, especially the mistress. A consensus of opinion places such expenditures on the general basis taken at say $2500 a year.

Then, to be sure, the family can not remain in town all summer. Very likely it will own or rent a place in the country or at the seaside. The rent of a nice place at Bryn Mawr will be perhaps $2000 a season. A fairly elegant cottage at Bar Harbor, Long Branch and perhaps Elberon would be had for the same money. At Newport the rent would be $2500. Current household expenses would not be any greater than in town. Perhaps they would be less, but so little that the difference would scarcely count. Most people who have country places also spend a few weeks or a month at the seashore or in travelling. That expense would be extra, of course, but people generally contrive in some way to pinch it out of their general account. Some people who can afford the luxury never care to keep a country house, but live at hotels, the ladies preferring a rest from the cares of their households. Those who have tried both say that living at a good hotel is not any cheaper than leasing a country house or seaside villa. Some people in Philadelphia society have both a country place and a seaside cottage, as well as dwelling in town. But they are not the $45,000 families.

One of the latter in casting up all its accounts then, at the end of the summer, and preparing for the winter round of dinners and dances, would find its expenditures for the preceding 12 months about like this:

Rent of town house	$3,000
Servants' wages	1,776
Food, fuel, etc	2,500
Allowances to two daughters	1,400
Allowance to son	1,500
Wife's expenditures	800
Husband's expenditures	1,000
Entertaining	1,000
Rent of summer place	2,000
Livery of horses	720
Wear and tear of harnesses, etc	70
Shoeing	60
Total	$15,826

All the figures here given are within the lines on the basis taken, which is that only of a moderately fashionable life, and some of them, as for example the allowance to the daughters, papa's own expenditures and the cost of horses and carriages, are rather larger in fact than in theory. No allowance is made either for charities or illness. If people do not pay rent the taxes and loss of interest on the investment in their dwellings or country places offsets rent.

In New York the cost of maintaining the same style of life is much larger. The rent is at least half as much again and indeed there might be difficulty in obtaining a house in New York at even $6000 a year that would be the same to fashionable Gotham that a $3000 house on Rittenhouse square is to fashionable Philadelphia. A woman who formerly had a handsome house here in the very fashionable quarter at $3000 a year moved to New York and was obliged to pay just the same sum for a house, that, roughly speaking, was not half as large as the Philadelphia residence, and moreover was situated on one of the side streets. The allowance for mamma and the girls would have to be increased 50 per cent., and that for papa and the son would have to be doubled in New York, life is so much "smarter." The cost of entertaining would also be twice as great for the same reason.

No parallel can be drawn respecting London. The cost of supporting an upper-class life is very great, but no sure standard of expense can be set up, as the expenditures vary altogether with individual taste and purpose. The cost of supporting a peerage is never expected to fall below £10,000 a year, and an income of £5000 a year will support—by comparison—only a very moderate style in a fashionable quarter.

HOW TO MAKE A SPEECH.

Points from One Whom Success Has Qualified to Tell About It—What Constitutes a Good Speech.

[John D. Long in March Writer.]

Few men make speeches without carefully preparing them beforehand. It is rather amusing that so many speakers try to produce the impression that they speak without having made ready. Sometimes it is by beginning with the conventional statement that the call upon them is unexpected or that they have been absorbed with other demands upon their time. Sometimes in the opening or close, which has been so carefully fixed in the memory that the speaker is secure of it, he injects a word or reference caught from the pending occasion, thus giving the impression that the whole thing is a present inspiration. Then, too, not to put too fine a point on the matter, there are some who on this subject do, with the most unconscionable abandonment, verify the Scripture, that all men are liars. I remember a most distinguished man telling me that a long speech of his at a public meeting was extemporaneous, when I had read it the evening before set up in cold type for the forthcoming morning paper.

Some of the best stump speakers very wisely repeat the same speech almost in totidem verbis as they go from place to place, as you will learn when you go with them. Some of these frankly acknowledge this method; others will so emphatically assure you that they never speak twice alike that you are bound to credit them with an honest delusion. You rarely listen to an after-dinner speech, however glibly it rolls, that has not been wrought ad unguem.

I should say, therefore, do not hesitate to make the most thorough preparation, or to let it be known, if need be, that you do so. It is a good thing, too to mix in something of humor, never coarse, but of a fine sort, giving flavor as a mite of red pepper flavors a salad. Helpful also is a touch of pathos or sentiment, of which in a reasonable degree, do not be afraid. Without humor or sentiment no speech goes very close to the heart of an audience. I have often found that some little incident, scene, reminiscence or bit of landscape has given a source from which to derive a speech. Sitting down to write it the theme expands, not forward, but in a circle. Some leading thought controls, and around that argument, illustration, application group themselves. The very process of writing, especially a second copying, will develop new trains of thought and illustration or reference. A word as you write it becomes a suggestion, and your pen creates almost as if it were independent of your mind. A vocabulary is, of course, a vital resource for a speaker, though some seem to have been born to a full one. The great aid to this is reading and also committing good authors, a discipline doubly valuable because it furnishes a stock of facts and a stock of words.

I think the great thing in a speech is earnestness of purpose and especially of delivery. I would not advise the slightest attention to gesticulation, for that will take care of itself with an earnest speaker, and some of the most earnest and effective seem to dispense with it altogether. The manner is everything in public speaking. You may hear two speakers, one stirring you to the depths, the other drowned in your own yawning, and yet had you read them in your evening newspaper they would have been equally good, or equally commonplace.

A good speech consists of a sound, wholesome array of facts, thought, or argument, relieved in the treatment by a picture, a touch of humor, or a play of fancy or sentiment, not afraid of the embellishment of a reasonable fringe of rhetorical flourish, clearly enunciated in the speaking, and delivered with all the force, feeling, earnestness and appeal that you would put into a struggle for your life.

ABOUT OPALS.

Gems Conspicuous in the Superstitions of Every Age.

[Swiss Cross.]

The opal has been conspicuous in the superstitions of nearly every age, and the first mention of the gem, either in history or tradition, invests it with a sacred character. One of the earliest traditions of the opal is found under the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, when he carried the Hebrews away into captivity. The tradition runs that the Israelites had so mingled idolatry with Judaism that the latter was almost lost in the orgies of the Assyrian priesthood, and what is known as the Babylon Talmud for a time superseded the Levitical laws and canons. During their captivity a small number of Jews found refuge on Mt. Lebanon, where they built a tabernacle. Beside the altar, in the tabernacle, was a golden serpent guarding a tablet on which lay an opal of marvellous brilliancy. The priests taught the worshippers that in this stone was imprisoned the spirit of Moses, who was undergoing penance for his sin in murmuring because the water that flowed from the rock of Marah was bitter; but after the lapse of a certain period he would be liberated and would again appear in material form to deliver his people. So great was the belief in the power of the opal that the ancients averred that the gods themselves could not resist its influence, and that any divine favor asked by its possessors would be granted. King Richard of England, surnamed Cœur de Leon, is said to have had full faith in the benign qualities of this gem, and never to have gone into battle without one. He carried it with him during the crusades, and to it he ascribed his victories over Saladin and his Saracen hosts. Shortly before he laid siege to the castle of Chalus, garrisoned by the forces of Viscount of Limoges, in 1199, Richard had left his favorite charm with a lady of rank, as a token of affection. After the battle had begun the king bethought himself that he had forgotten his amulet, and was immediately seized with a foreboding of ill. During the battle that followed he was mortally wounded, and died 11 days later. Precious opals seldom exceed an inch in diameter, and very few stones are of this size. Its value depends entirely upon its brilliancy and play of colors. It is rarely sold by carats or grains. For a very large, fine gem of great beauty, $5000 has been paid, and fine ring or brooch stones often bring from $100 to $500, while smaller stones are sold from $1 to $100. But large opals, like large diamonds, bring immense sums of money. An opal in the Imperial Museum, nearly as large as a man's fist and weighing 17 ounces, is valued at $250,000.

It Was a Good Nest.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The young man had asked him for the hand of his daughter, and a pang wrung the fatherly heart of Mr. Kajones as he looked at the youth for some moments in silence and thought of the bitterness of parting with his well-beloved child.

"I suppose, Oliver," he said at last, "it is only natural and right that when the young birds have become old enough to fly they should leave their parental nest and go off with their chosen mates to build nests of their own, and yet it hurts, Oliver, it hurts when I think of one of my fledglings getting ready to fly away."

"This seems to be a good-sized nest," suggested the young man, anxious to soften the blow, "perhaps you'd rather have me and Alvira stay right here?"

Two Poles to Every Magnet.

[Denver News.]

He said that Colonel Smith of Missouri had twice been an unsuccessful candidate for congressional honors before the people. A local politician of some note, whom the colonel had time and again assisted financially, was opposed to him in politics, and therefore worked and voted against him. A few days after the second defeat of Colonel Smith for Congress he met his friend, who asked him for a loan of $50.

"Look here, Sam," said the colonel, "how is it that when I run for office you always oppose me, but when you want money you never fail to come to me?"

"I'll tell you, colonel," replied Sam, "Politically I am opposed to you, but financially I am your friend."

SNOW IN THE ROCKIES.

Avalanches That Sweep Down the Mountains.

Caught by a Slide and Narrowly Escaping with His Life.

A Thrilling Adventure—Tale of the Bears of Emigrant Peak.

[Fort Keogh, M. T., Letter in Philadelphia Times.]

In the northwestern part of the United States, here among the cloud-piercing peaks of the giant Rockies, we have as dangerous and as tremendous avalanches as they do in Switzerland and other parts of Europe. The deep canyons and rocky gorges of the Big Horn, Bitter Root, Clark's Fork and other spurs of the main chain are piled deep with snow during a greater part of the year, and here occur avalanches of such stupendous dimensions and wonderful velocity that there can be no comparison between them and the small affairs of the other world. On the other side they are designated avalanches; here we call them snow slides. What's in a name! Avalanche or snow slide, they are bad enough, any way, and are often attended with great loss of life, not to speak of the other general destructiveness which is always an accompanying attendant of these marvels of nature.

Of course we read of dreadful casualties in the little Swiss republic from this cause, but the reason is that they occur in a thickly settled country, among houses and towns and farms, where there are plenty of people to be killed. Out here in the wild West there are hundreds of slides booming down the mountains, carrying along rocks, trees, boulders and everything else that comes in the way, which are never seen by mortal eyes, simply because there are no mortal's eye present to witness the grand, awe-inspiring spectacle.

Among the Rocky mountains in this latitude the snow falls to unheard-of depths in localities. The winter succeeding the stamping into the Cœur d'Alene mines, travellers in and out of Eagle City in finding a trail over the Bitter Root mountains were often plodding along over a well-beaten route where the snow beneath their feet was from 60 to 100 feet deep. A false move or side step to the right or left in some places might have sent the unlucky individual whirling down into a snowy depth that possibly would have been his grave were not rescue at hand.

In the Yellowstone National Park and surroundings the snowfall seems to become annually of a depth seldom attained elsewhere in the Northwest. In the Hoodoo mountains, Virginia canyon, Madison basin and Soda Butte country it piles up and drifts mountains high—so to speak—and where this occurs on sloping sides and heavy grades, there is bound to be a snow-slide or avalanche sooner or later. In nearly all canyons and other deep mountain rents big snowslides are started from one trifling cause or another, and then woe betide anything and everything that gets or remains in the monster's path.

The wider the space and freer the swing the bigger the avalanche is going to be. A twig may almost originate a slide, a falling tree, loosened boulder, step of a wild animal or foot of a mountaineer—anything at all to start the ball rolling, for it will gather strength as it goes until, when it comes up with a crash at the bottom or somewhere else, it may have seized in its clutches and buried out of sight a whole forest of trees, rocks, earth, miners' cabins and miners, too, for that matter, and all jumbled together in one conglomerated heap, to remain so until the spring chinooks and a summer's sun comes along and thaws them out of their icy prison.

Last winter a tremendous slide suddenly shot down upon two prospectors in the Cooke City mining district, and almost before they were aware of it both men were buried out of sight. They were at work on the side of a steep mountain, blasting and delving at a tunnel, without a thought of danger, when from the peak above many tons of snow became loosened in some manner and started on a down journey, gathering strength and volume as it sped along. One of the men chanced to glance upwards and saw the monster coming at railroad speed.

"Look out!" he screamed to his companion, and both sprang behind a two-foot pine tree. The huge mass came tearing along, struck the tree the next instant and hurled the frail protection and both men with it into the awful abyss thousands of feet below.

Professor Haynes and his exploring party had a narrow escape during their last tour while travelling across Mount Washburn on snow-shoes. They had reached the summit of the mountain at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, an elevation of 10,340 feet, and found on the other side a blinding snow-storm raging, into which they plunged without hesitation or fear.

In plodding down the steep mountain on snow-shoes they passed over immense depths of snow and encountered one avalanche which must have been a mile in width. They were on the edge of a canyon, drifted perilously deep with the flaky substance, when the slide came tearing along and just missed them by a hair's breadth. When it started from the summit it was nothing but a mass of snow, but as it came rushing along the monster picked up rocks, trees, rubbish, etc., which became a part and parcel of it and shooting on down into the depths with a roar, brought up at the bottom with a conglomerate composition that was anything but pure, innocent snow. This imp of destruction passed them by without damage, but it was a narrow escape of only a few feet. They kept on travelling carefully and judiciously so as not to start a slide moving themselves and constantly expecting to be swept into eternity.

Again, another big slide occurred half way down the mountain, sweeping and carrying everything before it, the point on which they were standing actually moving a few feet, but was resisted by some heavy boulders and did not get fully under way. One of the guides afterward said that he was sure their frail foundation moved down hill about 40 inches, and for a second he thought all was doomed. His snowshoes were resting on the ground only a yard distant, and these the avalanche picked up and carried down the mountain nearly a mile. In Emigrant Gulch, the famous mountain peak located in the second canyon of the Yellowstone, the situation of the country and surroundings is particularly favorable for big slides. The nose of old Emigrant rises, bare and cold, high into the air, shooting out of the warm girdle of green which marks the timber line and with steep, perpendicular sides dropping down to the level of the gulch, this wonderful mountain is built on the idea of huge snowslides, and plenty of them, too. In this gulch miners' cabins have been whirled into eternity without a moment's warning. The soft, feathery flakes cling to the bald summit for a time after falling, but then the hot sun and chinook winds loosen the snow, and with nothing of a tenacious nature to catch and hold to an embryo avalanche is started at the summit by a breadth and brings up at the bottom with a crash. The sides of old Emigrant are streaked and bare in places, wide swaths marking the paths of former slides, and deep ruts and creases showing where huge bowlders have ground out a pathway to gravitation. The writer once made a foot journey far up Emigrant gulch in midsummer, and was surprised to find the bed of the gulch that late in the season pretty well filled up with snow. My companion, W. J. Hobbs, and myself were visiting some mining property.

Mr. Hobbs is now in the gulch and writes that the snow has driven him out of the mountain. In his description he speaks of present conditions and says:

"Many people have no idea of the terrible power of snowslides and the fearful risks the hardy miner has to take living among them. The other day I left Chico to go up to the mine. The snow was deep and a heavy storm was raging. I travelled on snowshoes eight miles up hill and arrived within 600 yards of my cabin at dusk. I had been travelling along under the mountain side and looking up could see the snow had formed in a cap all along the top. It appeared so heavy and so voluminous that it threatened to break at any moment and come rushing down like a whirlwind.

"On my way up I passed some small slides that had come rushing down a little before my arrival, but plenty large enough were they to have swamped an army. I watched the cap above anxiously and rolled my own fur cap above my ears so as to be able to distinguish the slightest sound. Stopping for a moment to examine my snowshoes, I thought I heard a snapping of twigs. Looking again I saw a dead tree rolling over and over and rapidly descending towards me. This I knew would start the cap. Looking around for some means of escape, I saw a large pine tree only a few feet distant. Hastily stepping out of my snow shoes I sprang for the tree, and in that instant the avalanche was upon me. It came rushing, tearing along, gobbled my abandoned 'skis,' but fortunately left me and my tree unharmed. After this big slide had settled quietly down it was packed so tight and solid that I crossed over on it easily and reached my cabin, around which the snow clung in masses like ivy to an old house.

"I found another pair of snowshoes in the cabin, and on these went up to my tunnel and started work. While far in the interior I heard a terrible noise and rumbling outside and knew from long experience that it was a genuine old boomer, a snowslide, thundering down the mountain. In a twinkling it had reached the opening of my tunnel, closed the aperture and shut off my air supply. I dug my way out quickly as possible and tobogganed down the drift over hundreds of feet of snow, reached my cabin and found it buried out of sight. I dug my way to the doorway, slung a few provisions across my back and made my way out of the gulch without more ado. I shall not go back again, either, until the 'robins nest again.'"

This most interesting description of Emigrant snowslides is a true picture of actual events. It is not exaggerated, but rather below the ordinary average of such occurrences. While in the gulch I met an old fellow who said he had spent his life in nearly all the mining camps on the continent, and from him I obtained the following description of what a snowslide can do for the benefit of bears and mankind where so inclined.

"Emigrant Peak is a wonderful old mountain," said he, "and could tell more stories and yarns than all creation, if only the old monarch could speak. One sunny afternoon, while sitting at my cabin door, in the quietest kind of mountain solitude, I saw high up near timber line a number of bears winding along a crooked path through the snow. I counted eight of the rascals as they came in sight, one after the other. All at once, and from some unaccountable cause, the terrible mass of snow capping the lofty summit became detached and started on a rapid journey towards the bed of the gulch. In an instant it had reached the bears, and picking them up, it tore trees up by the roots, and seized huge bowlders of stone, which were hurled with a crash far into the depths below.

"The noise was something deafening until the avalanche had stopped in its course. Looking upwards I saw a broad swath or path which the avalanche had cut clean from peak to base, as if some farmer had with a giant scythe cleaned the earth of trees, rocks and herbage.

"When the snow melted in the summer I found eight bears dead and frozen stiff, as if they had been preserved by some refrigerating process. The ears of these fellows I had punched by the Territorial treasurer at $8 apiece, and afterwards sold the hides for a similar amount each skin. Let's drink."

CHILDREN'S CHATTER.

Gip's Experiment in Taking Feathers Out of the Cat—Startling a Clergyman—One of the Advantages of Being Killed.

When Katie was three years old she saw a monkey for the first time and admired his antics very much. Soon after she was taken to church, and in the next pew she saw a little negro boy. After eying him for some time, she said aloud, "Oh, mamma, mamma, where is his tail?"

When little Bertie was very small it troubled him very much because his grandpapa had "no hair on the top of his head." His aunt told him—to tease him—that his grandmamma had pulled it all out, and that he must never get married; if he did his wife would pull his hair out. Soon after a very bald-headed man came to the house. Bertie looked at him with a very sober face and said, "Please sir, are you married?" The man told him he was not. "Well, then," Bertie says, "who pulled all your hair out?"

When he was 4 years old he was presented with a little sister. He was much pleased, and after looking at her awhile he said: "I think she is a nice little girl, and I hope she will never be an old maid."

Little Tommy had been told that if he blew in any one's ears it would make them deaf. He went to a neighbor's one day and saw an old lady who was very deaf. When he came home he asked his mamma: "Can't Aunt Maria hear anything?" She told him no, and he says: "Well, who in thunder blowed in her ears and made her deaf?"

My little Nellie came in one day in a big rage for a small child, and said: "Mamma, Jip is the meanest dog I ever saw; he took a whole mouthful of fedders right out of the cat." F. M. E.

Brownville, March 19.

STARTLING A CLERGYMAN.

Harold V., who is three and a half, has quite a number of little verses which he is fond of reciting to visitors. He is also very learned in the terms and expressions of card-players, as he often watches the games of his parents and friends with much interest. It chanced about this time that a Baptist clergyman, an old friend of the family, and who viewed all cards with holy horror, came on a short visit. Of course Harold was eager to show off his accomplishments in recitation, and needed but little urging to start off on "Happy Land." He proceeded well, and to the manifest pleasure of the clergyman, till he finished the verses:

Loudly all the angels sing
Worthy is our Saviour King.

Then at once a new idea seemed to strike him, and in louder tones and with great impressiveness, he said, coming nearer to his audience: "Save your king, Mr. M——; not the low, nor the jack, but the king; save your king."

Mr. C. was sufficiently worldly to understand the point, and for a time Harold was the only unembarrassed person in the room. W. C. J.

Stapleton, S. I., March 12, 1888.

GOT OVER BEING TWINS.

Henry, aged 5, came to our house one Sunday morning to show his new winter outfit. While talking with him I asked him about two of his sisters. I said, "Henry, are Lily and Kittie twins?" "No," said Henry, "not now, they were when they were babies."

Another time he was talking to his chum, Jim, about various things. I chanced to speak of a railroad disaster and then discussed the rapid transit problem. Jim said to Henry, "I wouldn't want to go so fast (four hours and a half); I'd be afraid of breaking my neck." "Oh," said Henry, "if you break your neck you get $5000." J. T. G. C.

Brighton, March 18.

IT WAS THE CAT.

A five-year-old child had been made peevish by his brother, a little older than himself, who by his persistent teasing had goaded him almost beyond endurance. Having got him thoroughly worked up he put the last straw to the burden of grief the five-year-old camel was bearing, by striking him across the face with the tail of a cat which he (the elder) had in his arms. This was adding insult to injury, and Johnnie, thinking it about time for maternal interference, cried out, "Marma, Freddie keeps hitten me across the face with the handle of this cat." G. F. P.

Groveland, Mass., March 18.

SHOULD HAVE GONE TO HEADQUARTERS.

My five-year-old boy, when he came from school last Monday, he was very wet and cold, and he asked me why I did not put on his rubber boots. I answered that I did not think it was going to be so wet, whereupon Leo (that is his name) ran and got THE SUNDAY GLOBE, and, showing me the weather predictions on the first page, said: "If you looked in THE GLOBE you would have seen it was going to be rainy." LEO'S MAMMA.

Roxbury, March 5.

PRECOCITY.

Below is a remark made by our little daughter at the age of *one year and a half*: It was jotted down in the "Baby Book," and is therefore not inaccurate:

Marguerite (one year and a half old) to her mamma in a new dress—"That's not a pretty dress that you have on, mamma."

Mamma—"Never mind, dear, papa likes it."

Marguerite—"Well, you don't look awful lovely with it on, though." MRS. N. L. W.

Muskegon, Mich., March 6.

SHE TOOK THE CAKE.

One evening we had caraway-seed cake for supper. My daughter Susie asked my little three-year-old girl if she would have some. She replied, "Yes; but take the splinters out." S. F. S.

Forest Hills, March 2.

NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS.

My little girl was 5 years and 1 day old last week. As my wife was giving her a bath she looked up and said: "Mamma, be sure and wipe me dry so I won't rust." H. B. B.

Adams, Mass., March 20.

Extremely Probable.

[Frank R. Stockton in St. Nicholas.]

I once saw an American girl, whose parents had become very rich since her education had been finished, who was walking through the galleries of the Louvre. She had been looking at some pictures by Raphael, all of which represented the Virgin Mary, and turning to a companion she said: "I believe this painter must have been a Catholic!"

HOW WOMEN LUNCH.

A Jolly Restaurant Man Tells Interesting Tales.

Women Make Bother, but They Are Easier to Feed Than Men.

The Property Room Where Forgotten Articles Are Stored.

[New York Sun.]

The recent unique articles in the Sun on the interesting subject of "How Women Sleep," have aroused inquiry and investigation as to how women eat, no better illustration of which can be shown than by describing some of the lunch room scenes in the city on a fine clear day in the shopping season.

The reporter was informed by a restaurant proprietor that there was no such thing as the "average woman," that women were decided types of one extreme or the other—either they went through the bill of fare with the utmost care to find dishes of the least expense and lunch off a bun and a glass of water, or else they devour quantities of expensive luxuries moistened with Pommery or Cliquot.

"And," added this wretch, "a woman either comes flying in almost breathless with haste and eats as she would in a railroad station, or else she sits down leisurely, studies the bill of fare for half an hour, calls up the waiter to know if the lettuce is fresh when she doesn't intend to eat it, and what kind of oysters are in the stew when she only wants a cup of tea anyway, spends an hour or more at the table or counter chatting with her friends about the weather, the fashions, the opera, her servants, children, dentist, dressmaker, poodle and sometimes even her husband, keeps the waiter standing with the check while she smooths on a pair of gloves two sizes too small for her, and buttons up their 15 buttons with a crooked hairpin, and then saunters out leaving her parcels, for which she presently returns and keeps every man in the place searching, until it suddenly occurs to her, to their great relief, that perhaps she left her packages somewhere else."

Out of the fulness of his heart the man thus spake, but his experience had been sad and evidently his reason tottered, as, indeed, why should it not, after 15 years' service in the perplexing occupation of catering to the tastes and whims of woman's appetite, for the "average woman" does exist, though how she exists with her daring disregard of the principles of digestion is a mystery to the understanding of man.

She leaves her home in Yonkers, Staten Island, Newark, or Brooklyn after a hurried breakfast of a roll or a piece of toast and a cup of coffee, or, perhaps, no breakfast at all; stops at the market and at the grocer's with her order for dinner; stops in to pay the gas man as she is going past, and then hurries into a car and sinks breathless and collapsed into a corner. Arrived at her destination she flies through 10 stores, prices a hundred things that she doesn't want, and selects a dozen that she does need, forgetting as many more that she ought to buy, consults her dressmaker, interviews her milliner, has an encounter with her dentist, has her hair banged and curled, and suddenly feels faint and wonders why. On consulting her watch she finds it is nearly 2 o'clock, so she hurries to the nearest lunch counter, and, partly because it is cheaper but more on account of her haste, she stands up and eats—what? A bun, an ice, a piece of chocolate cake, or, at best, a cup of bouillon, a sandwich, or an oyster stew, and hurries away for fear she will be too late to see the curtain go up at the matinee, and then rushes home to see about her dinner with a raging headache, and pays her physician $5 to tell her that she has malaria, nervous prostration, or severe brain difficulty.

In a restaurant where hundreds of women lunch the reporter sat down in the midst of the rustle and swish of skirts and the Babel buzz and hum of soft voices and consulted the bill of fare. There were salads, ices, patties, eclaires, soup, pickles and coffee, but no steaks, chops or roasts of any kind. The ladies were eating rolls, chocolate cake, buns, charlotte russe and ices, while here and there a little basin of soup or stew was ordered. A tired little woman, presumably from the country, from the multiplicity of her wraps and bundles, was consulting the bill of fare. She read it through, furtively glanced on the other side, and then ordered one sandwich and a glass of lemonade. The lemonade not being on tap she moistened her lunch with the cheering contents of a glass of water. Now a lady's sandwich, as furnished in the restaurants, differs from a man's as much as the perfumed scrap of embroidered vanity they call a handkerchief differs from the comfortable half-yard square of linen or silk which men designate by the same name. The lady's sandwich is about as large as a postage stamp cut in two triangles, is thin enough to see through, and seems to relish better if tied up with a ribbon bow.

Presently four country women entered, consulted for some time as to what they should order, and finally decided upon sandwiches and tea. Five sandwiches were given them, and when four of them had served their destined purpose a series of words and pokes were indulged in by the worthy chief of the quartet as to the disposition of the remaining sandwich, while she remarked in an audible whisper, "We'll have to pay for 'em all, and might as well have it." As no one heeded her advice, she appropriated the bit of bread and meat, wrapping it up in a scrap of a torn programme, and stowed it away among the hairpins, handkerchiefs, combs and other miscellaneous articles in her well-worn shopping bag. At the same time a delicate little woman in a bewildering, iridescent, prismatic sort of a costume, all beads and sparkle and jingle, came flashing and rustling down to the counter, having her white hands sparkling with jewels, ordered a salad, a lobster patty, a cup of bouillon, a cheese cake and an ice, with a cup of chocolate smothered in cream, dipping first into one dish and then into another as daintily as a humming bird darts his bill into a flower cup—spoiled $2 paying for it all, tipped the waiter with a smile as dazzling as her costume, and went flashing and sparkling down the room like a glowworm in a dusky thicket.

"How many people do you accommodate at lunch each day, and how many of them are women?" asked the reporter of the superintendent of the place.

"About 2000 in all, and 1185 are women."

"Do you think the average woman selects her lunch in accordance with the rules of health?"

"I don't think there is any 'average woman.' If there is, she buys her lunch somewhere else or brings it in her pocket. The economical woman eats the cheapest food in the bill of fare, regardless of quality, and her lunch costs 10 or 15 cents. Sometimes two women come together, give only one order for the two, and then fume because they have to pay the extra 10 cents in charge for dishes and service. They seem to get more nourishment and pleasure out of the few cents they save than all they spend. The extravagant woman eats the most expensive dishes she can find, and enjoys a piece of poor strawberry shortcake when it costs 75 cents that she wouldn't touch at 15 cents in the season. The woman in a hurry always eats something that she can drink like bouillon, and then buys half a pound of caramels to stay her stomach on the way home."

"What is the most popular food with women in general?"

"Eclaires. They'll make a whole meal of them. Sometimes they'll eat five or six, and then wind up with a stew or a chicken salad."

"Does a woman compare her check with the list and raise a rumpus over fancied errors?"

"O, not very often, but when she does it takes every man in the place, from the proprietor down to the boy who opens the door, to convince her that she is not a victim of dishonest practices. You see, economical women find out what a thing costs before they order it, and extravagant women do not care what their bills is anyway."

"Which had you rather feed, a hundred women or a hundred men?"

"Oh, a hundred women, because there's more money in it, though they are a little harder to get along with and require better service. A man wants a dinner for lunch, and orders a cut of beef, potatoes, onions, succotash, and celery, and a bottle of claret or beer; and everything hot must be steaming or he swears, and everything cold must be freezing or he fumes. The food, though commonplace and substantial, is more expensive than the whipped wind, baked froth, and frozen vanities we serve to women in fancy forms. They'll eat almost anything if it looks dainty, and pay well for it, too. If they do not find fault with the food, as they know how to do very scientifically, they are sure to come fluttering back again like birds to their old haunts in springtime; but if a man is displeased he says very little, but shakes the dust of the place from his feet forever."

"Do women ever leave their parcels and pocketbooks on the tables and come rushing back to find them?"

"Leave things? leave things. They rarerly take anything away with them that they can lose or lay down. We have a property room full of gloves, handkerchiefs, eye-glasses, opera glasses, pocketbooks, latch keys, jewelry, hairpins, muffs, parasols and umbrellas—everything but their poodles and their children, those usually follow them out. Sometimes one will come up here to the desk and in spite of my caution lay her purse down while she talks, then suddenly see some one she knows down at the door, and away she will dart with her pretty skip and swing and flourish, and the two will go chattering down the street, together. In a little while she will want to buy a pair of 75-cents hose for 15 cents on a bargain counter, and then she will discover her loss and come rushing back here to tell me how she left the purse on just such a corner, in just such a place, by some particular book, and wonder and wonder why it isn't there then. The strangest of all is to see them come in here asking for things they have evidently left somewhere else, and never thinking of the ones they have scattered here until I produce them. Oh, I could write a book about the funny things that happen here, only it is more profitable to serve up costly dainties to the sweet creatures who subsist in the most miraculous manner on a diet whose real nutriment would scarce maintain the life of a bird or a baby."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Please.

[Puck.]

When yesterday I asked you, love,
One little word to say,
Your brother interrupted us,
So please say yes-ter-day.

The Tragedy.

[Charles E. Markham in Scribner's.]

Oh, the fret of the brain,
And the wounds and the worry;
Oh, the thought of love and the thought of death—
And the soul in its silent hurry.

But the stars break above,
And the fields flower under;
And the tragical life of man goes on,
Surrounded by beauty and wonder.

Love Eternal.

[Edgar Foskett.]

The changing sky hath glories ever new;
The evening splendors bring a fresh delight;
The morning rises clothed in new-born light;
The sun each day creates his throning blue;
The stars at evening shine upon the dew,
Not with those rays which broke primeval night;
Those leaves return not which last year were bright.
This spring hath others of the self-same hue.
Yet the same law reneweth flower and spray;
Yet are the sun and stars the same alway;
In the same heavens their wonders they proclaim,
And such is love, in times past and today,
Delighting still fresh deeds and songs to frame,
But in its inmost heart abiding still the same.

Rain in Camp.

[S. Weir Mitchell.]

The campfire smoulders and will not burn,
And a sulky smoke from the blackened logs
Lazily swirls through the dank wood caves;
And the laden leaves with a quick relief
Let fall their loads, as the pool beyond
Leaps 'neath the thin gray lash of the rain,
And is builded thick with silver bells.
But I lie on my back in vague despair,
Trying it over thrice and again,
To see if my words will say the thing.
But the sodden moss, and the wet, black wood,
And the shining curves of the dancing leaves
The drip and drop and tumble and patter,
The humming roar in the sturdy pines,
Alas, shall there no man paint or tell.

Poetry from a Religious Journal.

[City Mission Record.]

The pipes of the palace got leaky,
And the king for a plumber sent;
The plumber was smart and cheeky,
And with ominous smile he went.

For a year he kept plumbing, that plumber,
And perhaps he is plumbing still;
But you never saw a man dumber,
Than the king when he saw his bill.

The king was in deadly strife
With another king near by,
At a dreadful cost of life
And drain on his treasury.

But he forthwith stopped that war;
'Twas the best thing he could do;
For he could't raise money for
The war and the plumber too.

An Eastern Legend.

[Charlotte W. Thurston in the Century Magazine.]

At his beloved's door he knocked, unheeding
The mocking echoes drifting idly by:
Then called a voice—the while his glad heart bounded—
"Ah, who is there!" He answered, "It is I."
"Think not these walls," the sweet, clear voice resounded,
"These palace walls will me and thee contain."
The shining door stood barred! His fervent pleading
Was spent in vain.

In solitude, where desert sands are gleaming,
Burned on his changeless love through patient years;
Once more he comes, and knocks with trembling fingers:
Once more his soul a thrilling music hears.
Once more that voice across the silence lingers—
"Ah, who is there?" He answers, "It is thou!"
The door flies back! The sudden splendor, streaming,
Enfolds him now!

"Yes," of Yore.

[E. W. Pearson.]

A maid of yore had suitors seven,
Of low and high degree,
And of them all she loved but one;
This maid, oh! sly was she.

A task she set them all to do—
A garment each to frame
Of equal size and numbered seams,
To work they joyous came.

The flying needles she would thread,
Thus aid alike the band;
And whoso finished first his robe
Should claim by right her hand.

Thus in and out the fabric wove
The shining points of steel,
Each bearing well its linen load
As long as it could reel.

But one there was whose bodkin oft
She slyly filled the while
Of threads as long by only half
As were the rest in guile.

Thus soon triumphant he arose,
This youth, and promptly laid
The garment fashioned thus complete,
And won the wily maid.

So life continues to this day,
Men duped by woman's arts
Ne'er dream that she herself, not they,
Finesse the trump of hearts.

Face to Face.

[Temple Bar.]

If my face could only promise that its color would remain,
If my heart were only certain it would hide the moment's pain,
I would meet you and would greet you in the old familiar tone,
And naught should ever show you the wrong that you have done.

If my trembling hand were steady, if my smiles had not all fled,
If my eyes spoke not so plainly of the tears they often shed,
I would meet you and would greet you at the old sweet trysting place,
And perchance you'd deem me happy if you met me face to face.

If the melody of spring-tide awoke no wild refrain,
If the autumn's golden burden awoke no living pain,
I would meet thee, and would greet thee, as years ago we met,
Before our hearts were shipwrecked on the ocean of regret.

If my woman's soul were stronger, if my heart were not so true,
I should long have ceased remembering the love I had for you,
But I dare not meet or greet thee, in the old familiar way,
Until we meet in heaven, when tears have passed away.

In Berth—on Night Express.

[F. F. Sliter in Inter-Ocean.]

The rumbling wheels pulsate as true to time
As ever healthy heart in manhood's better prime;
The bat's faint shadow streaks my window pane,
And, from the cedared hills, the owls, disturbed, complain,
And while we speed past rugged cliff and gray,
The whistle's shriek affrights the wildcat from his prey.
The diamond sparks thrown from the engine's fire
Shoot spitefully into the gloom but to expire;
The fleecy puffs of steam float fast away
And disappear, like scudding clouds on a windy day;
The moon plays peek-a-boo from tree to tree,
And stars glint through their barren boughs amusingly.
How many, many forms of shadow sprites
Dance through the wooded glens and bosky upland heights:
Yonder, within the recess of a cove,
Lo! grim and giant shapes in stern procession move,
Yet, when—the speeding time glides swiftly on—
I turn me to the spot again, all, all are gone.
Beneath the arches of the low-boughed oak,
Near by, as rushes through the shifting, moonlit smoke,
A group of smiling spirit faces peers
Into my little curtained room, and pleasant fears
Steal o'er my soul's deep fountain at the sight,
Though, ere I realize, they fade into the night.
Yet, wheresoe'er I turn, to cliffs or vales,
One love-warmed, saintly, heav'nly face my eyes assails;
It glows resplendent in the moon, afar
I see it pictured in each distant brilliant star;
From out these shadows dim it smiles on me,
My ever angel love-light of eternity.

OUR NATION.

The Young People's Political History of the United States.

President John Quincy Adams' Administration.

His Policy of Internal Improvements.

How the Panama Congress Project Was Defeated.

"The Old Man Eloquent" in Congress.

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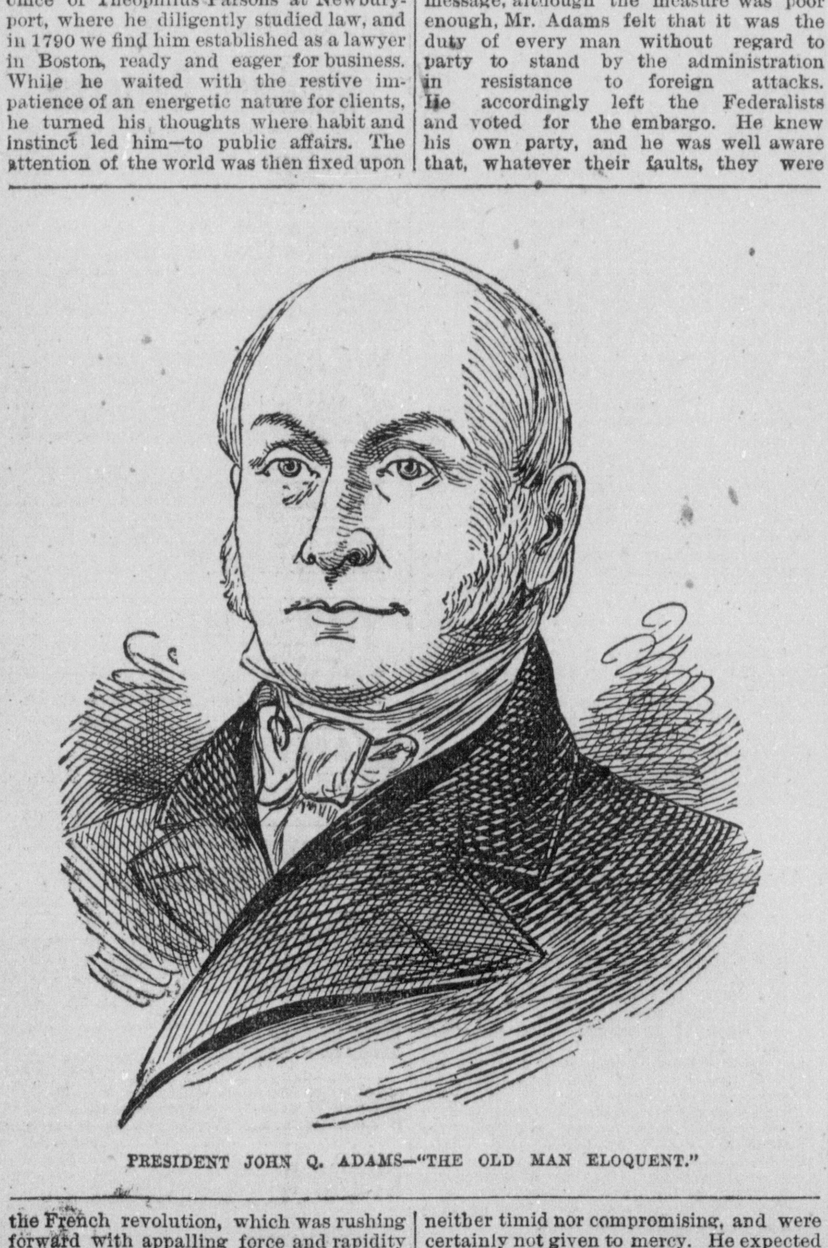
CHAPTER X.

[WRITTEN BY HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE.]

STATESMANSHIP of the highest kind and the management of public affairs were familiar to John Quincy Adams from his earliest years. Before he was 7 years old he saw his father ride away to the first Continental congress, and in the following year he watched with his mother from one of the neighboring hills the flash and smoke of Bunker Hill, and beheld Charlestown go up in flames. A year later he could have seen Washington take command of the army, and from the Quincy shore he saw in the bleak March of 1777, the British troops leave Boston and the British fleet sail away to Halifax. In 1778 he accompanied his father to Europe, and, with one brief intermission, remained with him during all the years of doubt and trial which beset the diplomatists of the struggling colonies. He was only 14 when Mr. Dana, our envoy to Russia, took him as his secretary on that distant mission, whence he returned in time to be present at the negotiations of 1782, which resulted in giving peace and independence to America.

In 1785 John Adams was appointed minister to England, and it must have been a strong temptation to the youth who had spent years in the society of statesmen, wits and men of letters to remain with his father in London. But John Quincy Adams was as exceptional in his character as in his bringing up. Albeit manly and wholesome in all his ways, he seems never to have been a boy, but to have been able to look, even in his youth, beyond the present with a degree of soberness and far-sightedness not over common even among experienced men. So with marvellous self-restraint he turned his back resolutely on the temptation of official life in London and came quietly back to his modest New England home, where he settled down to study. He entered the junior class at Harvard and graduated in 1787. From Cambridge he went to the office of Theophilus Parsons at Newburyport, where he diligently studied law, and in 1790 we find him established as a lawyer in Boston, ready and eager for business. While he waited with the restive impatience of an energetic nature for clients, he turned his thoughts where habit and instinct led him—to public affairs. The attention of the world was then fixed upon the French revolution, which was rushing forward with appalling force and rapidity to the fulfilment of its destiny. Hailed at first in the United States with universal rejoicing, it soon began to produce reaction when violence and bloodshed alarmed and disgusted the stronger and wiser elements of our society. In 1791 Thomas Paine published his "Rights of Man," which was given to the American world under the auspices of Jefferson. A reply appeared in a Boston journal signed "Publicola," followed by others with different signatures, but evidently from the same pen. These papers attracted general attention and admiration and appealed strongly to the conservative sense of the country. They were attributed to the elder Adams, but it soon came out that the son, not the father, was the author, and the young lawyer rose at once to national reputation. They brought also more solid recognition, for Washington, pleased by the vigor and ability of "Publicola," nominated John Quincy Adams to be minister resident at The Hague in May, 1794. Mr. Adams accepted the post, received his commission on his 27th birthday and reached The Hague on the last day of October, 1794. There he remained for three years in the midst of the most exciting scenes that modern Europe has witnessed, a close observer of all that was passing about him, and a watchful guardian of his country's interests. In July, 1797, he was married to Miss Louisa Johnson of Maryland, daughter of Joshua Johnson, American consul at London. Soon afterward Washington transferred him to Portugal, but before that could take effect his father came to the presidency and sent him to Prussia, whence he was also recalled by his father after the latter's defeat for reelection.



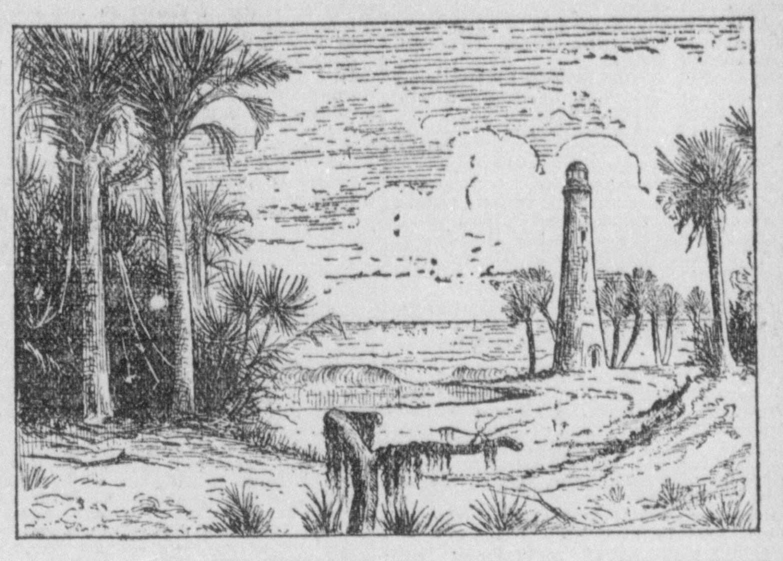
PRESIDENT JOHN Q. ADAMS—"THE OLD MAN ELOQUENT."

He came back to find his party not only defeated, but torn by the fierce dissensions growing out of the quarrel between his father and Hamilton. With stubborn will and indomitable good sense he turned from the courts and the excitement of Europe to renew the practice of the law and to lecture on rhetoric at Harvard. He was not, however, long restricted to private life. In 1802 he was elected to the Senate of the United States, and there for the next five years he fought the battles of the able but very small minority with the grim determination and utter absorption in his work which were characteristic of his whole career.

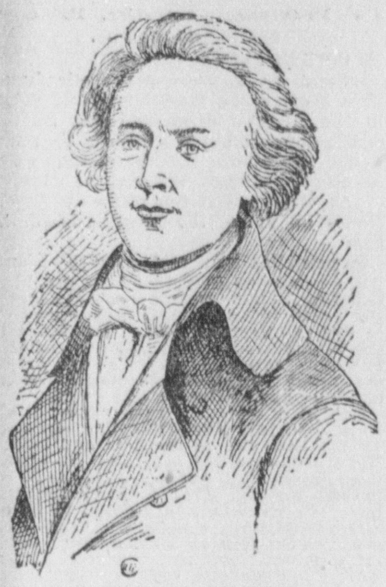
When the aggressions of England and France began with the renewal of war in Europe Mr. Adams, who was as combative as he was patriotic, chafed sorely beneath the insults and outrages that were heaped upon us by the two great contending powers. He was equally angered by the feeble attitude and French leanings of the administration on the one side, and by the factious opposition and provincial admiration of England on the other. When Mr. Jefferson, therefore, sent in his embargo message, although the measure was poor enough, Mr. Adams felt that it was the duty of every man without regard to party to stand by the administration in resistance to foreign attacks. He accordingly left the Federalists and voted for the embargo. He knew his own party, and he was well aware that, whatever their faults, they were neither timid nor compromising, and were certainly not given to mercy. He expected no quarter, and he received none. The Federalists of Massachusetts turned him out of the Senate by electing his successor a year before his term expired, and forcing him to resign.

Thus he retired to private life once more, but again only for a short time. In March, 1809, Mr. Madison nominated him as minister to Russia, and the Senate refused to establish the mission. He was nominated again in June, and this time confirmed, as a reward for his apostasy the Federalists said, a bitter and natural accusation, which history, calmly regarding the character and career of the man, has set aside.

In August of the same year Mr. Adams set out for his new post, where he remained until 1814, when he was sent to Ghent to meet the English representatives as one of the American peace commissioners. It was a gloomy and difficult negotiation. Our handful of frigates, after winning a series of victories, which alarmed England and startled the world, had gradually been swept from the seas by overwhelming force. The battle of New Orleans was still unfought, and the capital of the country had been in possession of the enemy. The treaty was not a very brilliant one, but it brought an honorable peace, and that it was as good as it was was largely due to the wide experience, great ability and unyielding temper of Mr. Adams, who was never awed by danger, near or prospective, when the interests and rights of his country were at stake.



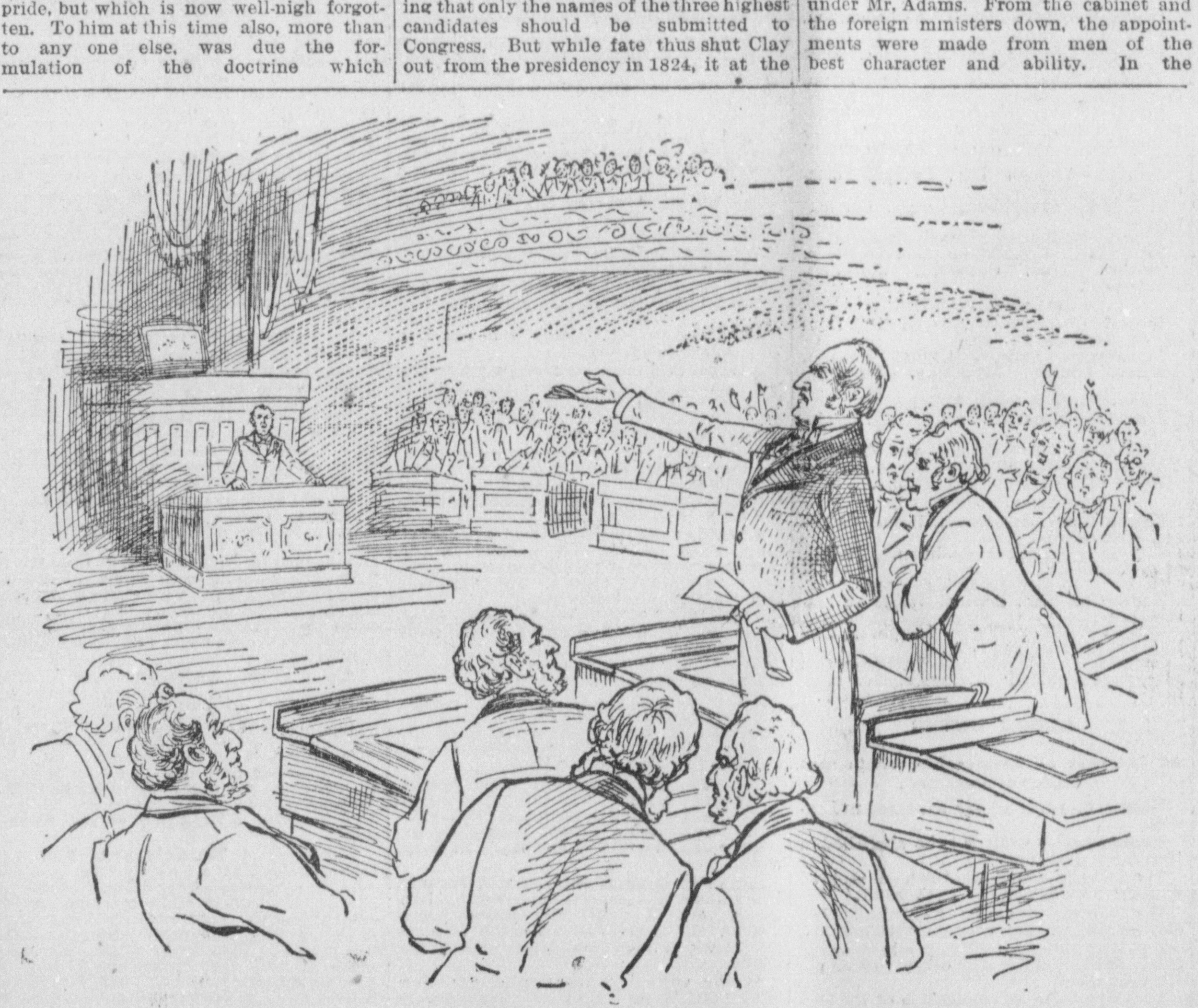
A FLORIDA COAST SCENE—THE LAND WON FOR US BY ADAMS' DIPLOMACY.



YOUNG JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

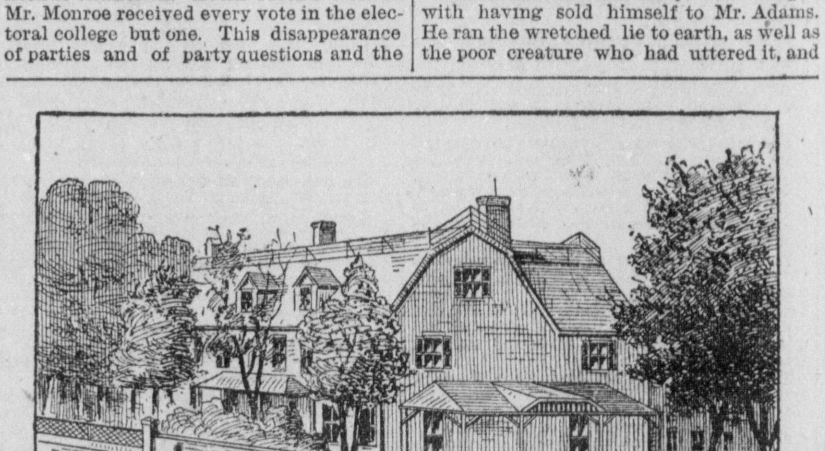
From Ghent he went to Paris for a few months, saw Napoleon come back for the famous hundred days that terminated at Waterloo, and then went to England as minister of the United States, thus reaching the highest position in the diplomatic service, to which he had given so many of the best years of his life. He returned from London in June, 1817, to take the secretaryship of state in the cabinet of Mr. Monroe, who had recently been inaugurated.

In that high place Mr. Adams remained for the next eight years, during which he brought to a close, after long, tortuous and perplexing negotiations, the treaty with Spain which gave us Florida and settled for the time our southwestern boundary. While secretary of state also he compiled and published a report on weights and measures, a monument of hard work and painful learning, in which he took great pride, but which is now well-nigh forgotten. To him at this time also, more than to any one else, was due the formulation of the doctrine which bears the name of President Monroe, and which has become a cardinal part of our national policy. From the cabinet too he watched the course of the first political storm about slavery. It rose and raged with the violence of a cyclone, and then ended as suddenly as it began in the famous Missouri compromise which was pushed through Congress and the cabinet in a manner very little to the taste of Mr. Adams, who now began to regard slavery with the hostility destined to make him its first formidable assailant.



MR. ADAMS: "I WILL PUT THE MOTION MYSELF."

The administration as a whole was not an eventful one. The end of the war and of foreign questions together with the adoption by the Democrats of the entire governmental system of the Federalists had brought the party of Washington and Hamilton to extinction. At his second election Mr. Monroe received every vote in the electoral college but one. This disappearance of parties and of party questions and the consequent lull in political strife gave such a semblance of quiet to public affairs that the period has been called the "era of good feeling." There is a singular irony in such a designation, for the absence of parties and of questions of principle had the usual miserable result of degrading all politics to the low level of personal factions. While the great body of the people went peacefully about their business, undisturbed by any burning issues, the politicians were rent by the struggle for the succession to the presidency, which filled the whole period of Mr. Monroe's second term. The result was a series of bitter personal contests, which engendered more bad feeling among our public men than any struggle of great parties, and which were marked by all the spite, venom and pettiness which are the sure companions of personal politics. The candidate most eminent in service and ability was Mr. Adams himself, and he had the additional advantage of holding the office which for two administrations had been that of the heir apparent. Mr. Adams ardently desired to be president, as the crown of his long and distinguished career, but he had made up his mind that he would do nothing, even in the most legitimate way, to seek popular support or advance his own candidacy. But while with rigid Puritan determination he held himself down to his self-imposed rule, he felt keenly the attacks and intrigues of his opponents, who were wholly unhampered by any such nice sense of propriety, and many were the outpourings of savage wrath which he confided to his diary. His rivals, moreover, were at his side and in immediate and daily contact with him. First came William H. Crawford of Georgia, secretary of the treasury, who by the arts of political management and by the use of the slight political machinery then existing sought to obtain the coveted prize. Next came John C. Calhoun, secretary of war, who had been one of the young leaders in the movement that ended in the war of 1812. Outside the cabinet was Henry Clay, brilliant and aggressive, with the following which was destined to become a great party then just beginning to gather about him. But while these gentlemen were all watching each other toward the end of Mr. Monroe's term, another candidate, upon whose appearance they had none of them calculated, suddenly entered the field. This was Andrew Jackson, the rough soldier, the hero of New Orleans, with all his wild exploits in the Creek and Seminole wars still fresh in the popular mind. This late-comer proved a dangerous antagonist, and when the votes of the electoral college were counted it was found that Jackson had 99 votes, Adams 84, Crawford 41 and Clay 37. This result threw the election into the House of Representatives, and excluded Clay, the constitution providing that only the names of the three highest candidates should be submitted to Congress. But while fate thus shut Clay out from the presidency in 1824, it at the same time made him its arbiter. He was speaker of the House, and possessed vast influence. It now devolved upon him to say, as Crawford, stricken with paralysis, was out of the question, whether Adams or Jackson, the statesman or the soldier, should be made president of the republic. Clay had never liked Jackson. In the days of the latter's Florida campaigning he had denounced him in the House, and there is no reason to suppose that he had altered his opinions in this respect. He probably did not hesitate, therefore, a moment in his choice of the proper man to be president, although he did not announce his decision prematurely. It is certain at all events that when the time came Clay's forces went to Adams, who thus received a majority of the States in Congress and was duly elected.



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS' MASSACHUSETTS HOME.

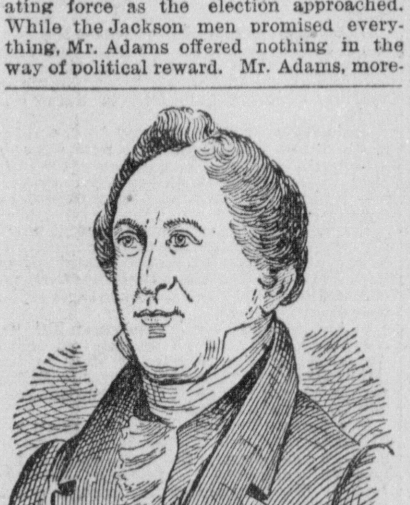
Before the decision Clay was charged with having sold himself to Mr. Adams. He ran the wretched lie to earth, as well as the poor creature who had uttered it, and stamped on them both. But it was in vain. Mr. Adams made Clay his secretary of state, a most natural and admirable appointment, but which, as might have been expected, was at once called a bargain, and was held up as obvious proof of a corrupt understanding. Jackson himself dug up the old charge almost immediately and galvanized it into life. Again and again Clay hunted it down, but the falsehood, so obviously a falsehood, that posterity does not even think it worth notice, lived on in our politics and harassed Clay for years.

At the moment it had, of course, more or less effect on the administration, against which a swarm of petty and yet dangerous troubles seemed to gather. Mr. Adams made a cabinet of great ability, headed by Clay and Rush, and ending with Wirt as attorney general. The country was placid and prosperous. There were no exciting questions and everything seemed on the surface to promise success to the new administration. The fair prospect was deceitful. Mr. Adams' leading idea was in regard to internal improvements as part of a great scheme of national development, and he urged the adoption of suitable measures for this purpose with persistence and zeal. The policy was sound and wise as well as broad in it's scope and it's intention, but it was still the subject of much resistance on the part of the strict construction school, and did not awaken enthusiasm among its supporters. Another object which both Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay had much at heart was the movement in favor of closer relations among all the American republics. For this purpose a congress was to be held at Panama, and Mr Adams nominated commissioners to represent the United States at this important gathering.

Against this project, slavery, now beginning to show itself in every public question, raised an alarm. Slaveholders regarded with bitter dislike a convention of republics which, in winning their own freedom, had abolished slavery, and they felt an absolute horror at the possibility that the representatives of the United States might meet at Panama the envoy of the black republic of Hayti. The result of the insidious hostility of slavery, combined with the personal faction which opposed all administration measures, was the delay of confirmation in the Senate and of appropriations in the House until it was too late, and the whole scheme was practically frustrated.

Besides the policy of internal improvements, the Panama Congress, and determined efforts to protect in their rights certain Southern tribes of Indians, there was little in Mr. Adams' administration beyond the ordinary routine of government. This ordinary routine, however, so little noticed in history or by the general public at the moment is an important factor in the well-being of a State and a people. It was admirably and conscientiously carried out under Mr. Adams. From the cabinet and the foreign ministers down, the appointments were made from men of the best character and ability. In the main, however, but few appointments were made. Mr. Adams carried out the principle of separating the civil service from all politics, whether party or personal, with characteristic rigidity. So long as a man did his official duty he had nothing to fear from Mr. Adams. He went so far that even political attacks upon himself did not lead to removal. The result was the singular spectacle of a civil service largely arrayed against its chief, from whom they had nothing to fear, in behalf of his rival, from whom they had everything both to dread and to expect.

The high position taken by Mr. Adams in this respect was one of the causes of his defeat. The Jackson movement started almost as soon as Mr. Adams was fairly in the White House, and went on with accelerating force as the election approached. While the Jackson men promised everything, Mr. Adams offered nothing in the way of political reward. Mr. Adams, moreover, had no faculty for conciliation. He was, indeed, almost repellant in his manners, naturally, and this coldness was increased by a morbid fear that he might be suspected of hunting unworthily for popularity and office. On the other hand, his opponents, led by Van Buren, lost no opportunity and scorned no means of winning adherents. Mr. Adams expected support on the ground of unblemished character and long services as a statesman. Jackson appealed to the popular imagination as a brilliant and successful soldier. Mr. Adams was encumbered by very fixed ideas as to various important public policies. Jackson and his followers were hampered in no such fashion and aimed only to carry the election. The outcome of such a contest could not be doubtful. The campaign was conducted on both sides with a ferocity of personal abuse which has never been equalled in our history until within the last few years and when the electoral college met it was found that Jackson had received 178 votes and Mr. Adams 83.



ATTORNEY-GENERAL WIRT.

Such a defeat seemed hard measure for a man whose life had been spent in eminent and patriotic service. Mr. Adams retired to private life silent and dignified, but with much bitterness of spirit. He was one of the ablest men who ever occupied the White House, yet his administration was unmarked by great public measures, and was made almost intolerable by savage personal attacks from an unscrupulous opposition. No more highly trained statesman ever came to the presidency, or fulfilled its duties more honestly and ably than John Quincy Adams, and yet he was driven out by a defeat so crushing as to amount to humiliation. He had earned the highest distinction and deserved a corresponding reward, and he became chief magistrate only as a minority candidate and by an election in the House. He had risen from one high position to another until he at last was president, and yet his greatest fame was to be made in his old age as a simple representative in Congress.

He little dreamed that such was to be his fate when he left the White House, but the new career opened almost immediately. In 1830 he was asked if he felt that he could properly accept an election as member of Congress. He replied that an ex-president could not be degraded if he was elected a selectman of his town by the votes of the people. He was accordingly put in nomination and returned by an overwhelming majority. He continued to represent the district by successive elections until his death in 1848.

It is impossible within the limits of this article to trace Mr. Adams' congressional career, which forms the first chapter in the history of the constitutional opposition to slavery, and which was destined to culminate in 1860 in the election of Abraham Lincoln and the triumph of the Republican party. The rise of the abolition movement began to alarm and excite the South soon after Mr. Adams' election, and the slave power, with characteristic brutality and audacity, met it at the threshold by an attempt to suppress all petitions upon the subject. At first the petitions were simply laid upon the table, but as they came thicker and faster the South resolved that they should not be received. This was done in 1836 by the famous "gag" rule, and Mr. Adams then came forward as the champion of the right of petition. It was a long and terrible fight. The old man stood alone, with no party and no friends at his back. With shrill voice, breaking now from age, with streaming eyes and trembling hand he stood alone, session after session, month after month defying the Southerners and driving them to wild and impotent frenzy by his power in debate, his knowledge, his absolute courage, and, above all, by a capacity for invective and sarcasm which have never been equalled, and which left a wound wherever they fell. In 1837 he introduced a petition from slaves. Frantic with rage the slave holders strove to expel him, then to censure him, and finally came down to a mild resolution against slave petitions. Through all these days of attack he stood his ground and defied them. When he was at last heard in his defence his fierce and unanswerable argument drove them from the field. In 1842 the long struggle culminated in Mr. Adams' presentation of the famous Haverhill petition praying for a dissolution of the Union on account of slavery. The South felt now that their hated enemy had delivered himself into their hands. Again the cry rose to expel him, and again a resolution of the severest censure was introduced. The debate went on, or, rather, the assaults on Mr. Adams went on for days, and at last the old man obtained the floor and began his defence. Before he had finished the South saw that it had failed once more, and the whole subject was laid upon the table. Mr. Adams had won again, and the next petition for a dissolution was stifled under the gag rule without a word being said. In 1844 his annual motion for the repeal of the "gag" rule was carried. The right of petition had triumphed, and slavery had met its first constitutional defeat.

Despite the bitter nature which he excited, and the storm of abuse continually poured out upon him, his power, ability and courage, even in the hottest of the fight, were felt by the House. When Congress came together, in 1839, the seats of five New Jersey members were contested. They were Whigs, and held the certificates of the governor, but as the House was closely divided the clerk refused to call their names, and the omission would have given the organization to the Democrats. A tumult arose at once. The clerk refused to put any motion, and for three days the House was a helpless mob. Then many members appealed to Mr. Adams. Rising in his place, he offered a resolution that the clerk be directed to call the names of the New Jersey members. The cry went up as before: "How shall the question be put?" "I intend to put the question myself," was the instant reply. It was perhaps the most dramatic scene in our parliamentary history. Mr. Adams was escorted to the chair, and, after 11 days of fierce wrangling, a speaker was finally elected.

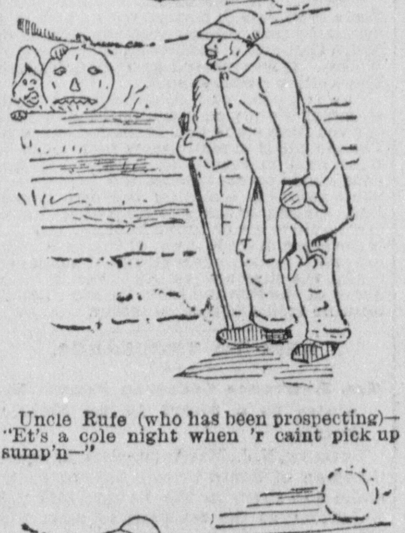
After such a career as that of Mr. Adams' there was a solemn fitness in his death in the very scene of his victories. Feb. 21, 1848, he fell on the floor of the House, stricken down by apoplexy. He was carried to the speaker's room insensible. Late in the afternoon he muttered, "Thank the officers of the House," and soon after he said distinctly: "This is the last of earth. I am content." This was his final utterance. He lingered in unconsciousness for two days and died on the 23d.

His battles and his victories, his command of the House and his death are vivid still, and will never be forgotten. His diplomacy and statesmanship as minister, secretary and president, are but dimly remembered, but the "old man eloquent," who went forth from the White House to fight single-handed in Congress the first great battle against the slave power, is one of the great and living figures of American history, and stands out clear and distinct in the memory of the people.

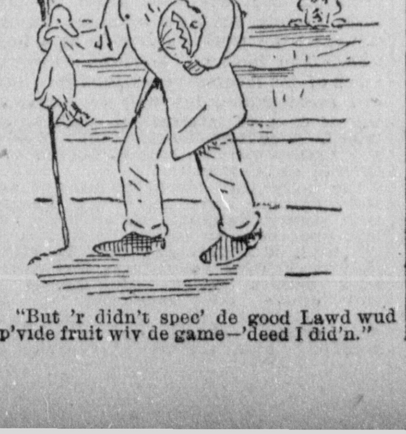
[This series of papers will be continued in THE WEEKLY GLOBE of April 4, by Colonel Jonas H. French, who will, in the next two chapters of this History, sketch the life of President Andrew Jackson and tell the story of his two administrations. —[ED. GLOBE.]

HE TRIED TO SCARE UNCLE RUFE.

[Texas Siftings.]



Uncle Rufe (who has been prospecting)—"Et's a cole night when 'r caint pick up sump'n—"



"But 'r didn't spec' de good Lawd wud p'vide fruit wiv de game—'deed I did'n."

THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

Christian Associations for Young Women.

Something About the Origin and Growth of the Boston Organization.

"To Women"—Answers to Queries of Correspondents.

A correspondent in a thriving business town not very far from Boston writes us of the great need of a Young Women's Christian Association to care for the large numbers of young women who come to work in the numerous manufactories and shops of the town, and asks just how to set to work to start such an organization.

Perhaps nothing could be more suggestive or helpful than to give in reply to this question a few facts concerning the origin and growth of the Boston Young Women's Association. We have before us as we write a handsomely bound volume from the library of the association containing the annual reports of the organization for the past 20 years, and the record is a most interesting one.

From it we learn that it was in 1865 that the first movement was made towards the formation of an association of this sort in Boston. The need of it had been manifest for a long time, though the form which effort in this direction should take had not been clear. It was finally felt that the considerations which led to the formation of Christian associations for young men applied with even greater force in the case of young women who from their position and sex were more unprotected and helpless, who came to the city for employment, young, inexperienced and unacquainted with the difficulties before them, unaware of the dangers surrounding them, and often obliged by circumstances to seek homes where snares were spread on every side, with no kind hand to lead or wise, judicious acquaintance to advise. It was felt that some agency should be devised which could meet these young girls on their arrival in the city, conduct them to proper homes, surround them with friendly, Christian sympathy, furnish them with pleasant occupations for their leisure hours, introduce them to religious and social privileges, and save them from the desperate loneliness of cheap boarding-house homes, which leads to the formation of acquaintances and associations of the most dangerous sort.

In the Latter Part of 1865

a number of ladies met to confer together on this subject, and the result was the formation of the association in the following March. Rooms were procured for the headquarters and offices of the association, where all who were the objects of its exertions could find the aid and sympathy which it was intended to afford. A superintendent was placed in charge there, whose duty it was to ascertain cases of want, furnish information as to employment and boarding places, and in every other way possible to carry out the designs of the association. These rooms were open every evening for social purposes, reading and recreation, and the Thursday evening prayer meeting, the Bible and singing classes became established features of the institution.

At the same time great efforts were made through a personal canvass of the city, solicitation of friends, advertising in the papers, etc., to procure suitable boarding places at low prices in private families for these young women, where they would have something of a home atmosphere about them, and be guarded from some of the temptations and dangers incidental to their lives. It was found, however, quite impossible to obtain proper homes in suitable numbers, and so it became apparent, even in the first year of the association's existence, that it must have a home of its own.

The next step was, therefore, to have the association incorporated by act of Legislature, thus giving it a legal existence and the power to take charge of funds entrusted to it; and this was done in 1867.

Subscriptions were then solicited and received, and two houses were purchased for the home of the association, on account of which a debt of $18,000 was incurred. Repairs and alterations were made by friends of the movement; various churches and individuals took upon themselves the responsibility of furnishing each a room in the house, and the association found itself in possession of buildings containing offices, parlors, laundry, restaurant and 30 rooms of various sizes, capable of

Furnishing Lodgings for 80 Girls.

Be sure that was a proud and happy hour for them.

From that moment onward the association has grown steadily in every department and along every line of work. The nucleus of the whole affair lay in the simple organization described above, and the expansion which has since been marked is but that of natural growth.

The constitution provides (Article II) that "The object of the association shall be the temporal, moral and religious welfare of young women, who are dependent on their own exertions for support;" and (Article III) "Any Christian woman, who is a member in regular standing of an Evangelical church, may become an active member of this association, by the payment of $1 annually. Active members only shall have the right to vote and be eligible to office. Any young woman of good moral character, may become an associate member of this association by the payment of $1 annually. Life members may be constituted by the payment of $25 at any one time, subject to the foregoing qualifications and restrictions."

The funds of the association were drawn from the sources indicated above, the annual fees, life-membership fees and donations. Board at the home being furnished at about the simple cost was of course no source of income.

It would be interesting indeed to trace the life of the association down through the years, watching its constant growth, necessitating a change in quarters from time to time, marking its ever multiplying and widening channels of influence, and noting some of the thousands of instances where the greatest good had been accomplished. This we have not space to do, but let us turn at once to look at the association

On Its Twentieth Birthday

in March, 1886.

We can scarcely recognize the work, so much has it grown and developed from its beginning. We find it now with two large buildings, each crowded with the uses of the association. One of these at 68 Warrenton street is the outgrown home which served as headquarters for the association for many years, and which is now used exclusively for a boarding-house. Besides this is a fine large building of brick on Berkeley street, on a sunny, centrally located lot, the whole being valued at $125,000. In the basement is dining-room and restaurant, with seating capacity for 275 persons, together with serving-room, kitchen, storerooms, etc. On the first floor, beside the main entrance on Berkeley street, are the superintendent's office and sleeping-room, library and reading-room, matron's room, social room, office of secretary and treasurer, and business office for all positions open to women except house service, the office and waiting-rooms for which are found on the Appleton-street wing. Three stories of the Gray-street wing are arranged with special reference to the requirements of a training school for house service. On the second floor of the main building is the hall, accommodating, with its balcony, 400 persons; also classrooms, the parlor for the boarders in the house, and rooms for transients. Each of the wings is so arranged that it may be cut off from the main body of the house, and yet all the necessities of a family be provided for. The dressmaking department, on the third floor, is also arranged so that it may be cut off from the sleeping-rooms which occupy the remainder of the story. The fourth floor is divided into 28 sleeping-rooms, two of which, in the sunniest and quietest corner, are arranged for use in case of illness. On the fifth floor are the gymnasium, more sleeping-rooms and the laundry; each floor is provided with bath and linen-rooms, while an elevator, steam-heat, and other modern conveniences make the whole building admirably suited to its purposes.

This is dwelt upon at the above length because the description of the building gives hints of the uses to which it is put, and, therefore, of the work done there. On its twentieth birthday the association rejoiced in the possession of this lovely home free from debt, and the event was made the occasion of a real jubilee. During this year (1885-86) 2737 boarders were received for longer or shorter periods in the two houses, together with 835 transients or lodgers. This alone would be enough good work for an institution to be proud of, when one remembers all it implies; but when to this one adds all the active branches of work which are just indicated above, the result becomes simply stupendous, while the results, which are never ending and always broadening as they go on down through the generations, are incalculable.

The Boston association, from its first year, has been fortunate in having a

Remarkably Able and Efficient President,

Mrs. Pauline A. Durant, who has given herself to this work with the same whole-souled enthusiasm and devotion with which she is found laboring in so many other fields of benevolent and philanthropic endeavor. Among the other officers and managers may be found such well-known names as those of Mrs. Joseph C. Tyler, Mrs. William Claflin, Mrs. Alpheus Hardy, Mrs. Silas Pierce, Miss Myra B. Child, Miss Abbey Stanley Hayes and Miss Belle B. Pratt, while among the annual subscribers and life members one finds the names of Boston's best people.

Seeing what can be accomplished in a score of years from small beginnings, who would not be encouraged, nay anxious, to start such a work in every large town in the Commonwealth?

Does any one need the spur of the story told by Miss Dyer in the Congregationalist: One of the saddest personal histories I ever knew came to my knowledge through a physician's wife who visited the bedside of a dying factory girl. "It began with the Sundays," she moaned. "I could stand the dirty and hard work, but the loneliness of Sundays nearly killed me." Then followed a story of toil, privation and hardship, spent among coarse people in an untidy tenement boarding-house. The memory of a humble, but cleanly and happy, home led her on Sundays to seek God's house. Week in and week out she saw in the same congregation the wife and daughters of her employer; but they knew less of her existence than of the machines in his shop. After service she was accustomed to walk by their house, and the glimpse of home life through the windows was like the sight of bread, just beyond reach, to one starving. There came a fatal day, a June Sabbath of unseasonable heat, when, worn down with work and lack of proper food, it seemed as if she could not climb the five flights to her stifling attic, or fight the flies in the filthy dining-room at meal time.

She took her usual walk down the avenue. Many of the houses were already closed for the summer, but through the lace draperies of others she saw servants preparing cool drinks and palatable food for well-appointed tables. The sight maddened her. She turned into the park close by, seated herself on one of the benches, and gave way to a flood of tears. A stranger approached, he spoke kind words, hinted that the heat would be less oppressive down the harbor, and carried her off an easy prey. She knew perfectly well that she was taking the first steps in a road to certain ruin, but she was in a desperate mood. Ah, how little the girls who live easy and sheltered lives know of such desperation! With the tact of a practiced villain, he took her first to a cafe, where all the accessories would add fuel to the fire of bitterness raging in her heart. The room was cool and shaded, the dishes dainty, the food delicate, and her attendant the embodiment of kindness. She felt that Christians had no interest in her. If sympathy and help came from another source, why not accept them? To be sure, they must be purchased at the price of virtue, but there was nobody to care for that. The tempted girl sacrificed not only purity, but life itself, and lies buried today, with the child of her shame, in a pauper's grave."

Where was the friend to say to such a one in the words and the spirit of the little poem by "L. H. S." in the Churchman:

So you fell just now in the mud, poor heart!
  And to try to rise and be clean is vain?
Take both my hands now, and do your part;
  So—you stand on your feet again.
Did nobody tell you your feet might slip?
  Did some one push you? (such things are done!)
Was your path so rough that you needs must trip?
  Ah! the blame is on many—not one.
Sobbing still over that ugly stain!
  I may not comfort or hush you, dear!
Through such sad tears in their burning rain
  Christ and His cross show clear.
Must you go sorrowing all your day?
  Sweet, in suffering souls grow white:
Keep my hand through this stony way—
  See where the west turns bright."

"Hour" Correspondence

[All communications intended for this department must be addressed to Jean Kincaid, Editor Woman's Hour, BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, Boston, Mass.]

Stamps must be enclosed if a personal reply is desired.

Full name and address must be given, though not necessarily for publication.

Directions, etc., cannot be repeated.

Y. W. C. A.—I should think in the case you cite it would be an easy matter to organize a Young Woman's Christian Association. The account given above will answer your questions about the Boston associations, and by writing to the secretary of the association you can obtain one of their reports which will give you a form of constitution. Just transform your "Ladies' Auxiliary," which has been working for the young men, into an organization to work for young women. Become incorporated, establish a home, get every one interested, and then go on and prosper. Don't let it get to be denominational nor too "goody-goody," above all things, but a happy "home" for young women who have none of their own.

TWISTED STRIPE IN AFGHAN.—We have had several requests to give the rule for the twisted stripe in the afghan pattern (No. 1) given a few weeks ago. This stripe is pretty to combine with stripes of the block or basket pattern.

It takes 18 stitches for the cable pattern, so to make a stripe having the twist or cable pattern through the centre, and 12 plain stitches each side the twist, cast on 42 stitches.

First row—Knit 12 plain, purl 6, knit 6, purl 6 and knit 12 plain.

Second row—Knit 12 plain, knit 6, purl 6, knit 6, knit 12 plain.

Third row—Like first row.

Fourth row—Like second row.

Fifth row—Like first row.

Sixth row—Knit 18 plain, take a third needle and part (or seam) 3; with the first right-hand needle purl the next 3 stitches, and knit 18 plain.

Seventh row—Knit 12 plain, purl six, knit the three stitches on the third or extra needle, knit the three stitches on the left-hand needle and purl 18.

Eighth row—Like second row.

This makes the twist or cable pattern once; repeat from first row.

"TATTING."—For a little book on tatting, by Mrs. Niles, send five cents to Messrs. J. R. Leeson & Co., 298 Devonshire street, Boston, or 561 Broadway, New York city. Mention this paper, please.

B. L. W.—A brioche stripe for afghan can be knit by using any multiple of three stitches, as 30, 33, 36, etc., with two or three plain stitches each side added. But a stripe would not look very well if made narrower than 40 stitches. For a baby's afghan you might not be able to use all the shades you mention, as that would make it altogether too wide. You must either use fewer shades or try some other stitch. If you wish to use all those shades, star stitch would be much better.

Bell's gauge can be found at some shops where yarns are sold, but I find the English standard guage is used more generally in the Boston shops. I have not inquired in New York.

Summer undervests can be knit of two or three-threaded saxony.

E. A. H.—See reply above for cable stripe. Many thanks for your kind words concerning the "Hour."

M. E. L.—You can send your mattress to the city for a very trifling cost of express to some of the furniture shops, or to some place which makes a specialty of renovating mattresses. To wash, pick over, and dry the hair yourself would be a very hard, disagreeable task, and it would be almost impossible for you to make it up evenly and satisfactorily again. It needs experienced hands.

A Woman Who Can Hold Her Tongue.

[Youngstown (O.) Special.]

A loan exhibition in Youngstown closed tonight. Among the attractions was a figure, purporting to be wax, of the Princess Marguerite of Italy. Much difference of opinion prevailed as to whether the figure was of wax or flesh and blood, and bets aggregating $5000 were made on that issue. Tonight an exposure was made, and the figure was found to be a living woman. She is a native of Louisville, Ky., and has been engaged in the business of posing as a wax figure for many years, having appeared in different characters in nearly all the principal cities. Her name is Augusta Benedict. She belongs to a prominent Kentucky family.

A Criminal of Integrity.

[Piscataquis Observer.]

A good joke is going the rounds at the expense of Deputy Sheriff Curtis of Wellington. He went up to Greenville a few days ago from the court now in session here, armed with a capias for a man there who was charged with a certain offence. He found his man and put him on the train. Train and man left, while the valiant officer got left accidentally. The man left the train at this station, repaired to the court house, pleaded and paid his fine like a man. And the sheriff 25 miles away! When the stout limb of the law arrived upon the scene the circus was over, and the court smiled.

Queer Cock Fight.

[Norwich Bulletin.]

When the Hyde Tavern at Franklin was burned the other day Henry S. Smith, the keeper, drove his hens, pigeons and 26 gamecocks out into the night. The hens and pigeons flew back into the flames and perished; but the 26 Spanish gamecocks blamed each other for their misfortune and began a vicious battle. Some of the birds were old and well spurred, and when the battle was over there were seven dead birds on the field.

Wonder for the Professor.

[New Haven Union.]

One of the professors at Yale posted on his lecture room door a notice that he could not meet the class that day. When the next class day arrived the same notice again appeared on the door, in consequence of which the beginning of the lecture hour saw only one student in the room and the professor wondering where the rest of the class were. A student who [illegible] of a joke repeated the notice.

HOWARD'S LETTER.

Tribute to the Memory of a Good Father.

Deacon Howard's Death Furnishes the Text of a Lay Sermon.

Mysteries of Life and the Desire for Its Sudden End.

NEW YORK, March 24.—"And from sudden death, good Lord, deliver us."

Of all mysteries, death is supreme.

Some contend that life, its origin, its early stages, its procedures, its maturity, its decline, its extinction, is the chief of mysteries, but I don't so regard it. No one with a grain of common sense will pretend that he can explain the subtle essence which, being imparted to matter, starts a new creation, but in all its physical essentials, from start to finish, life is a subject which rewards careful study, close scrutiny, intelligent investigation.

But death!

The Scriptures tell us of the dead brought back to life, but oddly, even those inchoate and extraordinary legends are made more obscure, and more legendary, by bare announcement, without addenda or explanatory incident. If it be true that on that great day, the greatest known to history, the veil of the temple was rent, and the dead came to life, it is equally true that the dead produced no marked impression upon the living, for with that sentence ends the story. If a dead man were to make his appearance on Broadway, or in any conspicuous place in Boston, he would be hounded by interviewers from every enterprising daily, and plied with questions concerning the beyond, which would be in the interest of the public, which would take from many a heart heavy burdens too grievous to be borne, which would illumine the pathway for many a stumbling soul, and settle forever the controversies, about which our Christian brethren and sisters fight and squabble and quarrel in behalf, each of his or her specific doxy.

Death comes to all, both great and small, and with it falls a curtain solid, substantial, impenetrable, and endures forever. What is beyond none living can discover. Is there life? Is there annihilation? Are there intermediate stages? Does purgatory exist? Is there a heaven? Is there a hell? Is there aught toward which the tired eye of earth can look, hoping for rest, for peace, or for a measureless activity in spheres more delightful, more charming, more consonant to one's desire, than this for which the vast majority of mankind labor and toil and fret in vain?

Well, we don't know anything about it.

And nothing so belittles the efforts of churchly men, as a pretence, on their part, to tell us that of which we know they don't know. I came across a letter, a day or two since, written by Mr. Beecher to my father, 40 years ago. He was on his first vacation, which fashionable folly was imposed upon him, by the good-natured people of his church, against his will. He protested that he wanted no rest, that he preferred to work, and would much rather stay in the city, and do his weekly devoir, than travel about from place to place, in the search of health, with which he was overburdened, in search of rest which was to him a nettle and an offence. He was in Boston, and went, according to his letter, on Sunday, to a church of which Rev. Dr. Kirk was pastor.

The Music Was Wretched.

An old-fashioned hymn was sung to a new-fangled tune, and jarred not alone upon his sense of harmony, but upon the peculiarly nice sense of the fitness of things with which he was uncommonly endowed. To his intense annoyance the pulpit was supplied—that's a good word—that morning by a young gentleman from a theological seminary, the pastor being absent. The text was something like this: "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" At once the mind of the Plymouth pastor ran along the various avenues of thought suggested by this rather portentous text, and, anticipating something that would take hold of heart and possibly stir mentality a trifle, he settled back to listen. To his amazement the young gentleman, who had just been permitted to wear his white gown outside of his coat and trousers, started off with a calm philosophical dissertation on the character of God, His occupation, His intentions, the meaning of His decrees, and His well-rounded policy toward man. Beecher stood it as long as he could, and then, utterly disgusted and wearied and amazed at such a loosening of grip upon opportunity, entertained himself by studying the people. After which, listening to more wretched music, he participated in the closing service, and departed a sadder and in no sense a wiser man.

How common that experience is.

How often men and women of serious bent go to church for rest and refreshment, only to find an annoyance, a disappointment, a stone instead of bread, stale beer instead of champagne sparkle.

Death was no mystery to that preacher.

That young man could tell us all about it from Alpha to Omega, from the beginning to the end. Death comes to all, as I say, and in view of the ages of suffering, the years of bed-riddenness, the months of torture, with which the records of existence are burdened, how do you account for this sentence in the Litany, "and from sudden death, good Lord, deliver us?"

As a majority of the readers of THE GLOBE are taking their mid-day meal on Sunday, I shall accompany all that is mortal of my father to the grave.

On Wednesday afternoon, quite along toward evening, he came to my office, where he sat an hour reading, chatting, and in the best of spirits. With his customary cheery salutation he left, went to Brooklyn, dined out, slept pleasantly, woke in the morning bright and cheery, dressed, shaved and talked with my mother, when, as he bent over to reach something upon the floor, a little vessel in his brain burst, he fell unconscious, and in a few hours passed, painlessly, to the other side.

To us the shock came like a flash of lightning

To us the sudden change from buoyant bearing, cheeriness of disposition, courtliness of manner, beauty of character,

In the Twinkling of an Eye

to a memory, to an inanimate form, was a surprise beyond description, and a grief that beggars expression.

But to him, what was it?

And that is the point I make on this sudden death petition. Why should we ask for pain and sorrow and suffering? Why petition for tears and terror? Why become a burden to ourselves and a nuisance to our friends? Assuming that there is a listening ear into which petitions can be poured; assuming that there is an Omnipotent will which could, if it would, change the course of affairs, is it sensible for us, who see our friends go from this to that without a second's agony, without a moment's consciousness of the impending change, without a glimpse of horror or a suspicion of trouble, of distrust, of doubt, to ask this Omnipotence to spare us the sudden death, which means all this of which I speak?

Mr. Beecher in his private life, and he may have done so publicly also, for all I know, expressed the hope that when his time came he should fall as the oak falls, in a storm. You of Boston doubtless recall the fragile figure of his father, Lyman Beecher, who for years prior to his death was a conspicuous figure in your streets, as in ours, by reason of his long silver hair, brushed with scrupulous nicety behind his ears; his venerable face and his child-like bearing, from whose inner nature that subtle something which means apprehension of affairs, understanding of situations, was gone. I have seen him rise in church, supposing it to be a prayer meeting, and begin to pray, and wind up with an exhortation. I have seen him rise to speak, and, forgetting that he was speaking, slide imperceptibly into prayer.

He was not crazy, he was not insane, he simply had faded; the colors were no longer fast upon the canvas. His memory had largely vanished, so that, although it was perfectly safe for him to go about the streets, and his bodily health was fair, there was an unbalancing of mentality, and he was not himself.

You can imagine what impression this would necessarily make upon a full-blooded steam engine individual like Henry Ward Beecher. He deplored the possibility of such fate for himself, and earnestly hoped that his death would be sudden.

In presence of a great grief, speculation, it seems to me, is an impertinence.

Hope naturally dominates the situation, and to persons who have given lifelong adherence to a faith, to individuals who have never wavered in recognition of the creed taught them when children, which has strengthened with their strength and grown with their growth, hope tells a flattering tale indeed, and makes it easier for them to endure a severance, which they believe is not final, and a separation which they know to be but temporary.

I confess my inability to utilize that sentiment as against what seem to me incontrovertible facts.

We talk and read and hear a great deal about hoping against hope. It seems to me that that is a forlorn hope which has no basis save legend, and which flies in the face of common sense, whose only foundation is faith.

What faith?

Precisely

What Faith or Which Faith?

I am a Catholic, you are a Universalist, somebody else is a Presbyterian, the next person is a Methodist, the individual beyond him is a Quaker.

Whose faith shall we take?

Shall we settle in a belief that God is love, that God is hate, that God is nature, that God is a person, that God is an entity, that God is diffuse, that God takes cognizance of individuals, that God starts entities for specific purposes, that the race fell with His knowledge and at His desire, that He permitted that to happen which was inevitable, that He intends to punish men for doing precisely what they were put here to do, that we are to live forever, that being dead we are done with—which?

I don't know.

I can go to Andover and find 50 young gentlemen who will tell me all about it. But I have no special confidence in young gentlemen, when they step beyond the line of that sense which is common to us all. Young gentlemen, per se, are very nice, but observation shows me that when these young gentlemen become old men they recognize that their early assumptions were absurd, not to say impish. The folly of youth is quite as conspicuous in theological seminaries as in the rounds of dissipation. You will find very few old ministers, who, in private life, whatever they may do in the pulpit, will insist upon a rigid adherence to beliefs, or creeds, or dogmas. They own up that they are on the ragged edge of understanding, and that if the fate of a single man is to depend absolutely upon their teaching, they prefer to step down and get out, and leave the responsibility to the man himself.

I loved my father.

I respect, revere and love and cherish his memory, and I would give, this minute, everything I possess if, after this brief separation, he could return to the bosom of his family, from which he was the first to go in many, many years, and tell to us, as we gather according to custom about the blazing fire in my mother's back parlor, the little he has learned, if he has learned anything whatever, concerning the fate of mankind, the other side of that dark curtain, which we call death.

You see you are brought to this kind of thought irresistibly when trouble enters your own home.

If your own toes are trod on in a crowd, you appreciate the pushing and hauling more fully than when you read about it. If you, by a miracle as it were, escape from a burning theatre, how vivid the terror, how clearly you understand it, but when you read, as you do today of the hundred and odd victims of a theatre "burned in Portugal," you pass it with a "too bad," how terrible, and so, as I think of my venerable father, nearly 80 years of age, chatting in the most charming manner with me, as you might say, an hour ago, full, apparently, of life, and as we jokingly said "good for another quarter of a century," and then find him gone, and not know where he has gone, it brings the matter close to me, and, therefore, may I not believe, close to some of you.

Beecher had what he wanted.

My father had what he wanted, and if, in conscious possession of sturdy health, I fully realize my own desires, sudden death is what I want. Friends of mine today are prone on beds of long-continued illness, with fever, with pain, nervous, anxious, fretful, and those who are nearest reluctantly say, "It would be better if they were to go."

Don't you suppose the sick people know that? Don't you suppose in this world that one man knows just as much as another man, on the average?

Of course you do, and you are a sample, a specimen, an individual index of all creation, and the retention of that prayer, or petition, or whatever, in the Litany, against the common sense of universal humanity, is an illustration, most pregnant, of the tenacity with which the people of today hold on to the traditions, the legends, the customs, and, if I may say it without being deemed irreverent and disrespectful, the fads of long ago. HOWARD.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

[Chicago Farmer's Voice.]

[This poem first appeared in the Illustrated Christian Weekly, August, 1875. It has been reprinted extensively, but inaccurately. It is reproduced here with the sanction of the author, Mrs. Agnes E. Mitchell, and the following is a corrected and revised copy. The poem has been credited to an English writer, and was published some months ago in an Eastern paper, with the explanatory remark that the author was not known.]

With klingle, klangle, klingle,
'Way down the dusky dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet, and clear, and faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from some far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow;
Ko-ling, ko-lang,
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,
'Way down the darkening dingle
The cows come slowly home;
And old-time friends, and twilight plays,
And starry nights, and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways,
When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tones that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home;
Malvine, and Pearl, and Florimel,
De Kamp, Redrose, and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue—
Across the fields I hear her loo-oo,
And clang her silver bell;
Go-ling, go-lang,
Go-ling, go-lang, golinglelingle,
With faint, far sounds that mingle
The cows come slowly home;
And mother-songs of long gone years,
And baby joys, and childish tears,
And youthful hopes, and youthful fears,
When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home;
Through violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a slipping down;
The maple in the hazel glade,
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown;
To-ring, to-rang,
To-ring to-rang, to-ringlelingle,
By threes and fours and single
The cows come slowly home;
The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June-day rest and calm,
The same sweet scent of bud and balm,
When the cows come home.

With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home,
A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,
Clarine, Peachbloom, and Phœbe Phyllis,
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies
In a drowsy dream;
To-link, to-lank,
To-link, to-lank, tolinkelingle,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle
The cows come slowly home;
And up through Memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,
And the crescent of the silver queen,
When the cows come home.

With klingle, klangle, klingle,
With loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there on Merlin hill
Hear the plaintive cry of the whippoorwill;
The dew-drops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill;
Ko-ling, ko-lang,
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,
With ting-a-ling and jingle
The cows come slowly home;
Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain,
For dear old times come back again
When the cows come home.

She Saw the Point.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"That lady," said a Woodward avenue merchant, pointing to a woman who had traded about $12 worth in 10 minutes, and was going out, "used to be one of my worst callers. She'd come in almost daily, bother four or five clerks for two hours, and go out without buying a cent's worth."

"How did you cure her?"

"Well, I spoke to her in an off-hand way one day, and she fired up and said that as long as I kept clerks it was my business to be bothered. Next day I selected 10 of the girl clerks, posted 'em as to what to say, and they rang her door bell at intervals of an hour all day, and inquired if she wanted a nurse girl. She didn't, and told them so pleasantly enough until the tenth one came. Then she said:

"'I'd like to know why on earth all you girls come here bothering me when I don't want to hire!'

"'Because, ma'am, so long as you keep servants it is your business to be bothered!' was the prompt reply.

"I think she reasoned out the analogy, for she now sits down and buys what she wants, and every clerk likes to wait on her."

HIGH-PRICED TROTTERS.

New England Stock Coming to the Front.

How Wellesley Boy Jumped in Value From $50 to $16,000.

Some of the Famous Flyers, Their Records and What Was Paid for Them.

Special attention is being paid at the present time in New England to the breeding of fine-blooded, rapid-motion horses. Kentucky has been considered a favored spot for such purpose in the past, and it still maintains its high record. Its climate is softer and has been considered much better adapted for the growth and development of horses of a pure strain. New Englanders now, however, are coming to believe that, given a good fountain head, the stock can be raised here with almost, if not equally as good results as in Kentucky. Stock farms are being established in every neighborhood, and it is the desire of everybody of means, and some who have none, to sit behind a high, fast-stepping, snapping nag which will throw dust into every competitor's eyes on the road. But it costs money to own such animals, as the following facts of prices paid and asked will show:

Robert Bonner's stable heads the list perhaps, as he has a dozen or more horses for which he has paid from $10,000 to $50,000 apiece, Dexter costing the latter price. A good story is told of one of his horses, Wellesley Boy. This horse was bred by Mr. Hogg, of Hogg, Brown & Taylor, Boston. He was a gawky animal, resembling perhaps the proverbial singed cat, and was fairly hated by his owner, who put him off out of sight in a distant pasture. One day an Irishman passing by the field saw the horse, and bought him for $50. The new owner sold the steed for $800 to James Gray of Wellesley, the well-known real estate dealer, who gave him the name above stated, and, after "campaigning" him on the track for a couple of years, with good success, sold him to Bonner for $16,000.

Little Brown Jug was another of these unsightly jewels of rare worth. He was sold for $35, which is about the average price of Brighton horses. Three or four years later this despised gelding was sold for $18,000, having developed rare qualities as a pacer.

Another of these surprises is the stallion Wedgewood. This beautiful animal was sold by W. P. Balch of Boston to J. S. Clark of New Jersey. Clark was a small, sickly-looking man, and when he paid $12,000 for the horse all the highly-posted horsemen of the vicinity laughed heartily in their sleeves, for it was thought the animal was not worth half the price paid, and Mr. Balch was congratulated on his

Yankee Luck.

Very well. Mr. Clark quartered Wedgewood at the Bates farm, in Watertown, for stock purposes. The first year he netted $8200, the next four years $10,000 per annum, and then his owner sold him to a Southern syndicate for $25,000. When the high bred horse was led through the streets of Watertown on his way to the South, the town assessors stood in the door of the Town House and wept bitterly, for he was assessed for $10,000.

In Wedgewood's old home at the Bates farm stands a recent purchase which is exciting great interest from its rare quality and small size. It is called Little Giant, and is supposed to be the property of Todd Brothers of Calais, Me. Its cost was $15,000.

There has been a marked interest in one-year-old colts of late. One of these, the Palo Alto Belle, bred on Governor Sanford's farm in California, was sold recently for $8000. J. S. Clark paid in Kentucky last fall $5000 for Sady D. Clark, another of those yearlings, who trotted a mile in 2.35½, then the fastest record, which has been lowered by Governor Sanford's horse to 2.31¾.

The stallion Governor Sprague was purchased by J. I. Case, the "Jay Eye See" man, for $27,500. It has a record of 2.20.

Belle Boy, a four-year-old colt, sired by Electioneer out of Green Mountain, recently sold for $35,000.

A half interest in Sultan, with a record of 2.24, was sold last summer for $35,000.

Alcantara and Alceone, brothers, sold for $50,000 to Elizur Smith of Lee, Mass., a few years since. Alceone died last summer. One of Alcantara's colts, Alcegetta, owned by Mr. Gilbert of Connecticut, made a two-year-old filly record of 2.31 at the breeders' meeting, Mystic Park, last fall, and its owner was offered and refused $5000 for it directly after the race.

The brood mare Naiad Queen sold at auction for $5050 at a Kentucky sale last month; Pencoast at auction for $28,000, and Nutwood sold in same way for $22,000.

Alderman of Lexington sold one of Wedgewood's colts for $2500, and there are many of this stock in this vicinity held at from $500 to $2500. General Paine of Volunteer fame has a number of these, which it would be difficult to buy; there are several at the Bates farm, three at J. R. Farnum's stable in Waltham and others elsewhere. They are large, good color and finely gaited.

Commonwealth cost J. R. Farnum $8000; afterwards he was offered $10,000 for the stallion, refused, and the horse died, though not of a broken heart. That same year two other of his horses died, and in all $15,000 worth of stock was swept away. He paid $2000 for Ed Chapin, $1500 for Rose Standish, $1150 for Old Lady Wilkes, dam of Eddie Wilkes, 2.29 record and 2.22 trial heat, sired by Commonwealth, 2.22. He has also Frank Wood and Kinsman Wilkes, valuable stallions, his stable containing 25 blooded stock.

Harry Wilkes

was purchased by the Dominion government for $4500, a low price. He was taken to Nova Scotia for stock purposes, and his original owners tried to buy him back for $15,000, but did not succeed.

C. H. Nelson of Waterville, Me., has a dozen stallions, besides brooding mares, valued in all at $75,000. He recently purchased a Kentucky stallion for $3000, and he sold a half interest in Nelson, when a three-year-old, for $6000.

Old Smuggler sold for $36,000, and Maud S. cost Bonner $40,000.

Westmont, who made a mile in 2.01¾ with running mate, sold for $25,000.

Brown Hall, 2.13 record, could probably be sold for a higher price than any other stallion for stock purposes, but is not for sale.

Harry Wilkes, a gelding, now in California, has changed hands at fabulous prices, a half interest having been sold for $30,000.

The Wilkes strain is in high favor at present. The original was George Wilkes of Kentucky, record 2.22. In his day 2.24 to 2.26 was the fastest record known, and Ethan Allen was then the king pin of New England. These two met on the race course. The Yanks "bet their money on the bob-tailed nag," and when Wilkes won a barrel of money changed hands. Sam Emerson of Natick has a story he likes to tell about this famous race. Sam crawled under a fence, and his eyes bulged out dreadfully as he saw Wilkes make a private record of 2.18, preliminary to the race. He told some of his friends, and they succeeded in hedging on their bets, thus preventing financial disaster.

A despatch to THE GLOBE recently stated that a syndicate in Maine, with which it is intimated that Nelson was concerned, offered California parties $50,000 for Guy Wilkes. It was refused and $60,000 asked. The stallion is still unsold.

How can people afford to keep such costly animals? Mainly on account of the revenue derived from stock and breeding purposes. The income is in many cases very large, as was stated in regard to Wedgewood, and pays a good percentage on the investment. Some money is made on the race course, also. Of course there is great risk; horses are liable to die or prove failures, but this is the same in other lines of business. The net result is the improvement of stock generally, the standard raising year by year. Speed of the sire and his colts are what determine values to a large extent.

HEIR TO THOUSANDS.

Mrs. Lawrence Corcoran Proves Her Claim to a Share in an English Estate.

NEWARK, N. J., March 22.—Mrs. Lawrence Corcoran of South Orange has proved her claim to a share in the fortune, said to be $7,500,000, as the residuary estate of Mrs. Ellen Blake of England. Two years ago word was received by Lawrence Corcoran that his wife was heir to $500,000, her equitable share of Mrs. Blake's estate, but the intelligence was received by the woman's friends as a huge joke. The husband, however, converted much of his meagre possessions into cash and accompanied his wife to Matawan, where detailed information could be obtained. Here it was learned that a copy of Mrs. Blake's will had been forwarded to a sister of Mrs. Corcoran.

The heirs mentioned in the last will and testament are Mary and Bridget Feeney, twin sisters; Margaret Feeney, Noah Feeney, their heirs or assigns, originally of the town of Adgerton, County Longford, Ireland. Bridget Feeney was Mrs. Corcoran's maiden name. The names of two others are mentioned as being entitled to a share in the estate. They are Mrs. Ellen Sikes of Trenton, the wife of a flagman on the Pennsylvania railroad, and Mrs. James Nally, whose husband keeps a saloon at Millham, a suburb of Trenton.

Robert Gun, 6 Prince of Wales road, London, Eng., is solicitor for the estate. He has supplied the lawyer for the Feeneys with full information, and sets the value of the estate at upwards of $7,000,000, which includes possessions at Mansfield, O., and in England.

The Corcorans have received information that Margaret Fitzsimmons, who had been appointed to answer all questions tending to connect the Feeneys with Mrs. Blake, has succeeded in establishing the relationship.

GEOGRAPHY OF IRELAND.

Its Provinces, Counties, Principal Cities and Towns.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Ireland, or, to use a more poetic phrase, Erin, is one of the most interesting islands in the Atlantic ocean—not only from its standpoint as a bulwark against the retention of the reptile tribe so frequently met in other countries, but from the salubrity of its climate and the verdure of its soil. Hence its name, the Emerald Isle of the Sea.

So much has been said about this island, both in song and story, that its geographical situation is little known among the growing youth of this country, more especially by those who cannot always have access to the archives of foreign history or indulge in native book lore. For this class of readers I desire to refer to the location of Ireland and the many treasures stored therein.

Ireland is seperated from Great Britain by St. George's channel on the southeast, by the Irish sea on the east, and by the North channel on the northeast. Its length, from Fair Head, in Antrim, to Mizzen Head, in Cork, is about 300 miles; and its breadth, from Howth Head, in Dublin, to Slyne Head, in Galway, is about 170 miles. Ireland lies between 51° 26' and 55° 21' north latitude, and between 5° 26' and 10° 29' west longitude. Its area is estimated at nearly 32,000 square miles, or more accurately, 31,874 square miles, 711 miles of which is water, and one-seventh of the entire surface of the country consists of bogland.

The island's population at the present time is about 5,500,000, and it is divided into four provinces—Leinster in the east, Ulster in the north, Munster in the south, and Connaught in the west. These provinces are subdivided into 32 counties, which, with their principal cities and towns, are as follows:

LEINSTER—12 COUNTIES.

Louth county—Drogheda, Dundalk, Ardee, Carlingford.
Meath—Trim, Navan, Kells.
Westmeath—Mullingar, Athlone, Moate, Kilbeggan.
Longford—Longford, Granard, Edgeworthstown.
Dublin—Dublin city, Kingstown, Balbriggan.
Kildare—Athy, Kildare, Naas, Maynooth.
King's county—Tullamore, Birr or Parsonstown, Banagher, Edenderry, Philipstown.
Queen's county—Maryborough, Portarlington, Mountmellick, Mountrath.
Carlow—Carlow, Tullow, Leighlin.
Wicklow—Wicklow, Arklow, Bray, Enniskerry.
Wexford—Wexford, New Ross, Enniscorthy.
Kilkenny—Kilkenny city, Callan, Castlecomer.

ULSTER—9 COUNTIES.

Donegal county—Lifford, Ballyshannon, Letterkinny.
Londonderry—Londonderry city, Coleraine, Newtownlimavady, Kilrea.
Antrim—Belfast, Lisburn, Ballymena, Carrickfergus, Larne, Antrim.
Down—Newry, Downpatrick, Newtownards, Bangor, Banbridge, Hillsborough, Donaghadee, Dromore, Holywood, Saintfield.
Armagh—Armagh city, Lurgan, Portadown, Charlemont.
Monaghan—Monaghan, Clones, Carrickmacross.
Tyrone—Dungannon, Omagh, Strabane.
Fermanagh—Enniskillen, Lowtherstown.
Cavan—Cavan, Cootehill, Belturbet, Kingscourt.

MUNSTER—6 COUNTIES.

Waterford county—Waterford (city), Dungarvin, Lismore, Tallow.
Tipperary—Clonmel, Caskel, Nenagh, Roscrea, Thurles, Tipperary, Carrick-on-Suir.
Clare—Ennis, Kilrush, Killaloe.
Limerick—Limerick (city), Rathkeale, Newcastle.
Cork—Cork (city), Queenstown, Bandon, Youghal, Kinsale, Mallow, Fermoy.
Kerry—Tralee, Killarney, Dingle.

CONNAUGHT—5 COUNTIES.

Roscommon—Roscommon, Boyle, Castlerea, Strokestown, Elphin.
Leitrim—Carrick-on-Shannon, Mohill, Manorhamilton.
Sligo—Sligo, Ballymote, Tubbercuny.
Mayo—Castlebar, Bellina, Westport, Killala.
Galway—Galway, Tuam, Loughrea, Ballinasloe, Athenoy and Gort.

I hope to be able to write further on this subject, particularly in a descriptive manner. T. O'F.

LABOR NOTES

Of Interest to Trades Unionists and Knights of Labor.

Women carpenters have appeared in London.

Steam laundry work is to be abolished in New York State prison.

The Chicago granite cutters have secured an eight-hour day and $3.25 therefor.

The Painters' Assembly of Milwaukee has surrendered its charter and formed a union.

Building trades councils have been or are being formed in nearly every city of the United States.

The fifth annual convention of the Carpenters' National Union of Germany will be held in Lubeck May 20-22.

It is said that the Printers' Protective Fraternity has a strong foot hold in Philadelphia, and is slowly rooting out the union.

Some of the more thoughtful labor men are complaining because the national bureau of labor statistics do not give facts as well as figures.

An international organization of granite, brownstone, marble, and in fact all kinds of stone-cutters is something which will probably be formed in the near future.

The members of the Brotherhoods of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen have shown a disposition lately to assist other labor organizations, and have voted to smoke only union label cigars.

E. L. Wolf of Ohio suggests that every worker should keep a scrap book in which to preserve the cream of the labor articles he reads and use it as a magazine to draw upon for ammunition.

Some handkerchief hemmers in Glasgow, Scotland, are on strike because their employer wished to take seven pence off the pay for every hundred dozen handkerchiefs hemmed. The girls earn about $1.25 a week.

If the engineers on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy lose it is inevitable that they will be compelled to join in with other railroad workers, and the result will be an invincible combination.—[Denver Labor Enquirer.

Indications promise success to the nine-hours move for the carpenters this spring in Meriden, Conn. The masons demand nine hours and 40 cents per hour, and will not work on any building where non-union work is supplied.

The Herald, Sunday Mercury and Item of Philadelphia employ rat printers, and the Tocsin publishes a list of 100 organizations that have adopted boycotting resolutions. It is claimed that these organizations represent 60,000 persons.

In August, 1887, the Journeymen Tailors' National Union had 25 unions, and today there are 53. The increase is due to the publication of its trade paper, the Tailor, and to the assistance of the Cigarmakers' and Carpenters' unions.

The lasters in New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia have left the K. of L. and organized unions under the jurisdiction of the Lasters' Protective Union, and there are four or five assemblies in Chicago which will do the same next month.

He Climbed the Fire-Escape.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

At the window of the composing room standing on the fire-escape was a little old man, with a bent form, wrinkled face and white beard and hair—a very aged Rip Van Winkle. With his hand the old man was beating a tattoo on the pane. Just for a minute the printer stared at the extraordinary apparition in amazement, then he walked over to the window, threw the lower sash up and assisted the little old man to the floor. When he had done this, he very naturally asked, "What on earth do you want, and what possessed you to climb the fire-escape?"

The little old man took some time to get his breath before he replied: "I want to see Tom Blank; ain't he working up here?"

"He works here at night. But why did you come up the way you did?"

The old man looked a little astonished and said: "Well, the elevator weren't running, and they told me to go up the stairs. Them was the only stairs I seed, and I clum them."

There was no doubt about it; the little old man, tottering with age and uncertain in sight and step, had climbed the zig-zag fire escape to the top story of a building which commands a view of the city and miles of the suburbs, under the impression that it was some new-fangled fashion of staircase.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Professor J. A. Lawrence, 212 East Ninth street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The defalcation of State Treasurer Tate of Kentucky is stated at about $200,000.

A bill has been introduced into the Canadian House of Commons to ratify the fisheries treaty.

Fire did $45,000 damage Wednesday night to the occupants of the building 372 Broadway, New York.

Large export orders brought the sales of copper in New York on Thursday up to 300,000 pounds.

The bears had a field day in the oil market in New York Friday, and depressed the price to 89⅞ cents.

W. H. Schmidt's sash and door factory at Milwaukee, Wis., was burned Thursday. Loss about $75,000.

The strike on the Central Iowa railroad has been settled. Eight hundred men who were laid off will now resume work.

It is reported that the price paid New for the New York Mail & Express by Mr. Elliott F. Shepard was $450,000 to $500,000.

Seven men were killed and five injured Thursday in a collision between a freight train and a snowplough near Severn, Ont.

It is said that the strike has already cost the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company $1,105,203, and the strikers $300,246.

Lucy Parsons, widow of Parsons, the executed Chicago Anarchist, addressed a meeting of Anarchist sympathizers in Boston, on Sunday last.

The New York State Assembly has ordered to a third reading the bill substituting electricity for hanging in cases of capital punishment.

John C. Eno, late of the Second National Bank of New York city, is about to return from his Canadian exile, having settled with his creditors.

Representative Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, authorizes a friend to withdraw his name absolutely as a candidate for delegate at-large.

A bill has been introduced in the New York State Senate limiting telephone charges to $4 per month in cities of 500,000 or more inhabitants.

It is said that a scheme is on foot to induce the four labor parties to agree upon one national ticket at a convention to be held in Cincinnati on May 15.

The disabled steamer Nederland, which was towed into Halifax by the steamer Amsterdam, has been libelled in the Admirality Court for $10,000.

The Dungen Long Distance Telephone Company of Chicago, having a capital stock of $18,000,000, has been licensed by the secretary of State of Illinois.

The New York pilots have begun to lose hope of ever hearing from the pilot boats Phantom and Enchantress, which have not been seen since the blizzard.

The national colored exposition which is to be held at Atlanta, Ga., next winter, wants the government to make a contribution of $400,000 to help it along.

Cypbert H. Gillette of Keokuk, Ia., has been awarded $16,000 arrears of pension for total blindness. This pensioner has been pushing his application for 15 years.

Cornelius Runkle, a New York lawyer of some note, but best known as the friend of Horace Greeley and husband of Lucia Gilbert, is dead, at about 55 years of age.

Advices from Sherman and Gainesville, Tex., say that from four to 12 inches of snow fell there on the 20th inst. and buried the spring flowers and fruit tree blossoms.

Twenty expert engineers formerly in the employ of the Reading railroad, have been engaged at Pottsville, Penn., for the Burlington road, and left there on Thursday for Chicago.

Five buildings at Oneonta, N. Y., were burned Thursday. Loss, $50,000; insurance, $30,000. F. H. Rockwell's managerie of birds, dogs, etc., was consumed in the flames.

The Maryland House has passed a bill which provides for the redistricting of the State in such a way as to ensure the success of the Gorman Democratic machine in two congressional districts.

The steamship Nederland, which was towed into Halifax harbor on Tuesday, lost her propeller on the 12th inst. She was from Antwerp for Philadelphia, and had 700 passengers on board.

It is proposed to amend the law governing the heating of cars in New York State so that the railroad commissioners may decide upon the date when the railroad companies shall remove the stoves.

C. N. Shaw, formerly managing editor of the Pittsburg Despatch, died last week after a prolonged illness. Mr. Shaw was one of the brightest and most successful newspaper workers in the country.

A terrific wind storm passed over Pittsburg, Penn., about 7.30 o'clock on the morning of the 21st inst., doing great damage to telegraphic service. The wind was accompanied by a heavy rain.

James W. Tate, the State treasurer of Kentucky, is a fugitive and $150,000 short in his accounts. The defaulting official has held his position for 21 years, and was considered far above all suspicion.

The switchmen employed by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad have gone on strike and the impression prevails that the trouble will extend over the entire system and will include the brakemen.

Fire at the Worcester Steel Works, Worcester, Mass., Thursday, did damage variously estimated at from $10,000 to $20,000. The boiler house was practically destroyed and the roof of the rail mill damaged.

Luther H. Roye of Malden was decoyed into a house in that city on Saturday last, and was shot at by his brother in-law, James Cutter. A quarrel over a division of property is said to have been the motive for the crime.

At the annual convention of the New York State Woman Suffrage Association in New York city Thursday, addresses were made by the foreign delegates to the international conference to be held in Washington this week.

Longobardi, the Italian who was found guilty of manslaughter in the first degree for the murder of young Barrett in New York, while the latter was defending his sister from insult, has been sentenced to 20 years in State prison.

The announcement is made that the entire product to date of Arlington mills dress goods, 1000 cases of cotton warp fabrics and 5000 pieces of all-wool fabrics, will be sold by auction in New York city on March 27, on four months' credit.

It is said that the friends and enemies of the Crosby high-license bill are so nearly of the same strength in the New York State Assembly that both sides are almost afraid to have it come to a vote. The prevailing impression is that the bill will fail by one or two votes.

At the Iowa Republican State Convention held at Des Moines Wednesday, resolutions were adopted indorsing Senator W. B. Allison as the Republican candidate for president. An Allison brigade was organized to go to Chicago on the occasion of the national convention.

In the collision between two passenger trains on the Pittsburg & Lake Erie railroad near Wampum, Penn., Friday, nine persons, including four passengers, were badly injured. The baggage master on one of the trains was instantly killed.

Postmaster General Dickinson has decided that, Canada having concurred, hereafter packages of periodical publications, second class matter in United States domestic mails, may be exchanged by mail with Canada, regardless of the weight of the package.

A case growing out of the Britannic-Celtic collision, last May, is on trial in New York. The action is one for damages brought by John Robinson of Fall River, Mass., against the White Star line, as administrator of his little daughter Jennie, who was killed.

The three Willard brothers, proprietors of the well-known Willard Hotel in Washington, are among the wealthiest men in the capital. Joseph is said to be worth $13,000,000 alone, and Caleb and Henry are not far behind him in wealth. They were once porters together in a hotel that stood on the site of their present hostelry.

The directors of the Willimantic Savings Institution have suspended Treasurer Joyce for making loans to the amount of about $150,000 without consent of the directors. A part of this sum, it is thought, will prove a total loss, and to meet such loss, the depositors are to be scaled down 15 per cent., when the bank will be perfectly sound, according to the State bank commissioners.

St. Louis patrons of the Pan Electric Telephone Company are in an anxious state of mind. If they do deliver the Pan instruments, which are the property of the Pan company, to the Bell company, under the demand of the latter's attorneys, they will be guilty of larceny and will be prosecuted accordingly. If they fail to make such deliveries, suits for damages for infringement of the Bell patents will be brought.

Robberies have been frequent at Columbus and other south Kansas towns. Saturday night of last week, Sheriff Gordon set to work to watch the house of suspected persons. The next morning Gordon's dead body, riddled with bullets, was found. Suspicion fell upon a family named Black, and the father, mother and daughters were arrested, but two sons had disappeared. On Sunday, the oldest daughter, Clara Black, who is a school teacher, made a confession that she saw her brother William shoot Sheriff Gordon and that she and her mother had assisted William to escape, her brother John going with him. On Sunday afternoon a search of Black's house disclosed a quantity of stolen goods of every description, together with a vast amount of correspondence showing that Clara Black was secretary and treasurer of an extensive gang of burglars, and that she received and divided the spoils as well as arranged many details. The same day the two brothers were arrested while hiding in the garret of a schoolhouse. Clara graduated at the Columbus High School last spring. She had the respect of all classes, and was looked upon as one of the most promising young girls in town.

M. V. Miller, the absconding president of the board of trustees of the Dakota Agricultural College, has been arrested in Detroit and taken to Huron, Dak. Miller left last October after securing several thousand dollars from banks and individuals on bogus securities.

The fear of the passage of an immigration restriction bill is stimulating a rush of foreigners from across the sea who want to get in before Uncle Sam shuts the gate. The main increase comes from England, Wales and Scandinavia.

Heads of departments on the Reading railroad have been instructed to give a recommendation to any of the former employes of the company having a good record up to the time of the strike, and against whom there is no complaint except that they went on strike, who shall ask for it.

Collector Magone of New York has received instructions to cut down the custom-house expenditures for March and April on account of the appropriation running short. The cut will amount to between $30,000 and $40,000, and it is reported that a good many employes will have to be discharged.

Notice is given by the lighthouse board that on or about July 1, 1888, the fixed red light at Matinicus Rock light station, off the southern entrance to Penobscot bay, Maine, will be discontinued, and in place thereof will be shown two fixed white lights of the second order, placed 180 feet apart, ranging north northwest and south southeast.

Judge Gideon Wells of the Municipal Court, Springfield, Mass., filed his report of the inquest on the death of the eight victims of the fire in Wight's block on the 7th inst. All were employes of the Evening Union, and the judge finds that their deaths were not the result of any unlawful act of any person, and were, therefore, accidental.

It is said that the Central Vermont railroad, while denying all liability, has settled about 30 claims growing out of the Hartford disaster of a year ago. Six other cases are soon to be brought up in court, when it is thought that the decision of the railroad commissioners declaring that no blame attached to the road may be reversed.

The boycott on Chicago, Burlington & Quincy freight at St. Louis has been raised by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and similar action is expected at other points. At the same time rumors are renewed at Chicago of a possible serious complication on the Burlington system through a strike of brakemen and switchmen.

Professor Elisha Gray announces that he will give an exhibition of his new telautograph, by means of which exact copies of messages in any handwriting can be reproduced at the distant end of a wire. He claims that this system is destined to supplant the telephone for many purposes, and that it can be successfully used for a distance of 500 miles.

A coke train on the Pittsburg, Virginia & Charleston railroad ran into a rock near Green Spring, 10 miles from Pittsburg, Penn., on the 21st inst., and the entire train was precipitated over an embankment into the river, a distance of 15 feet. Brakeman Smith was terribly crushed and will die. Engineer Buchanan was painfully scalded, but will recover. The others escaped injury. The train was badly wrecked.

There are 13 manufacturers of sewing machine needles in this country, with about $800,000 invested capital, employing about 1500 operatives, and the earnings, it is said, will not exceed 7 per cent. on the investment. A reduction of the duty on needles as proposed in the Mills tariff bill, it is claimed, would be very disastrous to, if not wholly destructive of, this industry.

On the 10th inst. Lieutenant-Colonel Gonzales, with a force under his command, had a battle with a band of Yaqui Indians in the Latinjo mountains. Two Indians were killed and several wounded. On the same day, at a point called Aquo de Los Barros, the same officer encountered another band of Indians, and had a fight, in which he succeeded in routing them.

Colonel Kosterlitsky, in command of the Custom house guards at Bavispe, recently arrived at Hermisillo from that place, and says earthquakes are of daily occurrence in and about Bavispe, and are preceded by loud underground noises. Between Batepeto and Fronteras there is a place where the shocks are much stronger, and it is believed that a volcano will soon burst forth there.

One hundred and seventy-five of the 240 weavers in the Salmon Falls cotton mills struck last week because of the refusal of Agent Brown peremptorily to discharge Lewis Laundry, an obnoxious second hand in the weaving apartment of No. 2 mill. All the strikers were French Canadians, who declared they would never start up another loom there unless Laundry was discharged. They went back next day.

The star route case of the United States against Cornelius Cosgrove of Atchison, Kan., to recover $200,000 on expedited mail service from Las Vegas to Las Cruces, N. M., was decided by Judge Brewer of the United States Circuit Court at St. Louis in favor of the defendant. The case was fought on the law rather than the facts, and the court decided that the government could not go behind its own contracts and had no right to recover.

The Chicago Anarchists are holding meetings again and the police are watching them closely. Otto Reichel, who was arrested on a charge of stealing $500 from the publishers of the Arbeiter Zeitung, for whom he was bookkeeper, says that the Anarchists are getting stronger than ever. He threatens to make some damaging disclosures unless his accusers let up on him. He also denies being guilty of the alleged theft.

Advices from Honolulu state that the Hawaiian planters are considering the advisability of substituting coffee for sugar as their staple product. The principal growers fear that the culture of the sugar beet in California will deprive them of their best market. They do not think they can compete with the Philippine Islands in sending sugar to New York. King Kalakaua is the pioneer coffee grower, having already set out a small grove of trees on his plantation.

A Washington despatch says it is the intention of the members of the Senate committee on foreign relations to meet on Saturday next and devote the day to the consideration of the fisheries treaty. The State Department has probably sent all the papers bearing upon the treaty which it cares to have made public at the present time. The resolution of Senator Frye calling for the minutes of the daily meetings of the commission will hardly be answered by Mr. Bayard.

The long-pending suits of the Banque Franco-Egyptienne of Paris against John Crosby Brown, Jesse Seligman and William Watts Sherman, the bankers, as trustees of the defunct New York, Boston & Montreal railway scheme, for the recovery of $6,250,000, and Edward Bischoffsheim, the London banker, against the same trustees for the recovery of $917,182 advanced for the same purpose, were dismissed on Thursday by Judge Wallace in the United States Circuit Court in New York.

The New York Sun has published a statement from General Badeau in regard to his work on the "Grant Memoirs." He says that Colonel Grant at first refused to entertain any claim, then offered $1500 in settlement, then $5000 and finally $8000, provided General Badeau would sign a statement that he never wrote a line of the memoirs nor had any part in their composition. This General Badeau refused to agree to. He says the original agreement was that he should receive $10,000 out of the profits if they reached $30,000.

The collections of internal revenue for the first eight months of the present fiscal year aggregate $80,760,467, being an increase of $6,511,599 over the collections during the corresponding period of the last fiscal year. The collections on spirits were $44,984,052, an increase of $3,787,604; on tobacco $20,328,076, an increase of $1,502,412; on fermented liquors $14,845,161, an increase of $1,212,247; on oleomargerine $489,152, an increase of $77,113; on bank notes $355, a decrease of $2645; on miscellaneous items $113,672, a decrease of $5,133.

Miss Jennie L. Leonard was married to Clifford Robinson at her father's home in Hebron, Conn., last Thursday, and the couple made their wedding tour upon a sled, drawn by two pairs of oxen, to their future residence in Columbia, a distance of a dozen miles. Eighty farmer lads and maidens had received invitations, and Mr. Leonard, who is a wealthy farmer, insisted upon sending ox teams for the guests. The sled which conveyed the couple to their future home in Columbia was one which was made by the great grandfather of the bride, and had performed a like service years ago.

The venerable General George W. Cass, formerly president of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad, died at New York Wednesday. He received an appointment as civil engineer from President Jackson, organized the first steamboat line on the Monongahela river, aided in the scheme to establish the first transportation line by relays of teams across the Rocky mountains, and in 1849 was instrumental in consolidating all the Adams express lines between Boston and St. Louis and as far south as Richmond. He became president of the consolidated company the year following.

Fire broke out Saturday morning in the Grand Central Theatre on Walnut street, Philadelphia. The structure was totally destroyed. The costumes and general properties, valued at $35,000, belonging to the "Night Owls" combination, which was fulfilling a successful engagement at the house, were lost in the flames. The old Theatre Comique, which stood in the rear of the Grand Central, fronting on Sansom street, was also destroyed by the rear wall of the theatre falling into its auditorium and giving the flames a clear sweep at its interior. The total loss is estimated at $185,000, partially covered by insurance.

Several subscribers of the Pan Electric Telephone Company at St. Louis received notice on Wednesday from the attorneys of the Bell Telephone Company, demanding that all other than the Bell instrument be put out of service, and in case of refusal suit is threatened. The officers of the Pan company show a bold front. Vice President Terry said the Bell people had made no threats of suit, and he thought the case would be amicably adjusted. He declared that the case was not settled yet by long odds. He puts great stress on the fact that the court decided the question by a majority of one, and that Justice Lamar did not sit in the case.

A widow named Lebkuchener poisoned her three stepsons with rat poison, at her home at 1074 West Twenty-eighth street, New York, on Saturday. Two of the children, aged 9 and 7, died; the youngest, aged 4, has recovered, and the woman, pronounced insane, is in the Tombs, awaiting trial.

A petition has been presented in the Canadian Parliament, signed by leading steamship and transportation companies doing business in Canada, praying for the passage of the Kirkpatrick bill to allow American vessels to render assistance to vessels wrecked or disabled in Canadian waters contiguous to the United States.

John G. Heckscher, the well-known sportsman of New York, recently caught at St. James City, Fla., a tarpon weighing 184 pounds—the largest tarpon ever landed. The fish will be stuffed and sent to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington. It took Mr. Heckscher only 35 minutes of clever angling to safely land his catch.

Fire occurred in the wooden roundhouse of the Framingham division of the Old Colony railroad in Lowell, on the 20th inst. The building, with a carpenter shop adjoining, was totally destroyed. The estimated value of four locomotives destroyed is $200,000; of the roundhouse, built in 1872 and since remodelled, $5000; loss on cars, $3000; on coton, $5000.

A movement has been started by the farmers of Kansas, looking to the formation of a farmers' trust, to embrace farmers, stock raisers, etc., in all the Territories and the Northwestern States. A convention has been called for May 1, to complete an organization. The plan contemplates the establishment of agencies in the principal Western cities to do all the selling for the members of the trust.

John T. King, the oldest ex-member of the United States Senate, died at Augusta, Ga., on the 19th inst., aged 89 years. He was elected to the Senate to succeed George M. Troup in 1833, and re-elected in 1835. On account of a speech against Van Buren's administration he was severely criticised by the partisan State press, which led to his resignation in 1837. He was for nearly 40 years president of the Georgia railroad.

The Burlington road, on the 20th inst., brought suit in the United States Court at Denver, Col., against the Union Pacific, Denver & Rio Grande, Denver, Texas & Gulf, and 16 engineers employed by the various companies, asking that the roads be enjoined from refusing to accept Burlington freight; and also enjoining the engineers from forming a conspiracy to prevent the transportation of their cars, or striking when requested to do so.

Owing to the probable passage of the law allowing a bounty of $2 each for killing dog seal, many men on Cape Cod, Mass., will enter into the business quite extensively, and in the vicinity of Cuttyhunk and Naushon, where the seals are very plenty, arrangements for their extermination are now already being made. The business will be a profitable one, as $2 is to be paid for every tail, if the bill passes, and the skins are sold at $1.50 to $2 each. The fishermen generally complain of the seals as either killing or scaring fish and lobsters away.

Judge John W. Bacon of the Massachusetts Superior Court died suddenly of apoplexy at Taunton, Wednesday, where he was holding court. Judge Bacon was born in 1818. He graduated at Harvard in the class of 1843, and at first taught in the English High School, but afterward studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1846. Governor Claflin appointed him to the bench of the Superior Court in 1871. He leaves a widow, daughter and two sons, one of whom is a practising lawyer in Boston.

Professor James Curtis Booth of Haverford College, who died Wednesday, in his seventy-ninth year, was an authority among the students of chemistry in this country, and his work, both as an instructor and as an author, was of a high order. His published works are numerous, but the principal one is the "Encyclopædia of Chemistry," issued in 1850, in compiling which he had the assistance of Martin H. Boyce, R. S. McCollon and Campbell Morfit. In 1884 and 1885 he was president of the American Chemical Society.

An east-bound freight train on the Pennsylvania road was badly wrecked Thursday at Barre, Penn., by the breaking of an axle on a freight car. Fifteen coal and coke cars were derailed, and a portion of the train rushed into the passenger station, knocking it into splinters. A tramp who was stealing a ride on the train was killed, and a brakeman had both legs cut off and will die. Three tramps were also injured, and two unknown boys were buried under a lot of coke, and are supposed to have been either killed or smothered.

An old couple were very sick at North New Salem, Conn., during the recent storm, and the neighbors almost despaired of getting them help. It was especially necessary to have a woman in the house to nurse the wife, and a neighbor a quarter of a mile away finally succeeded in reaching them. He tied three long boards together, and with two small boys to draw the boards over the snow his wife was able to walk over the drifts to the relief of the sick woman. A short board was taken along and the rescuing party would stand on this while the three boards were drawn along for another length. It was absolutely impossible to get help to the house in any other way.

Jerome L. Hill, a prominent member of the Union Club, New York, and executor of the Lottimer estate, valued at several millions, and who is charged with appropriating $250,000 in bonds belonging to the estate, is missing. Hill was removed from the executorship of this estate on the discovery of the deficit. He then returned to his home in Yonkers, and remained there until recently. It is believed that he has fled to Canada. When charged with taking the bonds he confessed, and turned over the receipts of the broker firms with whom he had placed the bonds.

Jacob Scheele, who was convicted of the murder of Constable Drucker at New Canaan, Conn., by the Superior Court a week ago last Saturday, was sentenced by Judge Torrence to be hanged May 23, 1889, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. The prisoner received the death sentence with apparent unconcern. The sentence was to have been passed last Tuesday, but owing to the storm Judge Torrence was unable to reach there. There are now two murderers confined in the county jail at Bridgeport awaiting the execution of their death sentences, the other being Palladoni, the Italian who shot and killed his brother in that city last June.

Odd Texts.

[Baltimore American.]

Clergymen sometimes select odd texts on which to hang their sermons. Here are two which were chosen by a divine who recently died at Wellingboro: "And he took from the lion's mouth two legs and the part of an ear." "Four-and-twenty knives and a fork." But still more curious is that one that was chosen by a clergyman in the days of chignons: "Top not come down." On some of his congregation waiting upon him to ask him in what part of the Bible he had found it, he referred them to Matt. xxiv., 17, "Let him which is on the house-top not come down." When Dublin Cathedral was reopened after restoration at the expense of a Mr. Wise, the archbishop took for his text, "Go thou and do like Wise." Not to be outdone, a clergyman in his diocese, when opening a church built by a brewer, said that his text was to be found, Hebrews xxx.

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